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EERIE MEMORIES

By Forrest J Ackerman

My friendship with James Warren and my editorship with Warren Publishing began almost a decade before *Eerie* magazine hit the newsstands. In 1957, James and I created the world's foremost monster magazine, *Famous Monsters of Filmland*. For one long weekend, words flew out of my fingertips and across a smoking typewriter (smoking so badly that I thought it would get cancer). James cracked a whip as I cracked puns. Warren held up an imaginary sign that read, "I am eleven years old, and I am your reader. Forrest J Ackerman, make me laugh!" The rest is history. *Famous Monsters of Filmland* magazine, or *FM* as a legion of fans affectionately call it, was meant to be a one-off. But here we are, two hundred issues and nearly fifty years later, still recognizing the logo (originally drawn on a cocktail napkin by Warren himself) on T-shirts, mugs, and even Misfits rock-and-roll albums. Warren Publishing was born! James supported me in featuring the behind-the-scene talents that made the movie magic that mesmerized us. Yes! Behind every Frankenstein's Monster there is a mad scientist. Ultimately, *FM* was, in a sense, the first "how-to" periodical on genre moviemaking. It sparked the imaginations of young fans who grew up to be Steven Spielberg, Guillermo del Toro, John Landis, Rick Baker, Tim Burton, Billy Bob Thornton, Brinke Stevens, Stephen King, Penn & Teller, and on and on. Fans to this day!

Despite the success of *FM*, James Warren didn't rest. He set about parlaying his budding publishing company into a bona fide empire! James spun off into worlds of fantastic tales and comic art. First came *Creepy* magazine, followed by companion magazine *Eerie* in 1966. Like *FM*, *Eerie* #1 had a limited run. *Eerie* was compiled by editor Archie Goodwin (Marvel Comics, *Star Wars* comics and strips) and comic letterer Gaspar Saladino (DC Comics, Marvel Comics) to establish the title for Jim Warren. The *Eerie* logo was rendered by Japanese American comic-strip letterer Ben Oda (*Flash Gordon*, *Little Orphan Annie*, *The Spirit*). The lumbering, ogre-like mascot or "host" of the mag, Cousin Eerie, was drawn by the great Jack Davis (*Mad* magazine, EC Comics, *Mad Monster Party*). As a literary agent and genre figure, my small contribution to these Warren graphic magazines was to occasionally recommend writers and artists to help fill the pages of these gems. While my participation in these titles was marginal, I was an avid reader, fan, and firsthand observer of the evolution of all James Warren's brainchildren. With James's encouragement, I did try my hand at writing one comic. The results of that effort turned into another Warren magazine, *Vampirella*. I named that otherworldly beauty and wrote her origin story. I think James paid me a whole fifty dollars for my troubles (yes, James Warren is a notoriously shrewd businessman as well).

By the time *Eerie* magazine debuted, Warren Publishing had hit its stride. Like *Creepy*, *Eerie* was a magazine-format publication and thus avoided having to earn the seal of the Comics Code Authority. By now, James Warren had established a unique template that evolved to guide all of his publications. In *Eerie*, readers could depend on the finest stories written by a stable of world-class authors. Also, the quality of art transcended mere illustration. I think Warren's impact on magazine publishing in general and the graphic novel specifically has been largely underestimated. Just as my appreciation of the artists and craftspeople that created imagi-movies was featured in the pages of *FM*, James insisted on giving full credit and star status to the craftspeople and artists who filled the pages of *Eerie* magazine. While the Warren name was featured prominently on the cover of each issue, there was never any dispute as to who made the content tick! Editors, writers, and illustrators who had, until Warren, been treated as anonymous hired hands were suddenly afforded the proper acknowledgment and appreciation they so deserved. Now famous names like Frazetta, Crandall, Torres, Morrow, Severin, Toth, Corben, Goodwin, Ditko, Williamson, and many others were rightfully

elevated to prominence. Cartooning morphed into "comic art," and that art became universally respected and valued for the treasure that it was. This spirit of giving credit where credit is due was a generous gesture on the part of James Warren, as his artists' increasing fame bolstered their demand until Warren magazines could scarcely afford them anymore! Talk about suffering for your art(ists)!

Another observation I made is that, while Warren was the consummate entertainer, he never talked down to his audience. James really understood whom he was speaking to. He somehow always realized that he was having a conversation with kids who were growing up right alongside his publications. As the reader's sophistication grew, so did the contents of a Warren magazine. The literary quality of *Eerie* stories evolved with the increasing literacy of the reader. But James had a special talent for satisfying most anyone that might pick up a magazine. Predating the Internet by nearly half a century, James managed to create an interactive newsprint experience for his readership by presenting layers of information. There were minutiae for readers who wanted to scrutinize every letter and punctuation mark. There were clear storylines just the right length for readers who picked up a mag only intermittently. And the graphic content was bold, dramatic, and of the highest quality, so that even if you never read so much as a word of text, you'd still experience a great story. There was something for everyone. It was truly a "golden age" for graphic magazines. There was gold if you wanted to dig deep. There was gold if you wanted to merely scratch the surface. And this was purely intentional, as was every element of the magazine. You have but to pick up a printer's proof of *Eerie* or *any* Warren magazine to see Jim's magical red pen at work. Not a dot, smudge, or speck ever went unnoticed.

Eerie and the other Warren publications succeeded in elevating the world of comics and the brilliant artists that created them. I was glad to see some classic monster stories of vampires, werewolves, and creatures appear in the earlier issues of *Eerie* and more sci-fi subjects in the later ones. *Eerie* eventually distinguished itself from other Warren mags by featuring recurring series and characters like Child, Dax the Warrior, Hunter, Shreck, *Night of the Jackass*, *Apocalypse*, Coffin, and The Rook. James incorporated color in the mag in 1974 with issue #54. Captain Company, Warren's extensive mail-order catalog, was included in the pages of *Eerie* and all the Warren publications. For many a fan, the enticing advertisements for all manner of genre goodies was a desirable feature of each issue of *Eerie*. Where else could you find deluxe monster masks, 8 mm movies (no video or DVDs to speak of back then, remember?), or back issues of your favorite Warren mags? While the experience of filling out an order form or coupon and sending it to Captain Company may be a lost pleasure, I don't think anyone will miss the six-to-eight-week wait for delivery.

Today, James Warren and I are still the best of friends. It seems like a lifetime ago that we embarked on a course that would cement the path of our lives and influence the genre we cherished. At the time of this writing I'm ninety-two years old. I see James at comic cons and events throughout the year. As you'd expect, a whole new generation of young comic artists have been influenced and mentored by Warren magazines like *Eerie*. Each time we are together, there is that inevitable moment when we look across the table at each other and shake our heads in disbelief. It's hard to fathom that we managed to turn our obscure passions into a looooooong lifetime of adventure and gratification.

As you enjoy these early issues of *Eerie* magazine, think about the pop-cultural footprint these pages represent. If you're reading this, you're probably a fan of comics and graphic novels to some degree. If not, you soon will be! Nowadays it's hard to imagine a time when publishers pandered to their audience rather than challenging them. A time when artists were expected to do their best work for little money, with grueling deadlines and little promise of recognition. A time when parents tore up these treasures thinking they would "rot the mind" rather than inspire it. Against these odds, *Eerie* magazine emerged to defy convention and to influence the comic world. I think James Warren accomplished this through sheer force of will and vision. There's no turning back now. The simple fact is, as in my own case, my pal James Warren was on to some great stuff and was too excited to keep it to himself. He *needed* to share it with *us*.

Lucky us!

Forrest J Ackerman – Horrorwood, Karloffornia

I CAN'T HOLD HIM BACK MUCH LONGER! HE'LL BE OUT SOON! HANG ON TO YOUR HEADS, FIENDISH FANS! MY CREEPY COUSIN, **EERIE**, IS COMING! HE'S BEEN TUCKED AWAY IN HIS MOLDY MAUSOLEUM DREAMING UP **FRIGHT FABLES** HE CLAIMS ARE EVEN MORE MIND-WARPING THAN MY NAUSEATING NOVELETTES! EVEN WORSE, BEHIND MY BACK, HE'S GOTTEN MY **GHOULISH GANG** OF DEMENTED DRAFTSMEN TO ILLUSTRATE HIS RAG! IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP HIM! THE WHOLE SLIMY MESS WILL BE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND **DECEMBER 28TH** **WATCH OUT FOR EERIE!**

I CAN STAND THE SHOCK... IN FACT, I CAN'T WAIT!

SEND ME A SIX ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION SO I DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE OF THE CREEPY HOME COMPANION...

EERIE

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You bet I want the FIRST COLLECTOR'S EDITION of EERIE!! Enclosed is my 35¢ plus 10¢ for handling & mailing! Rush it to me as soon as it's off the presses. I want it even before it gets to the newsstand, and will be expecting EERIE in my mailbox about the middle of December!

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A WARREN MAGAZINE

EERIE™

FIRST ISSUE! FROM THE EDITORS OF CREEPY

NO. 1 35¢
SEPTEMBER

EERIE

TM

IMAGE OF BLUEBEARD — PAGE 3

DEATH PLANE — PAGE 10

THE INVITATION — PAGE 16

BONJOUR, BEASTIES! COME WITH ME TO TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY FRANCE, I WANT YOU TO MEET A GUY WHO'S A REAL CUT-UP... A MERRY MANIAC WHO LIKES TO MARRY HIS VICTIMS BEFORE DISPOSING OF THEM! IN FACT, YOU MIGHT SAY, HE'S THE SPITTING...
IMAGE of BLUEBEARD!
MON DIEU! ANOTHER ONE!
GAGGH! IT WAS THE BEARDED MAN! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN FROM THE DESCRIPTIONS IN THE PAPER!

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, TWO NEWLYWEDS APPROACH THEIR ISOLATED HOME, A STOIC OLD BUILDING IN THE MIDST OF THE FOREST, BELONGING TO THE GROOM... A TRIFLE SINISTER, PERHAPS, BUT HARDLY ENOUGH TO DAMPEN THE SPIRITS OF A NEW BRIDE...
THERE IT IS, MONICA... OLD AND EMPTY, BUT YOUR TOUCH WILL MAKE IT A HAPPY PLACE!
I KNOW IT WILL BE, BRIAN!

BRIAN CERULEAN WAS HARDLY THE MAN GIRLS DREAM ABOUT, BUT THEN, HE WAS THE ONLY SUITOR WHO PAID MONICA MORE THAN PASSING INTEREST...

HE'S OLD! AND THERE'S A RUMOR HE'S BEEN MARRIED BEFORE... MORE THAN ONCE!

IDLE GOSSIP! HE'S A GENTLEMAN AND WILL MAKE A FINE HUSBAND! BESIDES, IS THERE ANY OTHER WHO'D HAVE YOU?

MONICA KNEW HER MOTHER WAS RIGHT... HER PLAIN FACE WOULD NEVER ATTRACT A MORE DASHING MAN, SO FINALLY, SHE ACCEPTED...

OH, BRIAN, PUT ME DOWN!

NONSENSE! WOULD YOU FLAUNT A TRADITION HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD?

AT FIRST THERE WAS MUCH TO DO... EXPLORING THE OLD HOUSE, CLEANING AND REARRANGING... BUT SOON THE DAYS BEGIN TO LAG...

GETTING DARK ALREADY... HE'S LATE AGAIN!

AFTER ONLY A FEW WEEKS, HER LONELINESS BECOMES THE MARRIAGE'S FIRST CRISIS!

BRIAN, I'M GOING CRAZY ALONE IN THIS HOUSE DAY AFTER DAY!

WE HAVE TO LIVE HERE, MONICA, IT'S MY TERRITORY! THE FORESTRY SERVICE PROVIDES THIS HOUSE AND MY SALARY IN EXCHANGE FOR MY CONSERVATION SURVEYS!

AS SOON AS HER GRIEVANCE IS MADE, BRIAN GROWS SOLEMN AND STAYS COLDLY ALOOF THE REST OF THE EVENING...

THE NEXT MORNING, HE ACTS EVEN MORE STRANGELY...

BE PATIENT IN YOUR LONELINESS, MONICA! YOU WILL HAVE COMPANY... SOON!

FOR DAYS ON END, AND HALF THE NIGHTS, HE LOCKS HIMSELF IN THE SMALL HOUSE! IT'S THE ONLY DOOR SHE DOESN'T HAVE A KEY TO...

TO OCCUPY THE SLOW PASSING HOURS AND DAYS, MONICA SEARCHES THE LIBRARY FOR SOMETHING TO PASS THE TIME...

ON THE HIGHEST SHELF, PUSHED BACK ALMOST AS THOUGH SOMEONE HAD TRIED TO CONCEAL THE BOOK, SHE FINDS AN ANCIENT, ELABORATELY BOUND VOLUME...

"SHORTLY AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE, BLUEBEARD PRESENTED HIS YOUNG WIFE, FATIMA, WITH ALL THE KEYS TO HIS CASTLE AS HE PREPARED TO GO OFF ON A JOURNEY..."

"BUT FATIMA WAS A CURIOUS GIRL AND, NOT SURPRISINGLY, HER FOOTSTEPS SOON LED HER TO THE FORBIDDEN DOOR..."

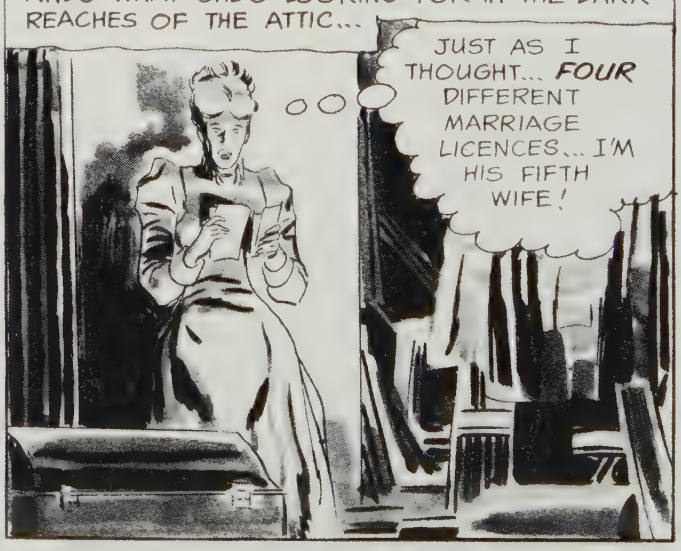
"THERE SHE CAME UPON THE GRISLY REMAINS OF BLUEBEARD'S FORMER WIVES, AND DROPPED THE KEY IN TERROR!"

EEEEEEEEEEEE!

"THE KEY WAS STAINED WITH BLOOD, AND NO MATTER HOW HARD SHE TRIED, FATIMA COULD NOT REMOVE THE STAIN!"

"... AND WHEN BLUEBEARD RETURNED, HE SAW THE STAINED KEY, KNEW WHAT SHE HAD DONE, AND CONDEMNED HER TO DEATH!"

SUSPECTING THE WORST, MONICA MAKES A SYSTEMATIC SEARCH OF THE HOUSE... AND FINDS WHAT SHE'S LOOKING FOR IN THE DARK REACHES OF THE ATTIC...



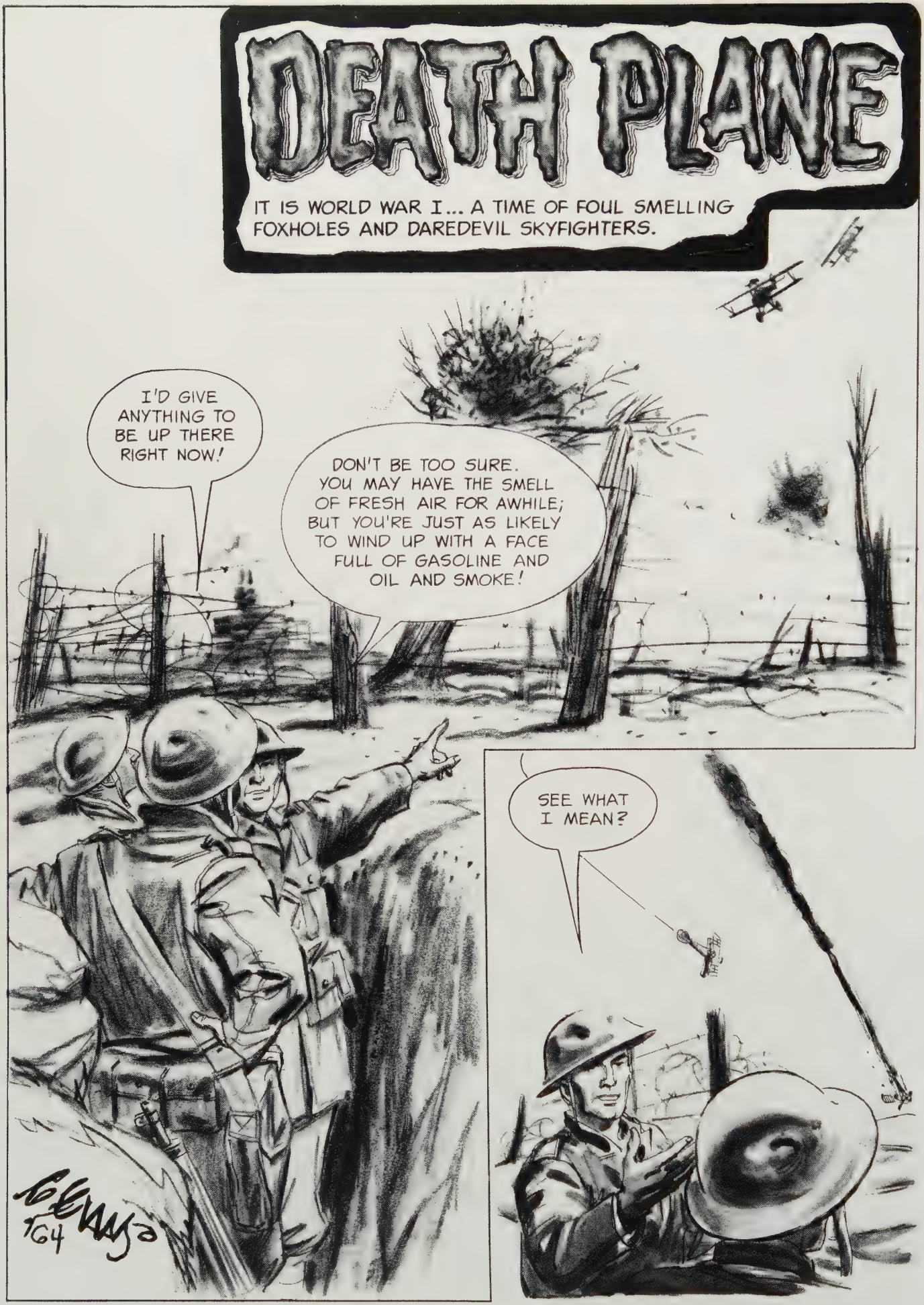
AND THESE PICTURES... ALL OF THEM YOUNG, AND HE WITH THAT THICK BEARD ... WITH EACH MARRIAGE HE LOOKS MORE AND MORE LIKE... BLUEBEARD!
I'M BEING FOOLISH! BRIAN COULD NEVER HURT ANYONE... WAIT! IT SOUNDS LIKE HE'S TALKING TO SOMEONE!
BRIAN, I'VE MADE SOME LUNCH... YOU'VE BEEN LOCKED UP IN THERE FOR HOURS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING THAT'S SO IMPORT--
I TOLD YOU NOT TO BOTHER ME! GET BACK TO THE HOUSE AND LEAVE ME ALONE!
BUT LIKE FATIMA OF THE LEGEND, MONICA'S CURIOSITY IS TOO GREAT... AT THE SIDE OF THE GUEST HOUSE, SHE FINDS A PARTLY OPENED WINDOW...
TERRIFIED, MONICA RUNS BACK TO THE HOUSE, NOT WANTING TO BELIEVE WHAT HER OWN EYES HAVE JUST SEEN!
HE IS BLUEBEARD! HE IS!
SHE CANNOT SLEEP FOR FEAR OF HIM, BUT HER HUSBAND ACTS PERFECTLY NORMAL... AND, EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, BRIAN HITCHES THE HORSE TO THE CARRIAGE...
I'M GOING INTO TOWN FOR SOME THINGS... WHEN I RETURN, I'VE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU! JUST ONE THING... STAY OUT OF THE GUEST HOUSE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
Y-YES, BRIAN!

BRIAN NEEDN'T HAVE ORDERED HER NOT TO ENTER THE GUEST HOUSE... NO POWER ON EARTH COULD HAVE DRIVEN HER INSIDE NOW!

THE HOURS PASS, AND MONICA GROWS ALMOST HYSTERICAL WITH APPREHENSION OF HER HUSBAND'S RETURN...

IT IS LATE WHEN MONICA HEARS THE CARRIAGE ARRIVE ... SHE TRIES TO HIDE HER FEAR AND REVULSION AS BRIAN APPROACHES, HIS SMILE MADE MORE SINISTER BY HER KNOWLEDGE OF HIS INTENTIONS...

SOMEHOW THE NUMB WIDOW MANAGES TO INFORM THE POLICE, AND BRING THEM BACK TO THE SCENE...
I-I HAD TO DO IT... HE'S THE BLUEBEARD! THE MAN WHO COMMITTED ALL THOSE MURDERS IN PARIS!
B-BUT MADAM! SURELY YOU KNEW? THE PARIS BLUE-BEARD CONFESSED TWO DAYS AGO! HE'S SAFELY BEHIND BARS!
IMPOSSIBLE! YOU HAVE THE WRONG MAN! I'LL SHOW YOU! THE BODIES ARE HERE--
BUT THERE ARE NO BODIES... JUST THE LITTLE MENAGERIE OF FOREST ANIMALS BRIAN HAD BEEN PLANNING TO SURPRISE HER WITH... CHARMING COMPANY TO FILL THE VOID OF IDLE HOURS FOR A LONELY GIRL!
OH, NO ...NO!!!
TSK, TSK! POOR MONICA... AT LEAST SHE WON'T BE LONELY... LOTS OF COMPANY WHERE SHE'S GOING! IMAGINE! SHE WAS AFRAID OF LOSING HER HEAD OVER BLUE-BEARD, NOW SHE'LL PROBABLY LOSE IT TO THE GUILLOTINE! AND YOU'LL LOSE YOURS OVER MY NEXT FEARFUL FABLE!


DEATH PLANE
IT IS WORLD WAR I... A TIME OF FOUL SMELLING FOXHOLES AND DAREDEVIL SKYFIGHTERS.
I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO BE UP THERE RIGHT NOW!
DON'T BE TOO SURE. YOU MAY HAVE THE SMELL OF FRESH AIR FOR AWHILE; BUT YOU'RE JUST AS LIKELY TO WIND UP WITH A FACE FULL OF GASOLINE AND OIL AND SMOKE!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
'64

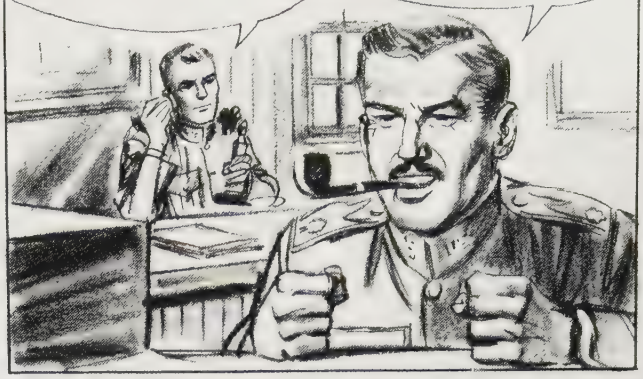
HEY! HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE OF OURS. WE'LL SHOW THAT MURDERING KRAUT!
SEE! I TOLD YOU WE'D GET HIM!

I DUNNO! I DUNNO!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
THAT PLANE WASN'T ONE OF OURS!
THE REPORT IS FINAL, SIR. THERE'S AN UNMARKED PLANE UP THERE, INDISCRIMINATELY SHOOTING DOWN OTHERS FROM BOTH SIDES. SO FAR THE TOLL IS SEVEN FOR THE GERMANS, SIX FOR US! AND NO ONE SEEMS TO BRING HIM DOWN.
AS SOON AS THAT PLANE IS SIGHTED AGAIN, I WANT THE ENTIRE SQUADRON UP THERE TO BRING HIM DOWN, IS THAT CLEAR?
YES, SIR!
HEARD ABOUT THE MYSTERY ACE UP THERE?
NOTHING ELSE FOR THE LAST DAY AND A HALF! THINK EVERYONE'S RIGHT...? ... I MEAN ABOUT IT BEING A GHOST PILOT?
PERHAPS WE'LL SOON KNOW. THERE'S THE SIGNAL NOW!
WEEEEOOOOOO! WEEEEOOOOOO!

ONE BY ONE THE PLANES TAXI INTO POSITION, EACH WITH AN IDENTICAL MISSION: ***DEATH FOR THE UNMARKED PLANE!***

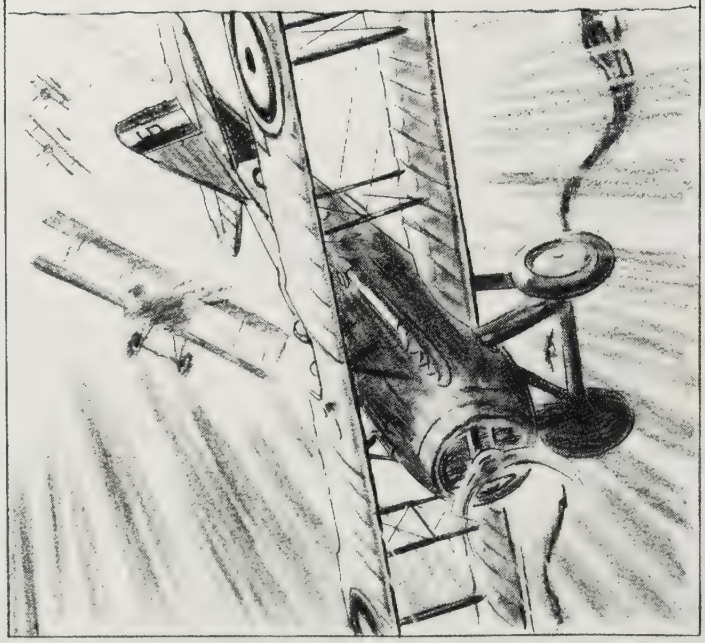
SIR, THE GERMANS HAVE ALREADY ENGAGED THE PLANE. SIX MORE WERE SHOT DOWN, AND THE OTHERS RETURNED TO BASE.

BLAST IT! WHAT KIND OF DEMON ARE WE DEALING WITH! LET'S JUST HOPE ***WE*** HAVE BETTER LUCK!

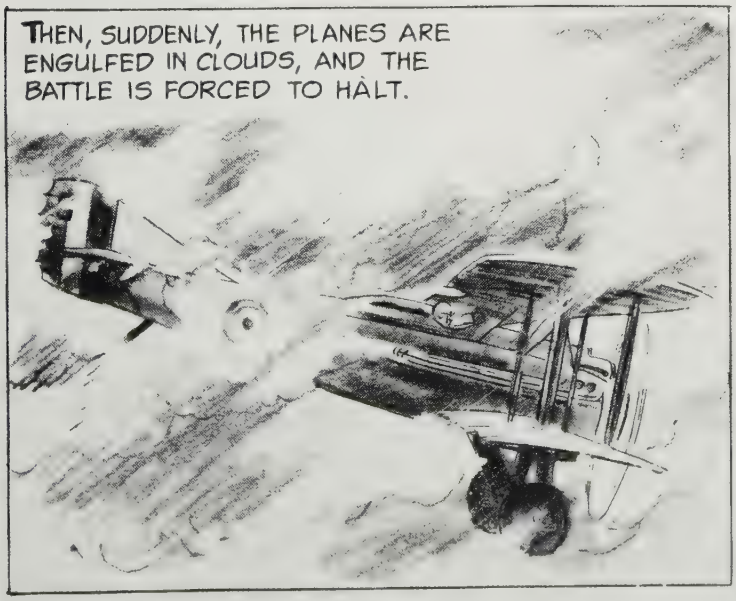


IN TIGHT FORMATION, THE ALLIES MANEUVER INTO POSITION.

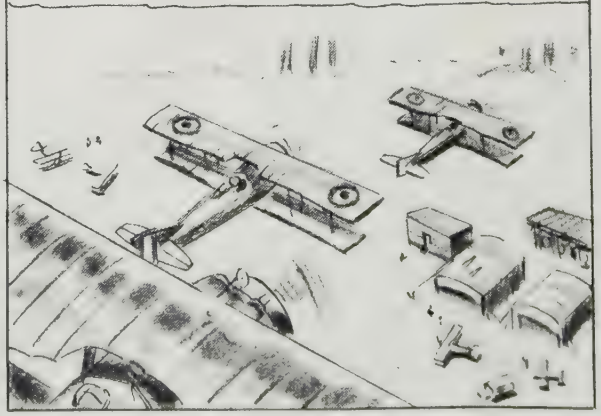
FOR TEN MINUTES THE BATTLE RAGES, AND THREE ALLIED PLANES FALL TO EARTH IN FLAMES!



THEN, SUDDENLY, THE PLANES ARE ENGULFED IN CLOUDS, AND THE BATTLE IS FORCED TO HALT.



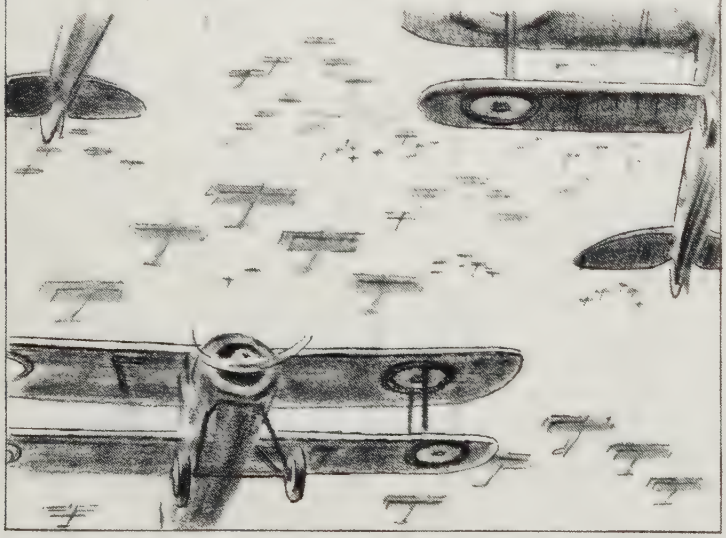
FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES THE PLANES CIRCLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS, BUT THE MYSTERY ACE HAS VANISHED. DISHEARTENED, THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE SQUADRON HEAD BACK FOR THEIR BASE.



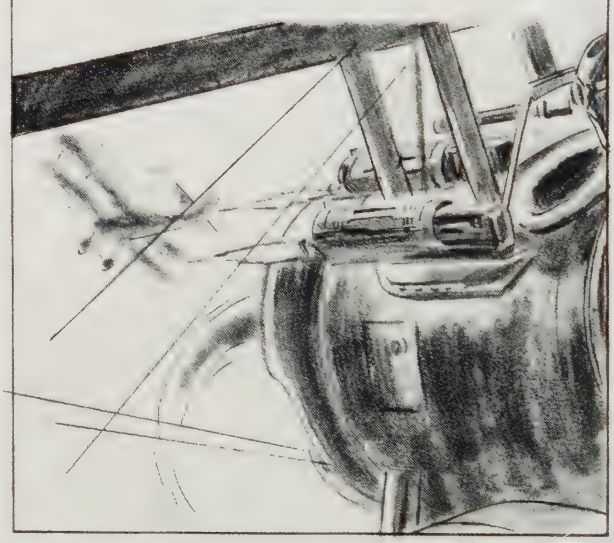
GENTLEMEN, I HAVE BEEN HEARING MANY REPORTS FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE LINE.... HOW BULLETS SEEM TO HAVE PASSED RIGHT THROUGH THIS PLANE ON COUNTLESS OCCASIONS, WITH NO RESULT WHATSOEVER. BUT DESPITE THE EVIDENCE, I CANNOT BELIEVE THIS PLANE TO BE OF SUPERNATURAL ORIGIN... AND NEITHER DO THE GERMANS.

FOR THIS REASON, WE HAVE AGREED UPON A ***TWO-DAY AERIAL TRUCE.*** – DURING WHICH TIME, BOTH SIDES ARE TO BAND TOGETHER AND CO-OPERATE IN BRINGING THIS MUTUAL ENEMY FROM THE SKIES!

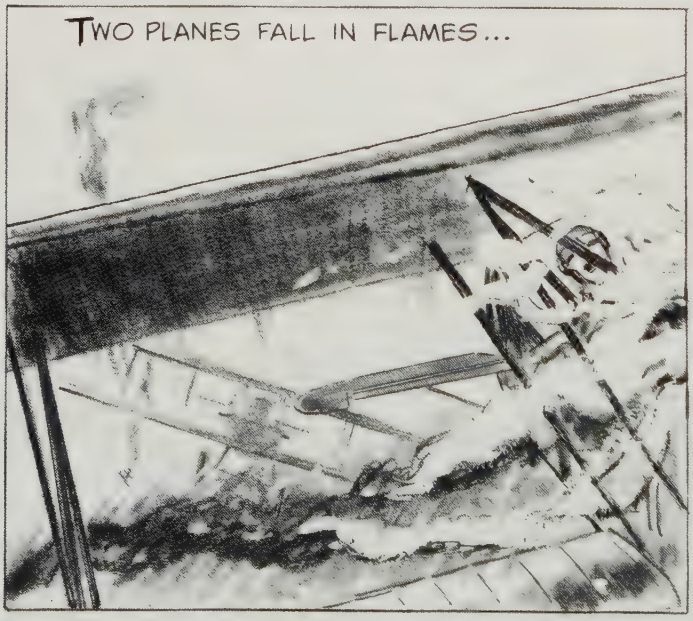
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AN AIR ARMADA OF UNEQUALED PROPORTIONS SETS ITS SIGHTS UPON A SINGLE, UNMARKED AIRCRAFT...



THE SINGLE PLANE IS ATTACKED, BUT REMAINS ALWAYS SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SUN...



TWO PLANES FALL IN FLAMES...



DESPITE THE FORCES AGAINST HIM, IT'S HARDER THAN EVER TO GET A GOOD SHOT AT HIM, THE WAY HE KEEPS BETWEEN US AND THE SUN. I...

AGHH! I'VE BEEN HIT! CAN'T GO DOWN, THOUGH --- MUST GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM! I'LL -- I'LL CIRCLE FROM BENEATH, AND THEN...
13
HIS FACE... IT... IT WAS... MY OWN!
NOW I KNOW!... NOW I KNOW...
... THAT I AM THE NEXT TO DIE...!
AND IT IS MY SOUL WHO NOW PILOTS THE MYSTERY PLANE... NEVER KNOWING REST... NEVER ... UNLESS... UNLESS...
...I CAN REPLACE IT WITH THAT OF ANOTHER!
WHO WAS THE FIRST PILOT TO FLY THE MYSTERY PLANE? WHO KNOWS? IT NEVER WAS SHOT DOWN, YOU KNOW ... IT'S STILL UP THERE; AND PERHAPS YOU'LL GET A CHANCE TO SEE IT SOMEDAY..... REAL CLOSE!

I AM DR. JOHN CABORE. I RECEIVED THIS LETTER ADVISING ME THAT YOUR VILLAGE WAS IN NEED OF A DOCTOR'S SERVICES. IT INCLUDED AN INVITATION TO TAKE LODGING HERE AT THE CHATEAU OF BARON VON RENFIELD. NOW THAT I HAVE ARRIVED I FIND A DESERTED VILLAGE AND BUT A SHELL OF A CHATEAU.
YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, MY YOUNG FRIEND. THE BARON HAS BEEN DEAD NEARLY A CENTURY... THE VILLAGE FORSAKEN ALMOST AS LONG...
AND SO WE BEGIN THE HAIR-RAISER I CALL...
The Invitation

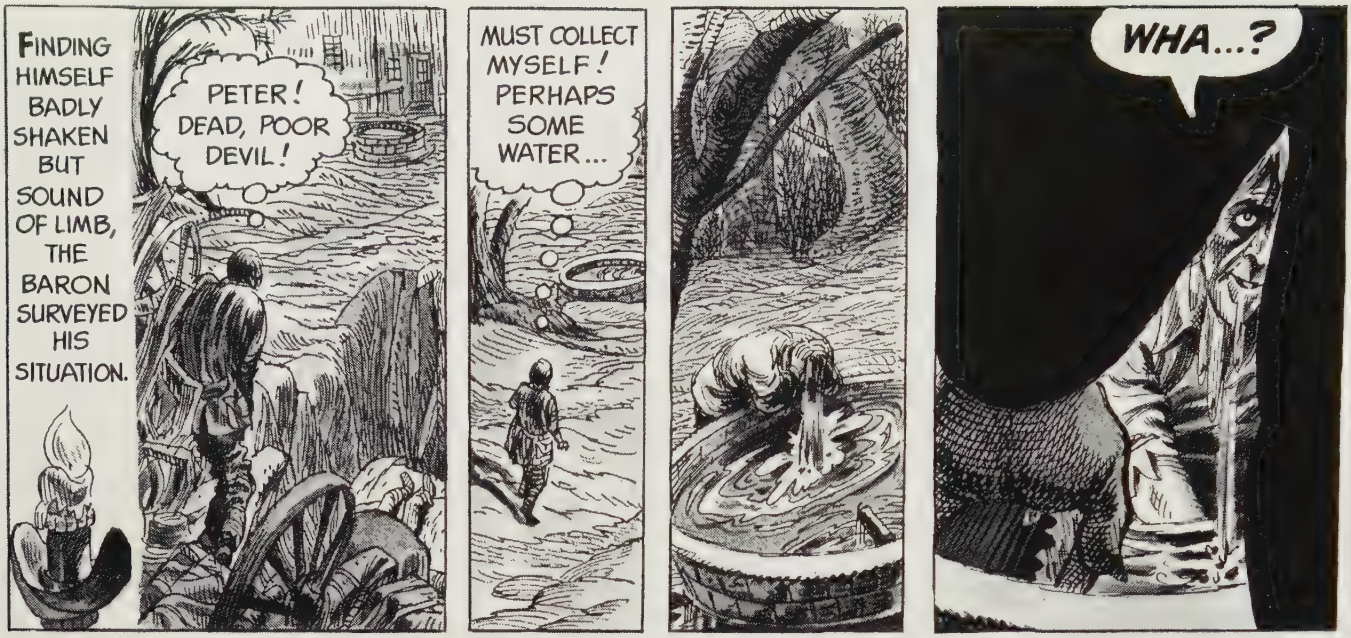
A STRANGE... INDEED SINISTER LEGEND LIES BEHIND THE DECAYING WALLS OF THIS CHATEAU...

IT BEGAN 93 YEARS AGO ON A MOONLIT NIGHT, MUCH LIKE TONIGHT, WHEN BARON VON RENFIELD'S COACH WAS TRAVELING ON THE NARROW ROAD... COMING INTO THE SOUTHERN SLUM OF THE VILLAGE. THE HOUR WAS LATE, AND THE COACHMAN WAS DRIVING THE HORSES AT FULL GALLOP TO DELIVER HIS MASTER TO A LATE RENDEZVOUS....

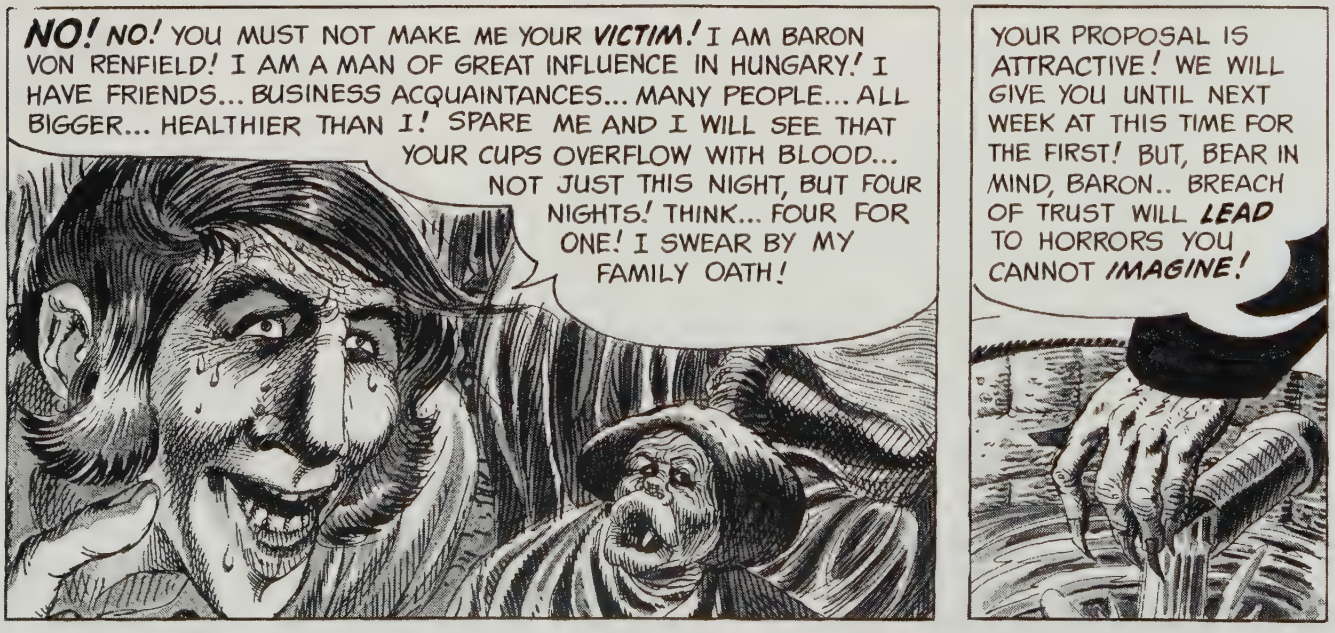
"UNKNOWN TO THE DRIVER, A DEFECTIVE WHEEL WAS SLOWLY BREAKING FROM THE AXLE WITH EACH JOLT..."

"THEN, WITH ONE GREAT JOG, THE WHEEL FLEW OFF... AND..."

"MIRACULOUSLY, THE BARON ESCAPED INJURY. WITH HIS GOOD RIGHT ARM -- HIS LEFT HAD BEEN LEFT USELESS AS A RESULT OF A WOUND RECEIVED YEARS EARLIER -- HE PULLED HIMSELF OUT OF THE OVERTURNED COACH..."


FINDING HIMSELF BADLY SHAKEN BUT SOUND OF LIMB, THE BARON SURVEYED HIS SITUATION.
PETER! DEAD, POOR DEVIL!
MUST COLLECT MYSELF! PERHAPS SOME WATER...
WHA...?

WH... WHAT DO YOU WANT·
THAT SHOULD NOT BE DIFFICULT TO COMPREHEND! WE ARE VAMPIRES IN SEARCH OF BLOOD! IT WOULD SEEM THAT YOU HAVE BEEN DELIVERED TO SATISFY OUR THIRST!


NO! NO! YOU MUST NOT MAKE ME YOUR VICTIM! I AM BARON VON RENFIELD! I AM A MAN OF GREAT INFLUENCE IN HUNGARY! I HAVE FRIENDS... BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCES... MANY PEOPLE... ALL BIGGER... HEALTHIER THAN I! SPARE ME AND I WILL SEE THAT YOUR CUPS OVERFLOW WITH BLOOD... NOT JUST THIS NIGHT, BUT FOUR NIGHTS! THINK... FOUR FOR ONE! I SWEAR BY MY FAMILY OATH!
YOUR PROPOSAL IS ATTRACTIVE! WE WILL GIVE YOU UNTIL NEXT WEEK AT THIS TIME FOR THE FIRST! BUT, BEAR IN MIND, BARON.. BREACH OF TRUST WILL LEAD TO HORRORS YOU CANNOT IMAGINE!

"WHEN ONCE AGAIN IN THE SECLUSION OF HIS CHATEAU, BARON VON RENFIELD PACED AWAY THE REMAINDER OF THE NIGHT... HIS THOUGHTS TORE AT HIS FATIGUED MIND, SEEKING A SOLUTION TO HIS PLIGHT..."

THANK GOD...THE SUN! IT ALMOST ERADICATE LAST NIGHT'S GHASTLY ENCOUNTER! BUT I KNOW THE VAMPIRES WERE NO NIGHTMARE! NOR MY VOW TO THEM...

WHA! I SHALL GIVE A MASQUERADE BALL! WINE, MUSIC... AND A VERY SPECIAL GUEST...

"WITH FEVERISH FINGERS, THE BARON SCRAWLED OUT THE INVITATION... HE ALMOST FELT PAIN IN HIS DEADENED LEFT ARM AS HIS MIND RACED BACK TO THAT NIGHT SO MANY YEARS AGO, WHEN HE HAD CHANCED TO COME UPON A LOVERS' MEETING!

EVA!... MY FIANCEE ...WITH MY BEST FRIEND!

"THERE COULD BE NO ALTERNATIVE... ONE OF NOBLE BLOOD MUST SEEK SATISFACTION! SO IT WAS THAT BARON VON RENFIELD MET BORIS HEDRA ON THE DUELING GROUNDS..."

...FOUR... FIVE... SIX...

"THUS, WAS DELIVERED THE WOUND THAT RENDERED HIS LEFT ARM USELESS...

AN ENVELOPE WITH BARON VON RENFIELD'S SEAL! CURIOUS... INDEED CURIOUS!

"THE BALL WAS HELD ON THE NIGHT OF THE BARON'S DEADLINE WITH THE VAMPIRES.

BORIS, I AM GLAD YOU COULD COME!

FRANKLY, RENNIE, MY INQUIRING MIND WOULD NOT HAVE ALLOWED ME TO STAY AWAY!

"OUTSIDE THE GREAT BALLROOM, ANXIOUS EYES WATCHED IN QUIET ANTICIPATION..."

YOU MUST ADMIT, IT IS A BIT CURIOUS THAT YOU SHOULD EXPRESS A DESIRE TO SEE ME AGAIN, AFTER SO MANY YEARS!

WE WERE CLOSE FRIENDS WHEN WE WERE YOUNG...NOW WE ARE OLD! THE PAST IS PAST ... IT IS TIME WE FORGET OUR QUARREL, BORIS!

LET US GO OUT ON THE GROUNDS WHERE WE CAN MORE EASILY TALK.

SPLENDID! WE HAVE MANY YEARS' CONVERSATION TO MAKE UP FOR. I HAVE BEEN A LONELY MAN SINCE EVA DIED LAST YEAR!

I WISH SHE WERE HERE NOW. IT BOTHERED HER ***DEEPLY*** THAT OUR FRIENDSHIP ENDED AS IT.. ***UNHHHHHHH!***

"THE LIMP FORM OF BORIS HEDRA WAS SWIFTLY SPIRITED TO A HIDDEN DUNGEON FAR BENEATH THE BALLROOM, WHERE THE VAMPIRES QUICKLY CLUSTERED ABOUT HIM! LOOKING DOWN AT THE NOW CONSCIOUS MAN'S PULSING THROAT, THE UNHOLY GROUP KNEW ITS GLISTENING FANGS WERE ABOUT TO TASTE FRUITS OF PATIENCE. THE FIRST INVITATION HAD BEEN A SUCCESS."

"THE BARON DISCOVERED THAT REVENGE MADE THE COMPILING OF HIS UNGODLY LIST A MUCH EASIER TASK! WHO WOULD BE MORE LOGICAL TO RECEIVE THE SECOND INVITATION TO DOOM THAN DR. KOVAC, WHO IN ONE OF HIS DRUNKEN STUPORS HAD FAILED TO TAKE PROPER PRECAUTIONS IN REPAIRING THE BARON'S DUELING WOUND. INDEED, HIS DRUNKEN NEGLECT HAD CAUSED INFECTION TO SET IN AND THE BARON'S LEFT ARM TO BE A LIFELESS PULP OF WITHERED FLESH...

IT IS MOST GENEROUS OF YOU, BARON, TO INVITE ME ... WHO?... ***VAMPIRES! EEAGHHH!***

"AND WHEN AT LAST THE BLOOD FEAST WAS COMPLETED, THE LEADER OF THE VAMPIRES SPOKE..."

YOU HAVE KEPT YOUR PLEDGE THUS FAR! WE SHALL EXPECT TWO MORE!

"HUGO, THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, WAS THE THIRD TO RECEIVE AN ENVELOPE WITH THE BARON VON RENFIELD'S SEAL. IT HAD BEEN HUGO'S CARELESS REPAIR OF THE COACH WHEEL THE MORNING OF THE CRASH THAT HAD CAUSED THE FATEFUL MEETING WITH THE VAMPIRES. THE BLACKSMITH WAS INDEED PLEASED WHEN HE READ HIS INVITATION TO DINNER WITH THE BARON TO DISCUSS CONSTRUCTION OF A SPECIAL COACH..."

THIS IS A GREAT DAY FOR ME, BARON! ONCE THE WORD GETS AROUND THAT I AM BUILDING A COACH FOR BARON VON RENFIELD, MY SHOP WILL BE FLOODED WITH NEW CUSTOMERS!

"THE BRAWNY BLACKSMITH PUT UP A GREATER STRUGGLE THAN THE OTHERS... BUT HIS EFFORTS WERE WASTED. WHEN THE VAMPIRES HAD FINISHED THEIR BLOOD FEAST..."

ONE MORE, BARON VON RENFIELD ...AND YOUR DEBT WILL BE PAID IN FULL!

"THE NEXT FEW DAYS WERE SLEEPLESS EONS FOR BARON VON RENFIELD..."

WHAT AM I TO DO? WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THREE PEOPLE CONNECTED WITH MY CHATEAU, I HAVE NO CHANCE OF LURING ANYONE ELSE. BUT I MUST! THE VAMPIRES ARE GROWING IMPATIENT!

"AND THEN CAME THE KNOCK"

WHO IS THERE?

KNOCK! KNOCK

WHEN HE OPENED THE DOOR, HIS BLOOD FROZE AS HE LOOKED UPON THE THIRST-CRAZED FACES...SPITTLE RUNNING DOWN FROM THEIR LIPS... THEIR FANGS SPARKLING IN THE MOONLIGHT..

YOUR INVITATION...

HUGO! BORIS... GOOD LORD.... YOU TOO ARE VAMPIRES!

DR. CABORE FELT A CHILL RUN THROUGH HIS BODY AS HE STOOD FASCINATED... LISTENING TO OLD MAN'S TALE...

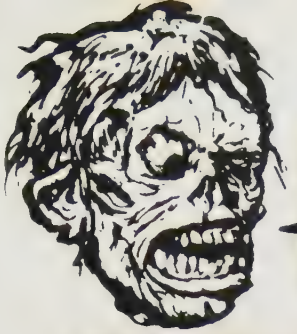
THAT, MY YOUNG FRIEND, IS THE LEGEND BEHIND THIS ONCE MAGNIFICENT CHATEAU...

BUT YOU LEFT OUT THE ENDING... WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BARON?

CAN'T YOU GUESS? I AM BARON VON RENFIELD!

EVEN AS THE OLD MAN SPOKE, HIS SINISTER COMRADES EMERGED SILENTLY FROM THE INKY SHADOWS... QUIVERING, WITH ANTICIPATION, AS THEY CLOSED IN ON THEIR NEWLY ARRIVED GUEST...

I FOUND THAT INVITATIONS WERE VERY EFFECTIVE IN OBTAINING NEW GUESTS FOR MY FRIENDS AND MYSELF! **WE ARE SO HAPPY YOU COULD COME!!**



IF YOU BELIEVE IN VAMPIRES, ARE YOU BATS? WELL, MY DOUBTING LITTLE FIENDS, LET'S CHECK THE FACTS IN....

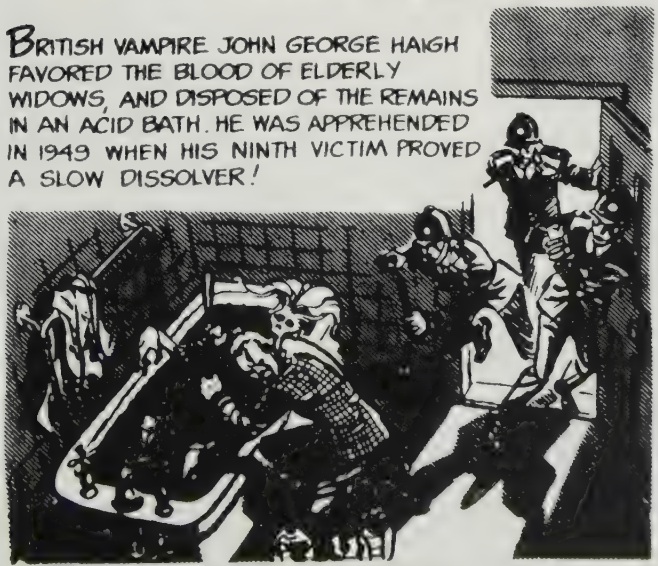
EERIE'S LOATHSOME LORE!

AS USUAL, THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.... ***VRYKOLAKAS!*** THE VAMPIRE TRADITION IS OLDEST IN GREECE, GOING BACK TO THE ANCIENT TIMES WHEN BLOOD SACRIFICE WAS A FAVORITE PASTIME!

ROMANS DEVELOPED THE QUAINT CUSTOM OF DRINKING THE BLOOD OF SLAIN GLADIATORS IN THE BELIEF THAT IT CURED EPILEPSY AND GAVE GREATER COURAGE!

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY HUNGARY PRODUCED COUNTESS ERSZE BATHORY, WHO BELIEVED DRINKING AND BATHING IN THE BLOOD OF YOUNG GIRLS PRESERVED HER BEAUTY. LOCAL RESIDENTS FOUND 650 VICTIMS EXCESSIVE AND ENDED THE COUNTESS'S BEAUTY TREATMENTS... AND THE COUNTESS!

BRITISH VAMPIRE JOHN GEORGE HAIGH FAVORED THE BLOOD OF ELDERLY WIDOWS, AND DISPOSED OF THE REMAINS IN AN ACID BATH. HE WAS APPREHENDED IN 1949 WHEN HIS NINTH VICTIM PROVED A SLOW DISSOLVER!



EVEN TODAY, VAMPIRISM AFFECTS US, AS IN OUR SPEECH WITH EXPRESSIONS LIKE "SOMETHING I CAN SINK MY TEETH INTO" AND "BLOODSUCKER." SO WHEN A FRIEND SAY "I'LL BITE!" WATCH IT! HE ACTUALLY MIGHT!

STORY BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

ART BY BOB LUBBERS

FIRST WE GAVE YOU--

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

MONSTER WORLD

CREEPY

NOW--IN ANSWER TO YOUR PLEAS, THREATS, AND DEMANDS, WARREN PUBLISHING PRESENTS

EERIE

Trademark

ALL NEW TERROR TALES IN THE CREEPY TRADITION!

EERIE

PDC

MARCH
No. 2

35¢

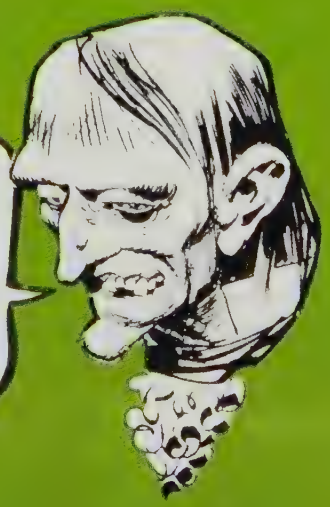
COLLECTOR'S EDITION!

WELCOME TO EERIE---

DON'T BE AFRAID... COME ON IN... WHAT CAN YOU LOSE EXCEPT (*HEH, HEH!*) YOUR ***MIND?!*** AS ALL YOU ***FRENZIED FOLLOWERS*** OF ***UNCLE CREEPY'S TERROR TABLOID*** HAVE BEEN FOREWARNED (MOST OF YOU ARE ALREADY ***FOUR***ARMED), I'M ***COUSIN EERIE***, YOUR HOST IN HORRORS! ***FIENDISH FANS*** WILL FIND MY LITTLE ***CHAMBER OF CHILLS*** WRETCHINGLY RENDERED BY THE SAME ***CREEPY COLLECTION*** OF ***DEMON DRAFTSMEN*** AND ***SCREAMIN' SCRIBES***, AND EVEN ***MORE*** BLOODCURDLING (UNC'S NOT AS YOUNG AS HE USED TO BE)! YOU POOR SOULS WHO ARE ***NERVOUS NEWCOMERS*** TO THIS WORLD OF THE WEIRD, HAD BEST HANG ON TO YOUR HEARTS AND BE PREPARED FOR THE ***SPINE-TINGLING*** THRILLS LURKING ON EACH ***PULSATING PAGE*** OF THIS COLLECTOR'S EDITION OF (*GASP!*)

EERIE!!!

DON'T LET FATSO FOOL YOU...THESE FAIRY TALES COULDN'T CURDLE MILK, LET ALONE BLOOD! IT MAY BE BETTER THAN FIXING YOUR HORROR HABIT WITH A (*CHOKE!*) COMPETITOR'S SLIMY SERVINGS....BUT WHEN BETTER SPINES ARE TINGLED, IT'S ***UNCLE CREEPY'S*** GHOUL'S GATHERING OF TERROR TALES THAT WILL DO IT!



EERIE

NO. 2

PUBLISHER: James Warren

EDITOR: Archie Goodwin **COVER:** Frank Frazetta **LETTERING:** Ben Oda

STAFF: Eugene Colan, Reed Crandall, Jack Davis, Frank Frazetta, Gray Morrow, Joe Orlando, John Severin, Jay Taycee, Angelo Torres, Alex Toth

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THE WEIRDEST EERIEST 8mm MOVIE EVER MADE!

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TERROR OF DRACULA

Original 1922 version. Full 400 feet version, full of terror, torment and sensational shock. A must for the horror film collector. Half-hour running time. 8mm, $9.95.

BELA LUGOSI CHILLS YOU IN "THE HUMAN MONSTER"

Original Edgar Wallace version, terrifying and chilling. Promises to haunt you again and again; a real shocker for friends you ask to see it. Full 400 feet, 8mm, $10.95.

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A SPACE SHIP loaded with stellar monsters goes out of control! They land on earth and battle a brave scientist trying to save the earth. Is he successful? This scary film tells you what really happens. 160 feet, 8mm, $5.75.

BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

LOOKS LIKE the cavemen had all the fun watching giant dinosaurs fight it out. This film of prehistoric battles between the world's earliest creatures will fascinate you. Was the world really like that? We don't know, but you will have a good time finding out. 160 feet, 8mm, $5.75.

Please rush me the following, for which I enclose $..... plus amounts for postage and handling, as shown below, for each film.

- ☐ Cabinet of Dr. Caligari; 1,000 ft.; $34.95 plus 75¢
- ☐ Terror of Dracula; 400 ft.; $9.95 plus 50¢
- ☐ The Vampire Bat; 200 ft.; $4.95 plus 25¢
- ☐ Bela Lugosi in Human Monster; 400 feet; $10.95 plus 50¢
- ☐ It Came from Outer Space; $5.75 plus 25¢
- ☐ Battle of the Giants; $5.75 plus 25¢
- ☐ Killer Gorilla; $5.75 plus 25¢

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP CODE NO. .....

KILLER GORILLA

THE NEXT TIME you wonder how they capture gorillas, and find it hard to believe, here's an idea. Look at the famous film, KILLER GORILLA, and you will see exactly how it is done. Stalked and followed in darkest Africa, the killer Gorilla is finally captured . . . and this film will take you through every thrilling moment. 160 feet, 8mm, $5.75.

GREETINGS, GREMLINS! LET'S LIFT THE LID ON THIS FIRST HYSTERICAL ISSUE WITH A SHOCK STORY THAT WILL LEAVE YOU ELECTRIFIED! GET READY TO BE THRILLED AS PIECE BY PIECE WE ASSEMBLE THIS TINGLER OF A MAN WHO TRIED TO FOLLOW IN THE...

FOOTSTEPS of FRANKENSTEIN!

NORTHERN ENGLAND! AS THE TRAIN WHISTLE FADED IN THE DISTANCE, DR. BYRON KING SUPPRESSED A SHIVER AND THE NOTION HE HAD SOMEHOW STEPPED BACKWARD INTO ANOTHER CENTURY... HE FELT INCREDIBLY ALONE...

LOW KILBURN

B. R. R.

EXCUSE ME... I'D EXPECTED TO BE MET! COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE TO FIND DR. SEBASTIAN? AMOS SEBASTIAN?

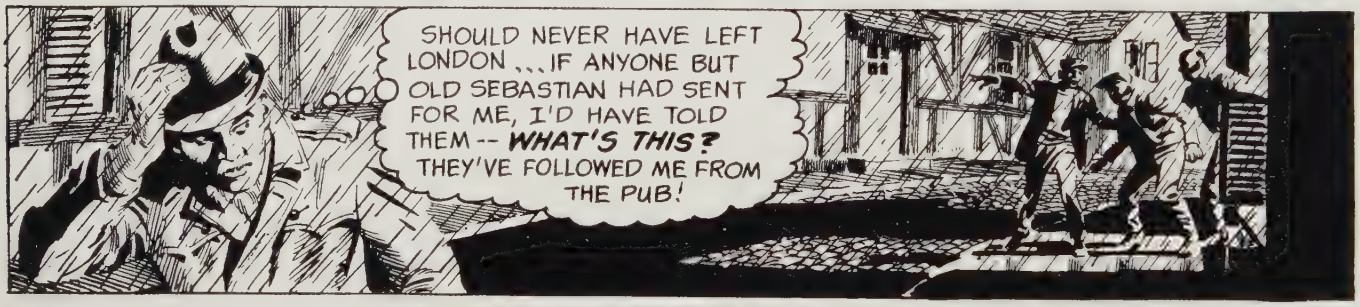
W-WHO? NO! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING! BESIDES...

... WE'RE CLOSED!

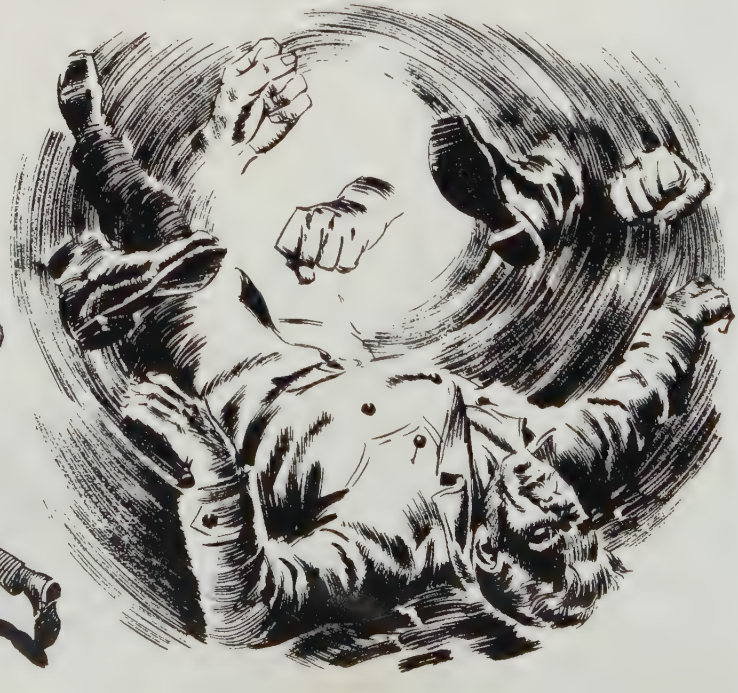
SLAM!

ART BY REED CRANDALL/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

HIS FOOTFALLS ECHOING ABOVE THE SOUND OF RAINWATER IN THE COBBLESTONE GUTTERS, DR. KING MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE VILLAGE SEEKING AN OPEN DOOR, A FRIENDLY VOICE, WARMTH AND LIGHT...



BLOWS RAINED ON KING FROM EVERY SIDE! HIS BODY SAGGED TO THE PAVEMENT AND NAUSEA SWEPT THROUGH HIM... FLAILING FISTS AND STOMPING FEET SWIRLED ABOUT HIM, THEN... OBLIVION!

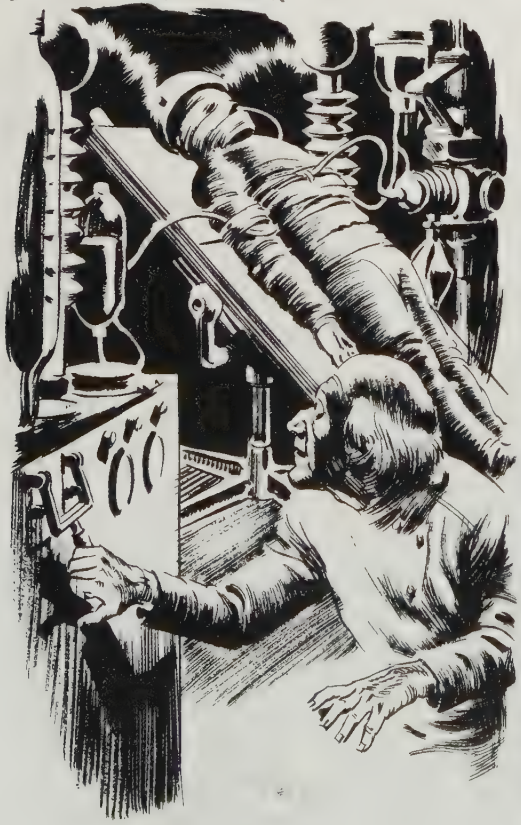


DR. KING STIRRED. HE COULD NO LONGER FEEL THE RAIN OR THE WET COBBLESTONE BENEATH HIM ... HIS EYES, ACHING WITH THE LIGHT, SLOWLY BROUGHT THINGS INTO FOCUS...
S-SOME KIND OF DOCTOR'S OFFICE ... NO! IT'S A LABORATORY!
PART OF AN OLD CASTLE ... BUT OUTFITTED WITH THE LATEST EQUIPMENT! AND THAT BREATHING... HEAVY BREATHING...
GOOD LORD! THAT T-THING...
BYRON, MY BOY! YOU'VE RECOVERED! WE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO STOP THOSE IDIOTS... SUPERSTITIOUS RABBLE!
DR. SEBASTIAN! YOU MEAN I WAS RESCUED BY YOU AND THIS... MONSTER?!
NOT MONSTER, BYRON, CREATION! MY CREATION! NOT YET PERFECT, BUT WITH YOUR HELP...
Y-YOU'VE... MADE... A LIVING CREATURE?!

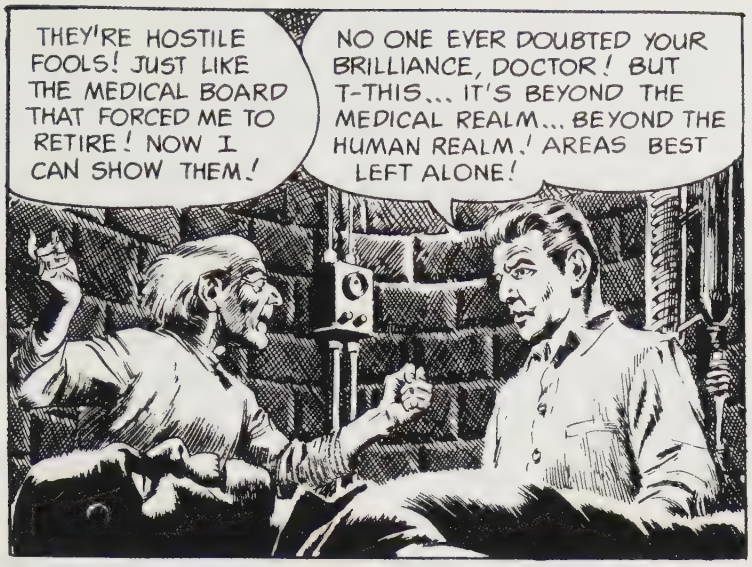
"AFTER MY RETIREMENT, I BEGAN EXPERIMENTING... ELECTRONIC STIMULATION TO BRAIN CELLS, NERVOUS SYSTEM... FOR YEARS I WORKED WITH TEST ANIMALS, GUINEA PIGS, MONKEYS... THEN THERE WAS A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT NEAR THE CASTLE..."

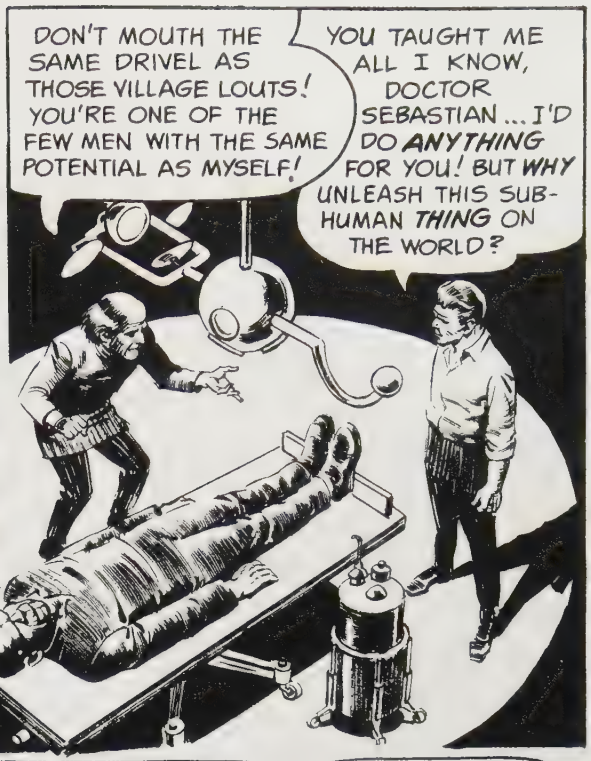
"I PULLED TWO MEN FROM THE WRECKAGE, DEAD AND MANGLED... THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, I WORKED FEVERISHLY, SEWING AND GRAFTING... WELDING THE TWO INTO ONE WHOLE!"

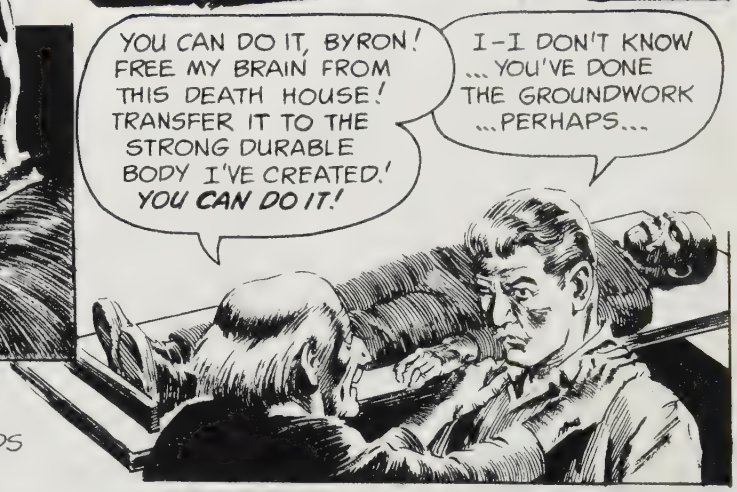
"WORKING AGAINST TIME, I RE-CONVERTED MY EQUIPMENT TO HANDLE THE LARGER SUBJECT... THEN, TINGLING WITH ANTICIPATION, I THREW THE SWITCH!"



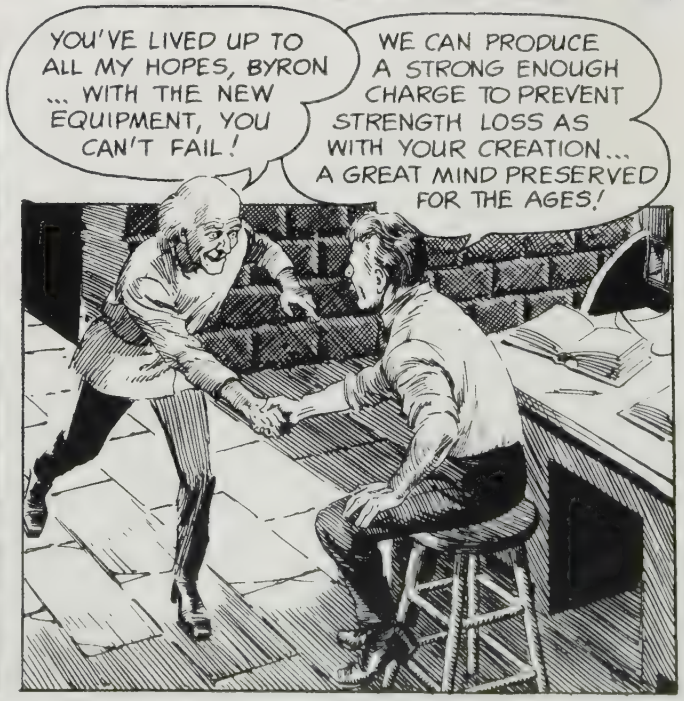
"IT WORKED! THE RESULT WAS NOT PERFECT, THE CHARGE HAD BEEN WEAK, AND THE BRAIN WAS DAMAGED... MY CREATION COULD ONLY FUNCTION IN A LIMITED MANNER. UNFORTUNATELY, IT WAS SEEN BY SERVANTS... THEY SPREAD HYSTERIA THROUGH THE VILLAGE!"



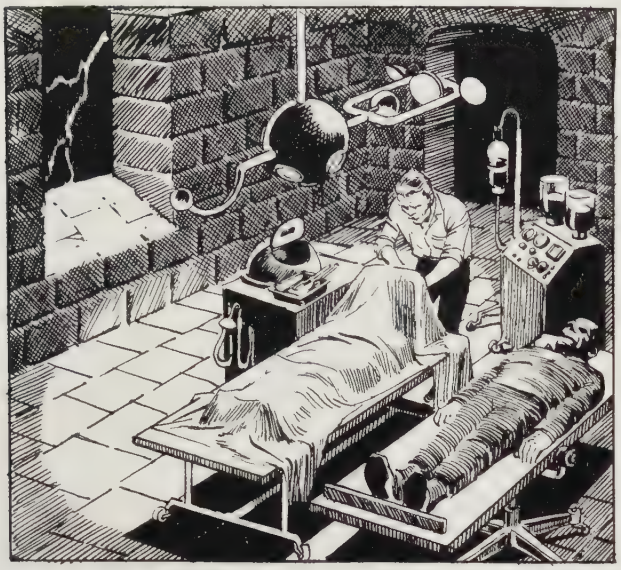




IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, DR. KING SUBMERGED HIMSELF INTO THE NOTES AND RESEARCH OF AMOS SEBASTIAN... LETTING VOLUME OF WORDS ASSERT THE INFLUENCE HIS CONSCIENCE WOULD NOT!



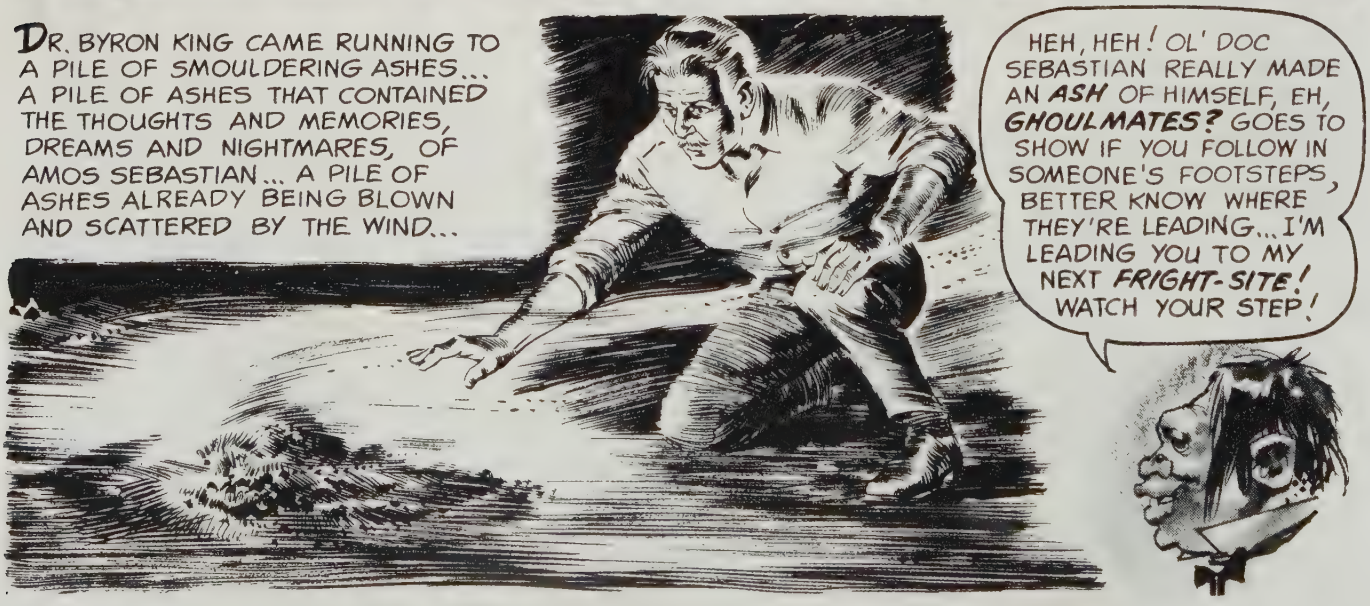
THUNDER, LIGHTNING, AND DRIVING RAIN LASHING THE NIGHT SKY DREW NO ATTENTION FROM BYRON KING AS HIS SKILLED SURGEON'S FINGERS GUIDED HIS KNIFE INTO THE FIRST PHASE OF THE OPERATION...



THE THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES OF AMOS SEBASTIAN WERE LIFTED FROM THE DYING SHELL BODY, TRANSPORTED ACROSS THE LABORATORY, AND DEFTLY SEWN INTO THEIR NEW RESTING PLACE...

ON THE OPERATING TABLE, THE MONSTROUS FORM STIRRED... FINGERS TWITCHED AND MOVED... EYELIDS SLOWLY OPENED...
BYRON! GET THESE STRAPS OFF! I'M ALIVE! IT WORKED... IT WORKED!
OPEN UP! WE'VE COME FOR YOU!
END THE DEVILMENT! OPEN THE DOORS!
OPEN OR WE'RE BREAKING IT DOWN!
THE VILLAGERS! ATTACKING THE CASTLE!
THOSE FOOLS! I'LL MAKE AN END TO THEM JUST LIKE THAT PAIR IN THE CAR!
IN THE CAR? YOU GOT THE TWO BODIES BY DELIBERATELY CAUSING A WRECK?! THAT'S ...
MURDER! WHAT ANYONE STANDING IN MY WAY DESERVES! FROM THESE VILLAGERS TO THE MEDICAL BOARD...
... INCLUDING YOU!

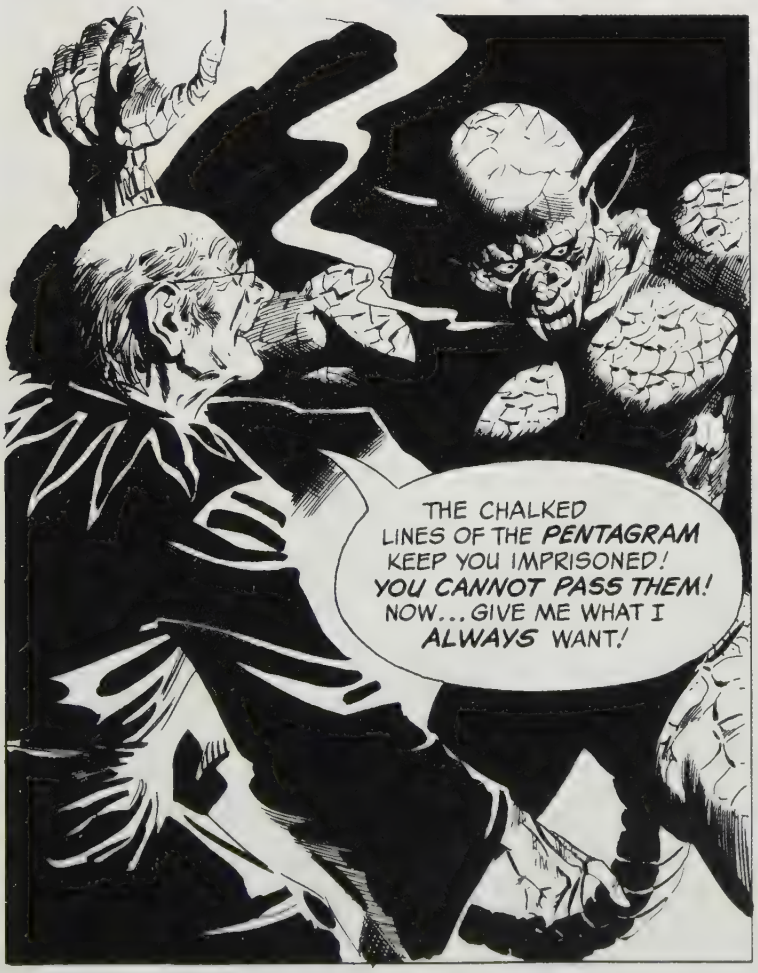
UNMINDFUL OF THE LASHING STORM, THE GROTESQUE FORM LUMBERED OFF INTO THE DISTANCE, BENT ON RAGE AND DESTRUCTION!



ART BY ANGELO TORRES/SCRIPT BY E. NELSON BRIDWELL

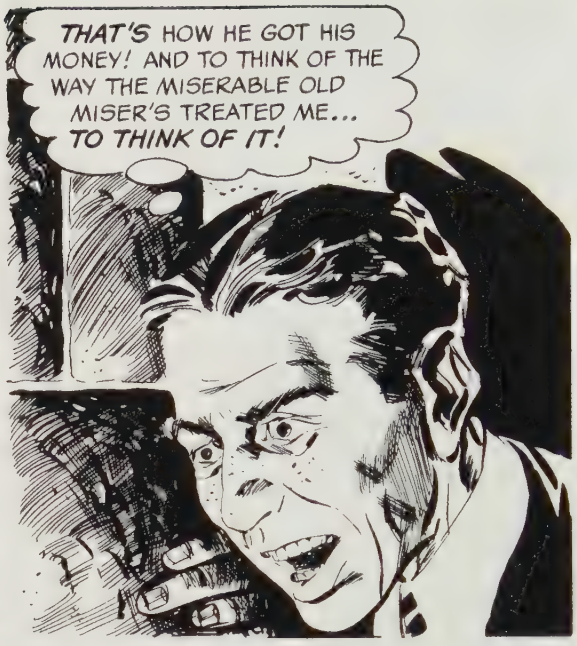
ONE FOR DE-MONEY

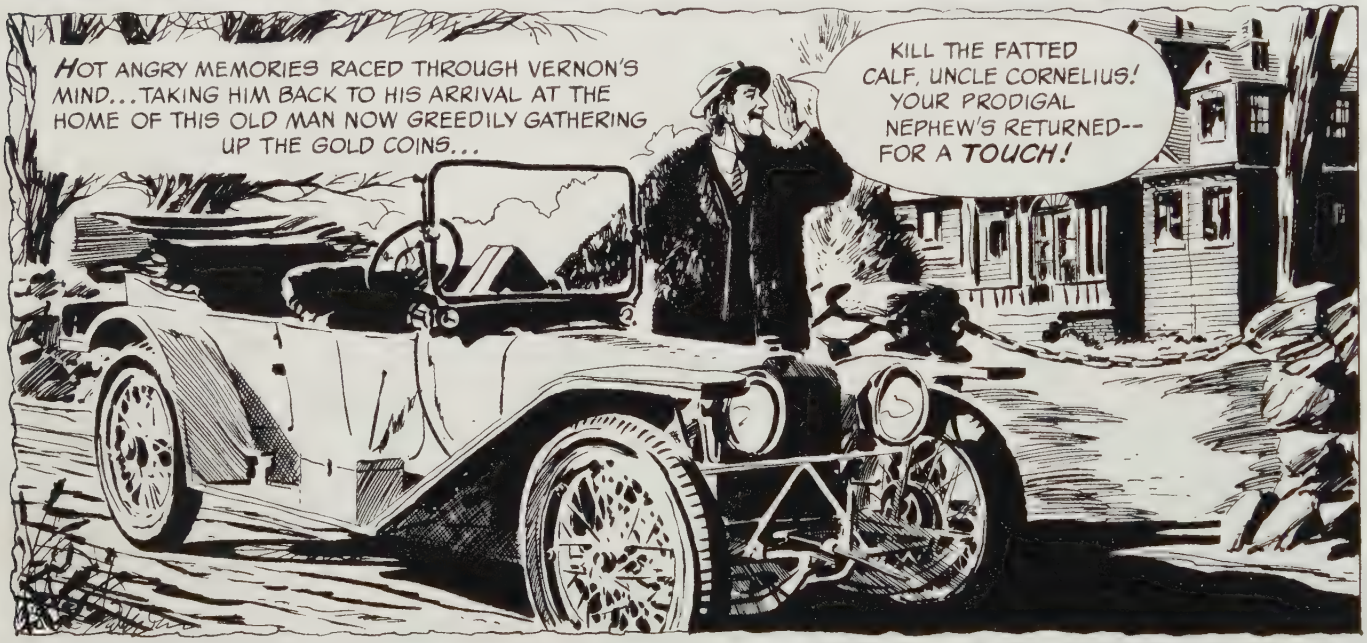
VERNON CLUNG IN SHOCK TO THE DAMP WALL, PULSE POUNDING IN HIS VEINS, UNABLE TO BELIEVE WHAT HIS EYES TOLD HIM MUST BE TRUE...
IT WAS SOME KIND OF MYSTIC INCANTATION... BUT WHY?..WHY SHOULD THE OLD MAN CALL UP THIS D-DEMON?
AH, OEILLET... YOU COME AGAIN! NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU HATE ME, OR ANY MASTER, YOU MUST SERVE!
YOU'D LIKE TO TEAR ME TO PIECES, WOULDN'T YOU, OEILLET? BUT YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T REACH ME!


THE CHALKED LINES OF THE PENTAGRAM KEEP YOU IMPRISONED! YOU CANNOT PASS THEM! NOW... GIVE ME WHAT I ALWAYS WANT!

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

NOW...GO! ZAHNVAHR YAPRE OEILLET!


THAT'S HOW HE GOT HIS MONEY! AND TO THINK OF THE WAY THE MISERABLE OLD MISER'S TREATED ME... TO THINK OF IT!


HOT ANGRY MEMORIES RACED THROUGH VERNON'S MIND...TAKING HIM BACK TO HIS ARRIVAL AT THE HOME OF THIS OLD MAN NOW GREEDILY GATHERING UP THE GOLD COINS...
KILL THE FATTED CALF, UNCLE CORNELIUS! YOUR PRODIGAL NEPHEW'S RETURNED-- FOR A TOUCH!

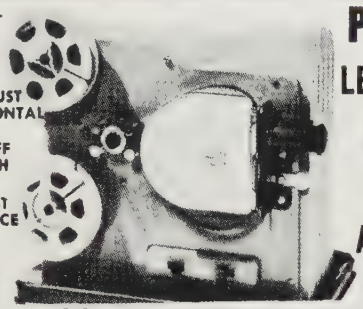
...SO I NEED A LITTLE TO TIDE ME OVER! A FEW GRAND WOULD DO IT!
NOT ONE RED CENT!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I NEED THAT DOUGH RIGHT AWAY--YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF BREAD!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF JAM YOU'VE GOTTEN INTO NOW, VERN, BUT I'VE BAILED YOU OUT FOR THE LAST TIME!

I'M YOUR NEPHEW... YOUR ONLY HEIR! FLAT BROKE! NO PLACE TO STAY... I COULDN'T EVEN SCRAPE UP CHANGE FOR A MEAL!
THEN STAY HERE! YOU'LL BE OUT OF TROUBLE, AND YOU WON'T STARVE! BUT I WON'T TRUST YOU FIVE MINUTES WITH ANY OF MY MONEY!
VERNON KNEW HE HAD TO ACCEPT... HAD TO REMAIN TIED IN THAT OLD MANSION BY HIS UNCLE'S PURSE STRINGS...
AS FOR BEING MY HEIR... FORGET IT! I INTEND TO REWRITE MY WILL SO YOU WON'T GET A PENNY!
VERNON'S BLOOD BOILED ANGRILY AT THE THOUGHTS OF HIS HUMILIATION, PROPELLING HIM FORWARD FROM HIDING...
NOW, UNCLE! WE'LL SEE WHO CUTS WHO OFF!
VERN... WHAT...?!
GOODBYE... UNCLE... CORNELIUS!
DONE!

BETTER MOVE HIM FROM HERE... THE STEPS! I CAN FIX THINGS UP THERE...
GOOD! LOOKS AS THOUGH THE OLD BOY HAD A FALL IN THE DARK! ISN'T THAT TOO BAD!?
NO USE LETTING THIS LOOT JUST LIE HERE... HEY! WHAT'S THIS?
TREMBLING WITH THE VISION OF UNLIMITED RICHES, VERNON RACED THROUGH THE ANCIENT WORDS OF MAGIC JUST AS HE HAD WATCHED HIS UNCLE DO IT!
...OEILLET!
THIS IS WHERE UNCLE CORNELIUS LEARNED THE INCANTATION! WHY SETTLE FOR JUST WHAT'S LYING AROUND WHEN I CAN GO TO THE SOURCE?! EVERYTHING'S ALL READY SET UP...

DON'T JUST STAND THERE! YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN GIVE ME...
DEATH!
DON'T CON ME, PAL! THAT PENTAGRAM IMPRISONS YOU... YOU CAN'T DO A THING!
N-NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE... YOU CAN'T...
NO! NO! THE LINES OF THE PENTAGRAM... YOU CAN'T CROSS THEM! WHY DIDN'T IT HOLD YOU? WHY? WHY?
THERE WAS NO TIME LEFT FOR VERNON TO QUESTION... HE COULD ONLY SCREAM! THERE WAS NOT EVEN TIME FOR A LAST LOOK AT THE BREAK RUBBED IN THE CHALK LINE OF THE PENTAGRAM... RUBBED IN THE VERY SPOT THROUGH WHICH VERNON HAD DRAGGED HIS UNCLE'S BODY!
EEEEEE-YAHHHHH!
JUDGING FROM THAT SCREAM, FRIGHT-FANS, I'D SAY THE CHALK LINE ISN'T THE ONLY THING THAT GOT RUBBED OUT! NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'VE GOT SOME READING TO DO ...JUST FOUND A WONDERFUL OLD BOOK!



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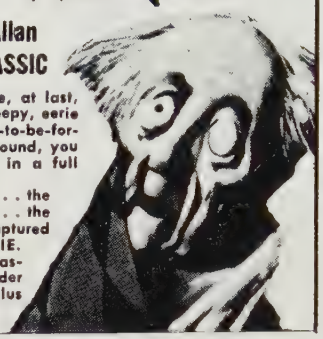

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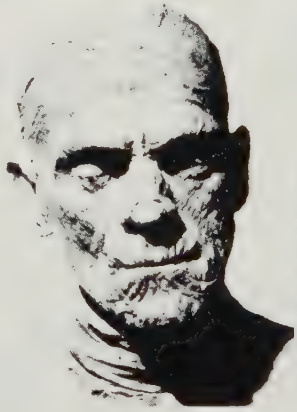

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WITH THIS ***SHIVERING SHOCKER***, WE INJECT A LITTLE LOVE INTEREST INTO THE ***PULSATING PROCEEDINGS***... ALL ABOUT A MAN WHO COULDN'T STAND LOSING HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE... OF COURSE, AS THE SAYING GOES, BEAUTY IS ALL IN THE...

EYE of the BEHOLDER!

WHY? WHY DID IT HAVE TO HAPPEN TO EVE? SHE WAS LOVELY... WONDERFUL... EVERYTHING TO ME! WHY HER? ***WHY?***

GERALD, PLEASE! THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO NOW!

IT'S NOT FAIR! I DON'T WANT TO LOSE HER! EVE IS TOO VIBRANT... TOO WARM A PERSON TO BE...***DEAD! I WON'T ACCEPT IT!***

GERALD, I'M YOUR FRIEND AND YOUR DOCTOR ... ***EVERYTHING*** WAS DONE TO SAVE YOUR WIFE! EVERYTHING WITHIN THE REALM OF MEDICINE AND SCIENCE!

MEDICINE AND SCIENCE ***FAILED***, HOWARD! BUT I WON'T LET THIS BE THE END! THERE ARE THINGS BEYOND THAT REALM... ***ANY REALM*** ... I'LL FIND THEM... ***THEY*** WON'T FAIL!

ART BY JAY TAYCEE/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

SO, FOR GERALD LEWIS THE BURIAL OF HIS WIFE MARKED NOT THE END, BUT THE BEGINNING...THE BEGINNING OF A SEARCH THAT WOULD TAKE HIM INTO THE DARK CORNERS AND FORBIDDEN BY-WAYS OF LIFE...

BUT IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, HE UNCOVERED LITTLE MORE THAN FRUSTRATION AND ANGER... THE SMALL AMOUNT OF PATIENCE GERALD BEGAN WITH VANISHED INTO WRATH...

FAKE! YOU'RE JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS! THERE *MUST* BE SOMEONE WHO'S GENUINE! *WHO?* TELL ME! *TELL ME!*

PLEASE... MR. LEWIS! LET GO... *PLEASE!* THERE IS A MAN... I HEARD ABOUT HIM... LONG TIME AGO...

FROM A NAME WHISPERED IN HOARSE FEAR, GERALD TOOK UP THE SEARCH WITH RENEWED HOPE, AND AFTER MANY INQUIRIES, FOUND HIMSELF IN AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN SECTION OF THE CITY, MOUNTING RICKETY STAIRS TO A PLACE OF MUSTY GRIMNESS...

I WANT YOU TO BRING MY WIFE BACK FROM THE DEAD!

YOU ASK *TOO MUCH!* SUCH A THING IS BETTER LEFT UNDONE!

MR. LORENZO? I'M TOLD YOU CAN DO THINGS MANY MEN CLAIM ARE IMPOSSIBLE...

I'VE CERTAIN UNUSUAL ABILITIES... HOW DO YOU WISH THEM APPLIED?

I'M A RICH MAN, AND INTEND TO MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE! YOU HAVEN'T SAID YOU *CAN'T* DO IT!

I... IT WON'T BE EASY... I NEED SOME TIME... T-TOMORROW...

AS SOON AS DARKNESS FELL THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, GERALD RETURNED TO THE EERIE ATMOSPHERE OF LORENZO'S DWELLING, TENSE WITH EXPECTATION...

STRIKE AT THE TIMBERS! CLAW AT THE DIRT! HEAR ME CALLING AND ***ARISE!*** CLAW! STRIKE! CLIMB! ***HEAR ME, EVE, AND ARISE!***

GERALD'S HEART WAS STILL POUNDING FROM THE EXCITEMENT OF LORENZO'S EFFORT, EVEN AS HE PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR INTO THE SILENT LONELINESS OF HIS OWN HOME...

THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF GERALD'S NECK TINGLED AND A FLUSH OF WARMTH SHOT THROUGH HIM AT THE SOFT, RICH VOICE HE'D DESPAIRED OF EVER HEARING AGAIN...

HE HELD HER CLOSE, ABSORBING THE WONDER OF EVE WARM AND ALIVE IN HIS ARMS ONCE MORE... YET, SOMEWHERE IN THE BACK OF HIS MIND WAS AN UNCOMFORTABLE STIRRING...

Y-YOU DISMISSED *ALL* THE SERVANTS, DARLING?

WE DON'T NEED THEM, DEAREST... WE HAVE EACH OTHER!

THE NAGGING FADED AS GERALD LET HIS HAPPINESS OVER EVE'S RETURN SURGE THROUGH HIM COMPLETELY... BUT IN THE NIGHT'S SMALL HOURS, HIS FIRST PEACEFUL SLUMBER IN WEEKS WAS SEVERED BY A CALL FROM DR. HOWARD...

GERALD! SOMETHING ***HORRIBLE*** HAS HAPPENED! POLICE THOUGHT IT BEST I TELL YOU... SOMEONE'S DUG UP EVE'S GRAVE! THE BODY'S ***DISAPPEARED!***

A CHILL SWEPT OVER GERALD, THEN VANISHED AS HE GAZED REASSURINGLY AT THE PEACEFUL FORM BESIDE HIM, HER LONG BLACK HAIR SPILLING SERENELY OVER THE PILLOW...

GERALD? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? ***GERALD!***

I'M FINE, HOWARD. TELL THEM TO FORGET ABOUT IT!

WHAT? GERALD...

IT DOESN'T MATTER! I'M NOT CONCERNED... TELL THE POLICE NOT TO WORRY ABOUT IT!

HE SETTLED BACK INTO BED, COMFORTABLE IN THE KNOWLEDGE EVE WAS BESIDE HIM, AND LET HIMSELF BE ENGULFED BY SLEEP... YET THE FOLLOWING DAY A COMMONPLACE EVENT TOOK ON A STRANGE NEW TEXTURE...

MONTE! WHAT'SA MATTER, BOY? STOP THAT! THAT'S FUNNY, EVE, HE USED TO LOVE IT WHEN WE CAME OUT TO FEED HIM!

D-DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, DARLING! MAYBE LATER HE'LL FEEL BETTER... I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

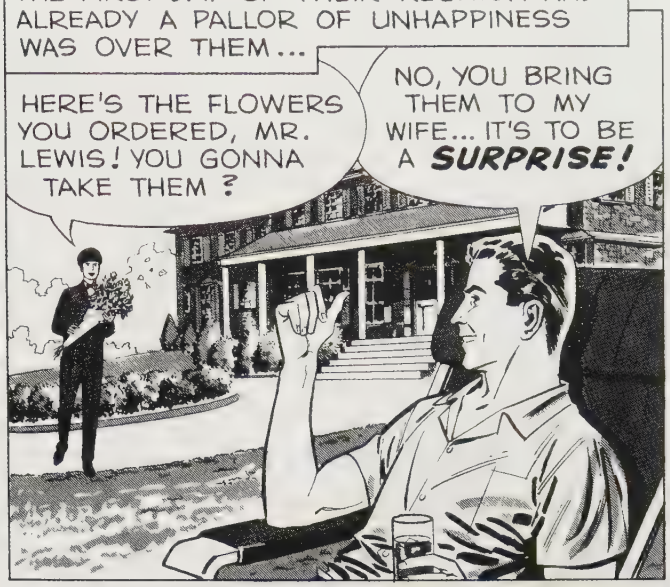
GRRRR!

YOWP!

YOWP!

THE BARKING AND HOWLING CONTINUED UNRELENTINGLY THROUGH THE DAY. GERALD WAS IN THE LIBRARY WHEN IT SUDDENLY HIT A FRENZIED CRESCENDO... FOLLOWED BY A TERRIBLE SILENCE!

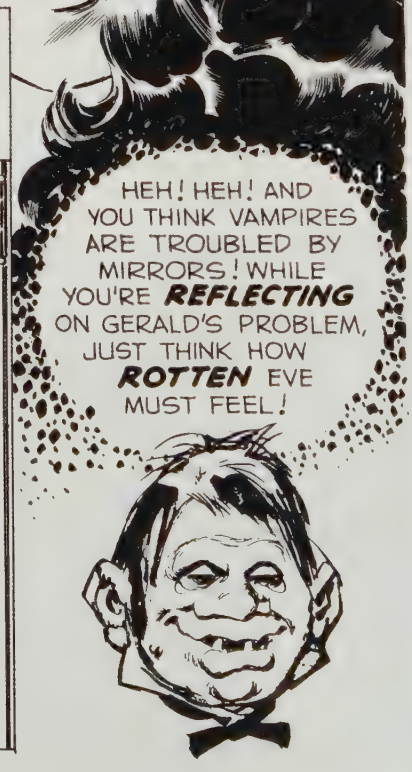
EVE RETREATED TO TEARFUL SOLITUDE... THE FIRST DAY OF THEIR REUNION AND ALREADY A PALLOR OF UNHAPPINESS WAS OVER THEM...



HE HEARD THE DOOR SHUT BEHIND THE DELIVERY BOY AND WAITED IN ANTICIPATION FOR THE SOUND OF EVE'S DELIGHT AT THE GIFT...

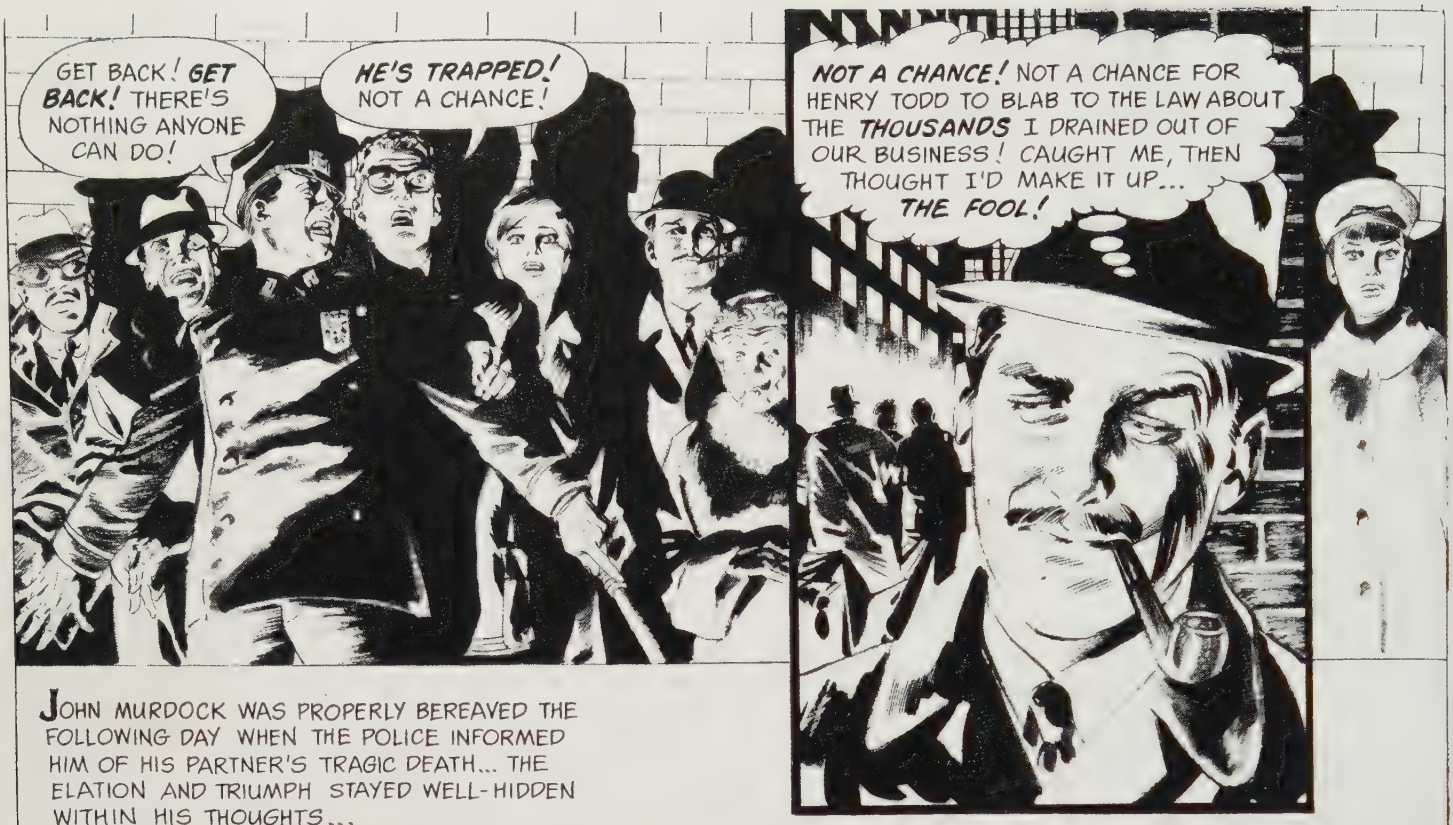
GERALD PRESSED EVE CLOSE, HOLDING HER TIGHTLY. THEN, MOMENTARILY HIS GAZE DRIFTED UPWARD... SUDDENLY FREEZING ON THE MIRROR WHICH HUNG ON THE BEDROOM DOOR...

GERALD'S SCREAMS ROSE WITH MOUNTING HORROR THROUGH THE ROOM, BUT ITS PIERCING SHRILLNESS COULD NOT OVERCOME THE TERRIBLE REALIZATION OF JUST HOW LIMITED LORENZO'S POWERS HAD BEEN... WORKING ON GERALD'S VISION ONLY! NOTHING ELSE... NOT EVEN MIRROR REFLECTIONS!



ART BY GRAY MORROW

SCRIPT BY EANDO BINDER

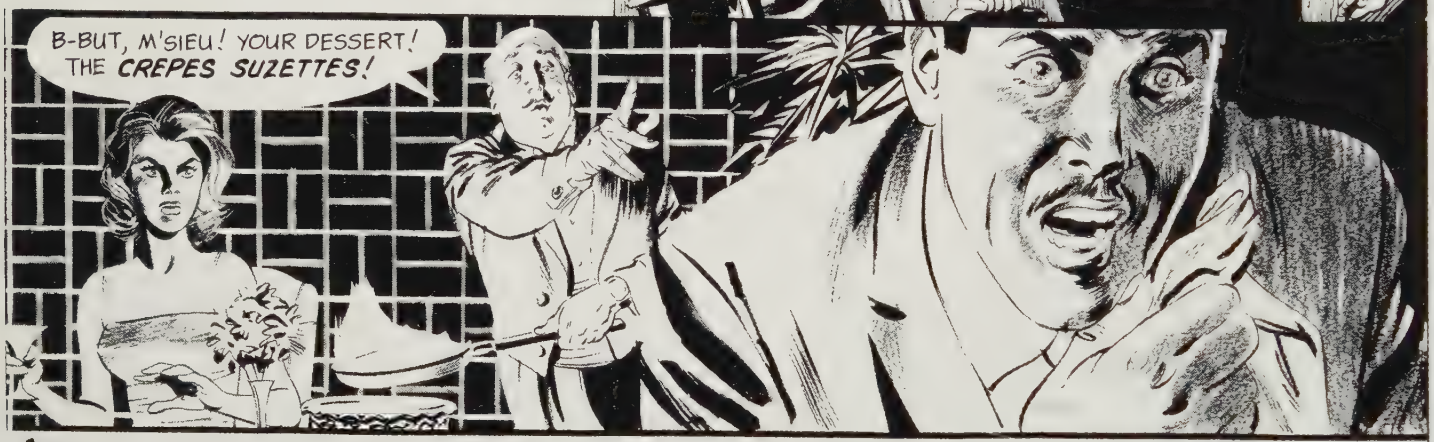


JOHN MURDOCK WAS PROPERLY BEREAVED THE FOLLOWING DAY WHEN THE POLICE INFORMED HIM OF HIS PARTNER'S TRAGIC DEATH... THE ELATION AND TRIUMPH STAYED WELL-HIDDEN WITHIN HIS THOUGHTS...

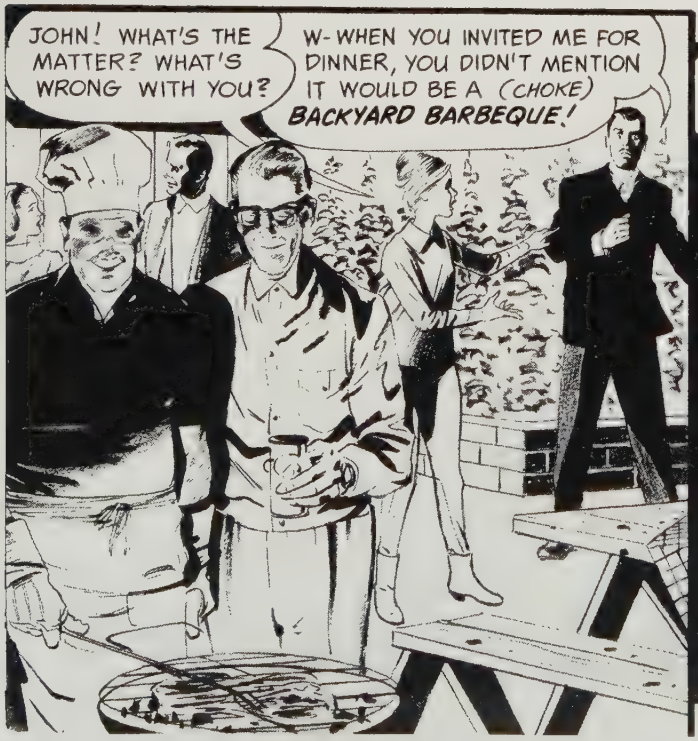
MURDOCK RUSHED TO HIS APARTMENT FEELING COLD AND UNEASY... DESPERATE WITH THE NEED TO RELAX...
SEEMS TO BE A CHILL ABOUT THE PLACE... SOOTHING FIRE'S WHAT I NEED... CHANCE TO COMPOSE MYSELF...
YAAAAA!
SSSSSSSSS!
LORD!... IT CAN'T BE! H-HENRY TODD!
YES, JOHN MURDOCK! IN FLAMES I DIED... AND IN FLAME I LIVE AGAIN!
AND IN FLAMES YOU, MY KILLER, SHALL DIE TOO!
GOT TO KEEP BACK! APPARENTLY, IT CAN'T ABANDON THE FLAMES OF THE FIREPLACE! MAYBE...
CUNNING DESPERATION CAME TO MURDOCK'S AID... SALVATION WAS NOT FAR BEHIND HIM IN A WALL NICHE...
RECOGNIZE THIS? BACK, YOU FIEND OF FLAME! BACK... BACK!
YOU WIN FOR NOW... BUT I'LL BE BACK! IN EVERY FLAME... FIRE... BURNING THING NEAR YOU... UNTIL YOU SHARE MY FIERY DEATH!

BUT TO AVOID FLAMES MEANT MANY SACRIFICES... LIKE GIVING UP SMOKING... AND SMOKERS!

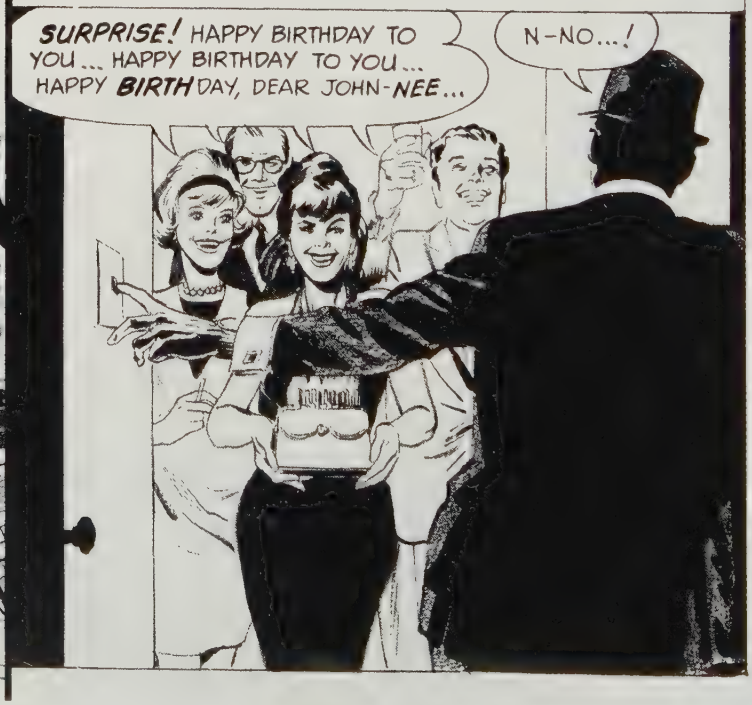
FAMILIAR PLACES BECAME SUDDEN PITFALLS OF DANGER... LIKE HIS FAVORITE FRENCH RESTAURANT...

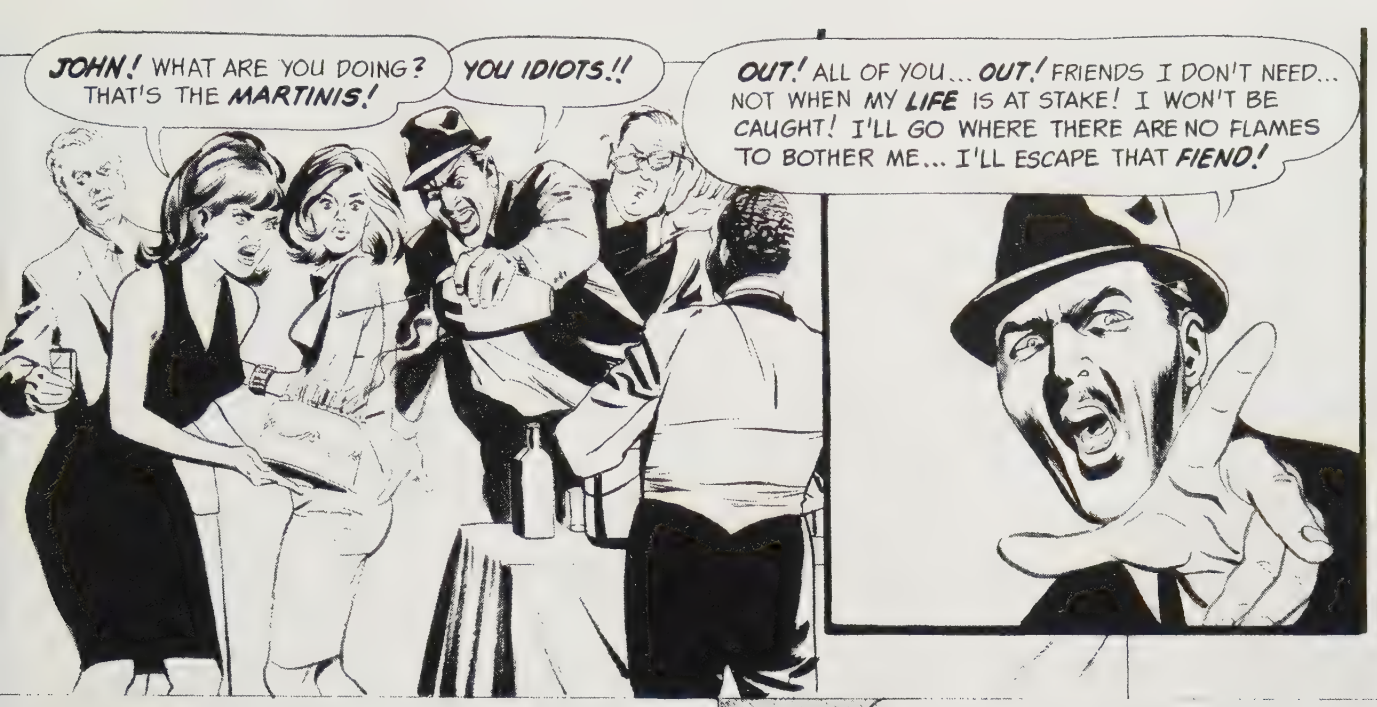


AND INVITATIONS HAD TO BE EXAMINED WITH EXTREME CARE...

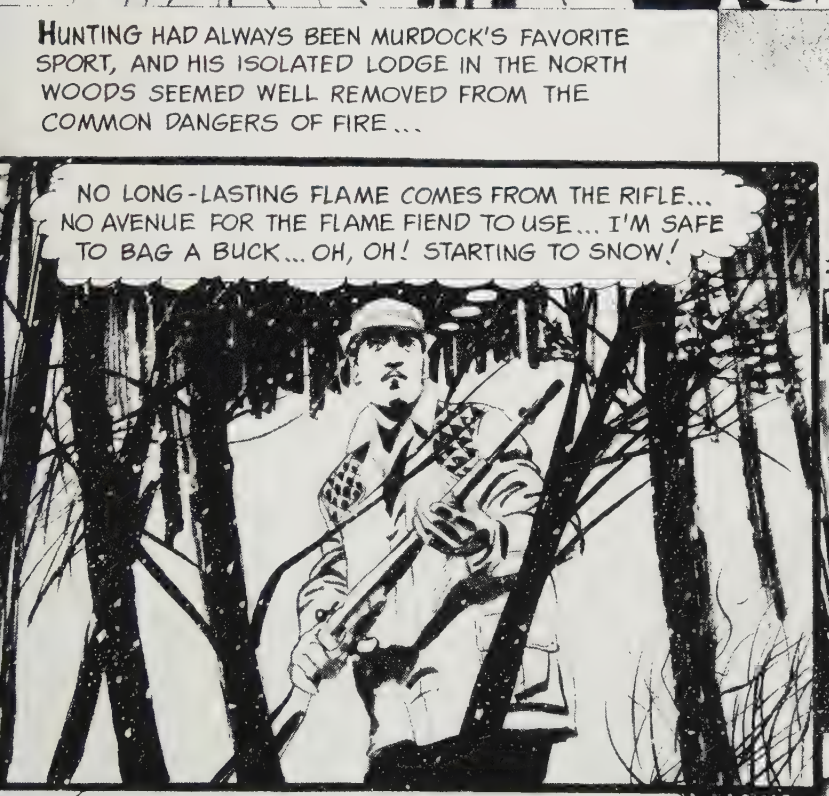


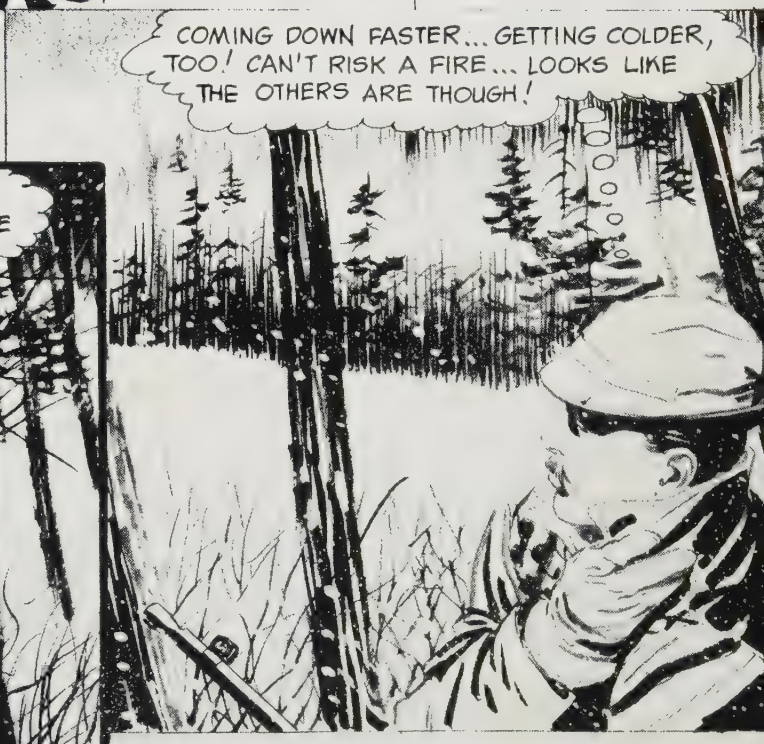
WITH ALL HIS PRECAUTIONS, FLAMING DEATH WOULD BE CONSTANTLY WAITING TO SURPRISE HIM...

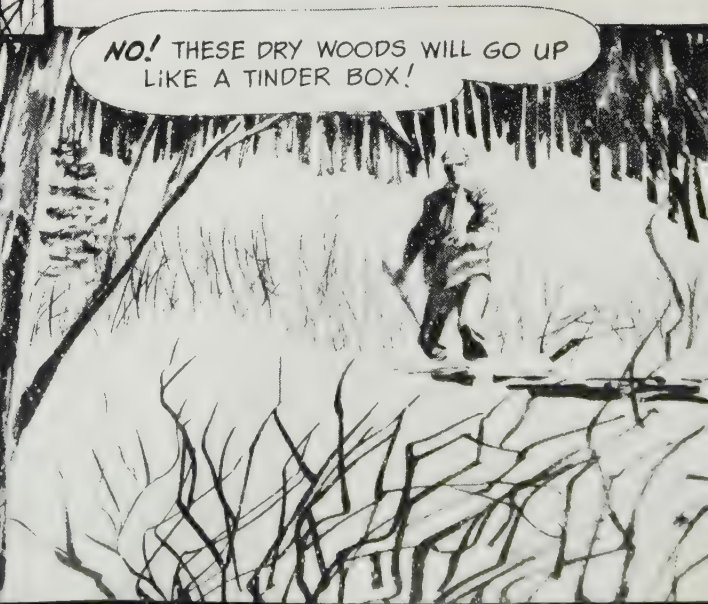


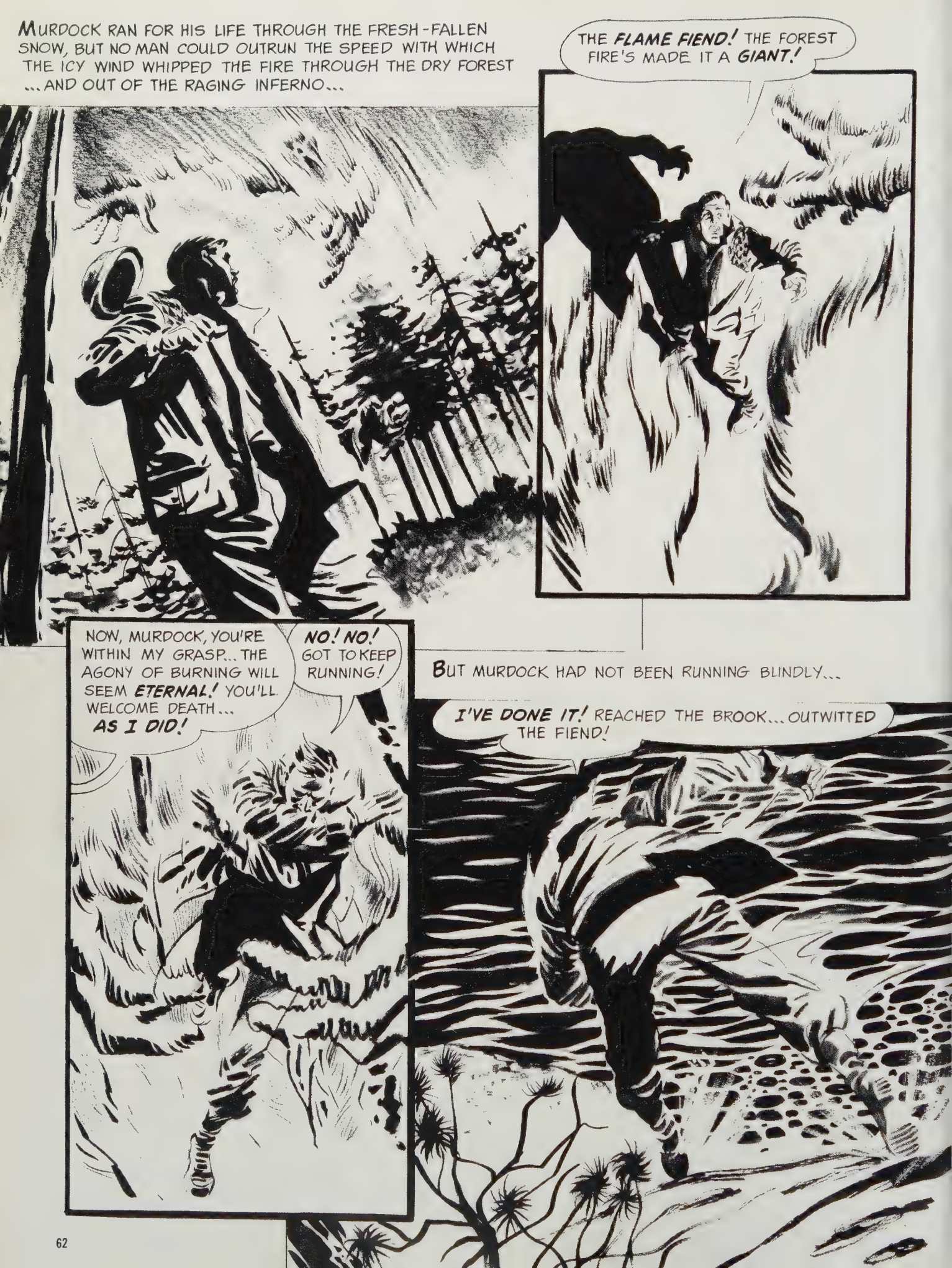


HUNTING HAD ALWAYS BEEN MURDOCK'S FAVORITE SPORT, AND HIS ISOLATED LODGE IN THE NORTH WOODS SEEMED WELL REMOVED FROM THE COMMON DANGERS OF FIRE...








MURDOCK RAN FOR HIS LIFE THROUGH THE FRESH-FALLEN SNOW, BUT NO MAN COULD OUTRUN THE SPEED WITH WHICH THE ICY WIND WHIPPED THE FIRE THROUGH THE DRY FOREST ...AND OUT OF THE RAGING INFERNO...
THE FLAME FIEND! THE FOREST FIRE'S MADE IT A GIANT!
NOW, MURDOCK, YOU'RE WITHIN MY GRASP... THE AGONY OF BURNING WILL SEEM ETERNAL! YOU'LL WELCOME DEATH... AS I DID!
NO! NO! GOT TO KEEP RUNNING!
BUT MURDOCK HAD NOT BEEN RUNNING BLINDLY...
I'VE DONE IT! REACHED THE BROOK... OUTWITTED THE FIEND!

IS BODY CRASHED THROUGH THE THIN COATING OF CE, SUBMERGING INTO THE FREEZING WATERS, THEN OBBED UP DEFIANTLY...

YOU'RE BEATEN, HENRY TODD! I CAN STAY IN HERE TILL THE FIRE'S BURNED OUT AND YOU WITH IT! I'VE WON! WON!

MUCH LATER, TWO HUNTERS FOUND MURDOCK HUDDLED ON THE EDGE OF THE BROOK, HIS CHARRED CLOTHING STILL SOAKED WITH ICY WATER...

HE'S IN BAD SHAPE! BETTER GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL FAST!

SO COLD... WATER'S SO C-C-COLD!... C-CAN'T LEAVE ...WON'T L-L-LET HIM G-G-GET ME... I'VE WON ...W-W-WON!!

UT EVEN ANTI-BIOTICS FAILED TO QUENCH THE AGING VIRUS INVASION WITHIN MURDOCK'S BODY...

NO USE! WE'VE DONE EVERYTHING WE CAN...HE ISN'T COMING OUT OF IT! FEVER WON'T BREAK ...HE'S DYING OF PNEUMONIA!

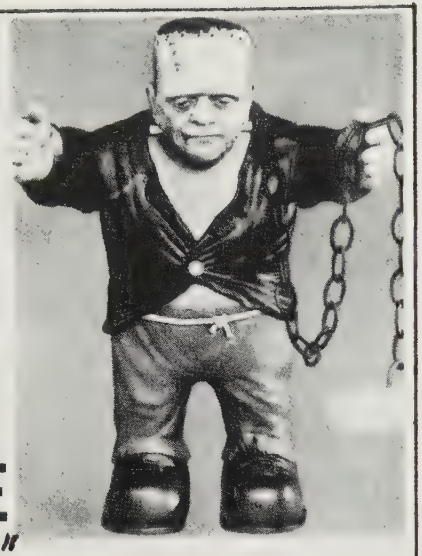
HE DIDN'T GET ME... EVEN IF I D-D-DIE... I ROBBED THE FLAME FIEND OF HIS REVENGE...

THEN FROM SOMEWHERE WITHIN, THE DYING MAN HEARD A MOCKING, HISSING WHISPER...

THINK, MURDOCK... IN FLAME YOU TOO SHALL DIE, I SAID... AND YOU'RE BURNING UP NOW... BURNING UP WITH FEVER!

HEE, HEE... AND THE DOCTORS WONDERED WHY MURDOCK'S DYING BREATH WAS A LOUD SCREAM! HE WAS PRETTY HOT UNDER THE COLLAR ABOUT THE FLAMING MESS... NOW, FOR SOMETHING REALLY FIENDISH, TRY MY NEXT SERVING OF SHRIEKS!

2 FEET TALL!



BIG FRANKIE "MONSTER" MONSTER KIT!

GIANT SIZE FRANKENSTEIN with ARMS THAT MOVE! AMAZING KIT!

BE A BIG HIT with "BIG FRANKIE" . . . America's most gigantic monster kit. Put him together in minutes. Then use paints and brush in kit to make him colorfully gruesome. Stands 2 feet tall. Arms move back and forth, hold any position. Kit includes all-plastic Frankenstein, chain and dungeon rock. Amaze everyone with BIG FRANKIE. Only $4.95, plus 60¢ for postage & handling.

3 FAMOUS MONSTER KITS

THE WITCH

WHICH KID isn't awed by the WITCH KIT? Go to work and assemble a Witch's Brew. Everything you need for good, gruesome fun. Once you are boss of this witch, you'll be the envy of all your friends. Only $1.49.

DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE

WATCH the transformation take place before your very eyes. Why not? You do it all with the eerie, jeery Monster Kit . . . your hands make Jekyll play Hyde-and-go-seek. Only $1.49.

THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

NOT ALL LADIES are Monsters except the scary new Bride of Frankenstein, all decked out, in this Monster Kit, in her terrible trousseau. Regular cut-up (on the lab table.) Have fun for $1.49.

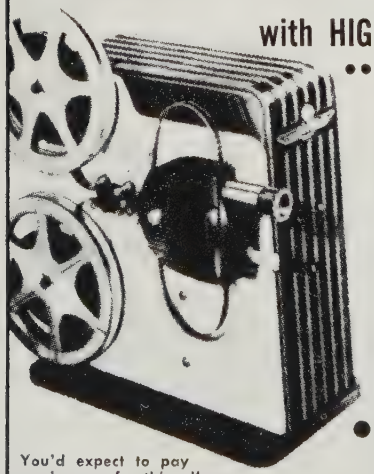
ADD THESE TO YOUR MONSTER COLLECTION. Have hours of Horror enjoyment, assembling these new kits . . . most gruesome ever made. Specify Kit wanted and mail $1.49, plus 25¢ for postage & handling.

$1.49

WORLD'S ONLY LOW COST

ALL-ELECTRIC 8mm MOVIE PROJECTOR

with HIGH-PRICE FEATURES!



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$29.95

PRECISION-MADE by Top Craftsmen!

INCLUDES ALL THESE FEATURES—

- SHOWS 200 FEET MONSTER MOVIES!
- CONTINUOUS 15-MINUTE SHOWINGS!
- COMPLETELY ALL-ELECTRIC OPERATION!
- SHARP COLOR OR BLACK & WHITE IMAGES!
- HIGH QUALITY COATED LENS!

You'd expect to pay much more for this all-metal, precision-built 8mm MOTION PICTURE PROJECTOR. Now you can show all your 200 foot Monster and Home Movies with professional sharpness. Shows all 8mm film, color and black & white. AND LOOK AT ALL THESE FEATURES: continuous 15 minute showings; blower-cooled; hi-quality coated lens for brightest images, easy, fast film threading; rapid motor film rewind; vertical tilt to aim up or down; 200 ft. takeup reel; manual framer (for correct film adjustment); removable gate for cleaning. A rare ALL-ELECTRIC PROJECTOR at a low, low $29.95, plus $2.00 for safe shipping.

HUMAN SKULL!

- UNBELIEVABLY REAL!
- DEEPEST EYE SOCKETS!
- TOOTHY, EERIE GRIN!

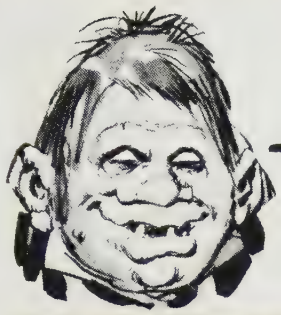
LOOK WHO'S HERE! Anyone you know? Maybe not, but you'll have a whale of a time with your own warm, loveable skull. Looks bone-dry and deathly pale. And why not. It's made of tough, unbreakable plastic, ashy white in color. Get one to scare friends and relatives; to put on desk, dresser or shelf. Then take good care of your skull . . . it will repay you with endless hours of warm enjoyment. Send only $1.25, plus 25¢ for postage & handling.

$1.25

GRUESOME SKULL CUP!

THIS MAY KILL all your thirst, but think of the fun as you die laughing, drinking from your SKULL CUP. Monster fans love these mugs. Perfect copy of a real skull. Made of fine ceramic, with bone-like handle. Order several and have a good time with your pals (in the dark of the evening). Makes milk and anything else almost taste better.
1 SKULL MUG . . . $1.75, plus 35¢ postage & handling.

Set of 3, only $3.50, plus 50¢ for postage.



TIRED OF THE SAME OL' PICTURES AROUND THE HOUSE? WANT SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN THAT BLANK SPOT? WELL, GRAB YOUR FRAMES, *FELLOW-FIENDS*, AND HANG UP THE FIRST EFFORT FROM...

EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!

NO. 1 - WEREWOLF!

UNDER THE BEAMS OF EACH FULL MOON, VICTIMS OF THE WEREWOLF'S, OR LYCANTHROPIC, CURSE CHANGE INTO A FEARFUL BEAST, HALF-MAN, HALF-WOLF. THIS CONDITION IS BROUGHT ON EITHER BY A WOUND FROM ANOTHER WEREWOLF OR A SCRATCH FROM THE WOLFBANE PLANT. ONLY WEAPONS OF SILVER, PREFERABLY A BULLET IN THE HEART, CAN KILL THIS LEGENDARY MONSTER!

ART BY JOHN SEVERIN

 ART BY EUGENE COLAN/SCRIPT BY LARRY IVIE

MY DAUGHTER ... MY DAUGHTER!
THAT'S ONE MONSTER THAT WILL NEVER TAKE WING!
BUT THERE ARE SO MANY MORE! THE VAMPIRES ARE ON US LIKE A PLAGUE!
MULTIPLYING FASTER THAN WE CAN KILL THEM!
THE VILLAGE WILL SOON BE DESTROYED! WHAT CAN WE DO?
WE CAN HURRY HOME BEFORE THE SUN SETS ON US!
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING... SOMEONE...
IT'S NO USE... WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING!
THEN YOU ARE READY FOR MY HELP!
W-WHO...?
MY NAME IS SANDOR, AND I HAVE THE MEANS TO RID YOUR VILLAGE OF VAMPIRES FOREVER ...TONIGHT!
HOW...
WITH THIS!
ARE YOU MAD? DRIVE OFF VAMPIRES WITH A ... FLUTE?!
WHY NOT? NOTHING ELSE HAS WORKED... LET THE POOR FOOL TRY!
I WARN YOU, BURGERMEISTER... MY PRICE IS HIGH! ONE THOUSAND GOLD MARKS!
ANYTHING YOU SAY, PIPER... BUT DON'T DEPEND ON THE VAMPIRES LEAVING YOU ALIVE TO COLLECT!

UNMINDFUL OF NIGHT'S TERRIBLE DANGERS, THE GAUNT MAN SEATED HIMSELF AND BEGAN TO PLAY... SENDING A WEIRD, HAUNTING WAIL INTO THE FOREBODING DARKNESS...
T-THAT SOUND... SO FRIGHTENING IT COULD ALMOST WORK! WHAT WILL YOU DO? HOW CAN YOU PAY HIM? THERE'S NOTHING IN THE VILLAGE TREASURY!
IT WON'T WORK! HOW CAN IT?!
SANDOR'S MUSIC BECAME WILDER AND MORE FRENZIED... AND SUDDENLY WAS JOINED BY HORRIBLE SCREAMS ECHOING OUT OF THE NIGHT... REBOUNDING AND BLENDING INTO THE PIPING!
AND IN THE MORNING, SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE VILLAGE AREA, WAS AMPLE PROOF OF THE EFFECTIVENESS OF SANDOR'S PLAYING!
I KNOW YOU'RE LISTENING, BURGERMEISTER ...YOU HAVE ONE HOUR TO MAKE GOOD YOUR PROMISE TO PAY! YOU WON'T LIKE WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU FAIL!
WHY DID WE GET INVOLVED WITH HIM? IT'S JUST LIKE THE LEGEND... THE LEGEND OF THE PIED PIPER!

WHEN THE PIPER WASN'T PAID FOR RIDDING A VILLAGE OF RATS, HE PLAYED ANOTHER TUNE AND LURED ALL THE CHILDREN AWAY... FOREVER!
WHAT IF...
WE HAVE AN HOUR! TIME ENOUGH TO PREPARE IF OUR PIPER DOES THE SAME THING!
THE HOUR PASSED QUICKLY AND SANDOR REAPPEARED EXACTLY ON TIME...
YOU CAN'T MAKE US PAY FOR A COINCIDENCE! YOUR PLAYING HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE VAMPIRES' DESTRUCTION!
VERY WELL...NOW I'LL PIPE A DIFFERENT TUNE!
HE'S TAKING THE CHILDREN AWAY!
DO SOMETHING! DO SOMETHING! YOUR OWN SON IS GOING AWAY WITH THEM!
WE WERE PREPARED FOR THIS! A GROUP OF WELL-ARMED VILLAGERS HAVE BEEN SENT TO MAKE SURE THE PIPER DOESN'T GET FAR!
HE'S TAKEN THEM OFF THE ROAD...
LEADING THEM INTO THE FIELD UP ON THE HILL!

IN THE LEGEND, THE PIPER VANISHED INTO A MOUNTAIN WITH ALL THE CHILDREN...
THEN WE'D BEST END HIS PLAYING BEFORE THE SAME IS DONE WITH THE HILL...
NOW!
THUNK
THUNK
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? IT'S NO GOOD TO BE RID OF THE VAMPIRES AT THE COST OF OUR CHILDREN!
PATIENCE, LADIES! LISTEN ...IN THE DISTANCE! IT SOUNDS LIKE...
THE CHILDREN!
THEY'RE ALL SAFE! SCRATCHED UP FROM BRAMBLES AND BUSHES, BUT SAFE!

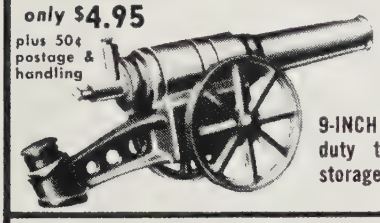
BY NIGHTFALL THE VILLAGE WAS FULL OF REJOICING... AND THERE WAS MUCH FOR WHICH TO BE HAPPY...
SAFE! THE CHILDREN ARE BACK AND ONE CAN STROLL IN THE MOONLIGHT WITH NO FEAR OF VAMPIRES...SAFE!
SUDDENLY THE SAFE NIGHT WAS RENT WITH HORRIBLE SOUNDS FROM EVERY PART OF THE VILLAGE!
EEEEEEEE
AAAARGHH
GOOD LORD! WHAT...
THE CHILDREN! THE CHILDREN! THAT FIELD THE PIPER LEAD THEM INTO...
...WAS FULL... OF... WOLFBANE...
WOLFBANE! B-BUT THAT'S THE PLANT WHOSE SCRATCH TURNS A VICTIM INTO A--
FATHER... OH, FATHER...
INSTINCTIVELY, THE BURGERMEISTER TURNED AT THE SOUND OF THE FAMILIAR VOICE...
WEREWOLF!
HOPE ALL YOU MUSIC-LOVERS GOT A HOWL OUT OF THAT ENDING... PERSONALLY, I THINK IT WAS QUITE NICE OF SANDOR TO ARRANGE A WAY OF RIPPING UP THE DEBT... SPEAKING OF DEBTS, ANYONE WANNA BUY A SECOND-HAND FLUTE?

CAN BE HEARD 5 MILES

REAL CANNONS!

THESE CANNONS can be heard 5 MILES AWAY! Actual scale models of Army originals. Fire harmless carbide. Sound like dynamite blasts. Safe and harmless. No matches, no gunpowder. Get hundreds of BIG BOOMS. Get a BIG BANG out of your own NOISEMAKER CANNON.

only $4.95
plus 50¢ postage & handling



BIG BLAST COMES OUT OF THIS PERFECT BREECH-TYPE CANNON!

9-INCH BREECH loader. Two heavy-duty tractor wheels. Ammunition storage in rear of drag beam.

only $9.95
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THIS ONE IS FULLY AUTOMATIC, WITH BIG BLAST!

17-INCH CAISSON type. Olive drab finish. Red metal spoked wheels. Fitted with automatic charger and igniter.

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THIS IS IT! HUGE 25-in. TRACTOR CANNON TO "KNOCK 'EM DEAD!"

25-INCH 155mm type. Extra loud blockbuster boom. 8 heavy-duty tractor wheels. Simulated hydraulic lifter. Automatic charger loading.

THIS REAL ROCKET !!!

Zooms HIGH IN THE SKY!

- Gemini Crickets! WHAT A BLAST-OFF!
- ZOOMS More Than 100 FEET IN SKY!
- Safe & Sensational Space Thriller!

AMAZING ROCKET KIT at a low, low $1.00. Everything you need to send it soaring high above trees and buildings. Simulates genuine Space Project Rockets. Safe chemicals send it zooming in the sky in minutes. Kit includes reactor tablets and full instructions for foolproof rocket ride. For the thrill of your life . . . a real ROCKET RISE . . . order today. Only $1, plus 25¢ postage and handling.

ONLY $1
plus 25¢ postage

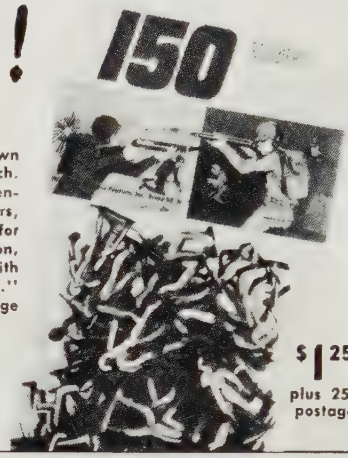
150-PIECE ARMY SET !!!

150

- 2 Complete Armies Of 75 Men Each!

HERE ARE 150 lifelike, scaled down soldiers, in 2 armies of 75 men each. Now every boy can be his own General. Set 'em up for maneuvers, battles, retreats, etc. Use 'em for war games, decoration, education, etc. You'll enjoy every minute with these "men under your command." Only $1.25, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.

- Completely Assembled And Ready to Use!



$1.25
plus 25¢ postage

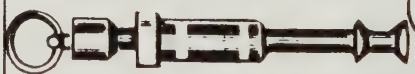
MONSTER RINGS!

Silver-finish, secret flicker rings. Set of 5, including Werewolf, Frankenstein, Vampire, Skull, Mummy. Flickers in light. Adjustable. Only 50¢, plus 25¢ postage, handling.

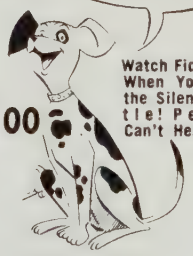
Complete Set of 5 Rings — All Different . . . only 50¢

MYSTERIOUS SILENT DOG WHISTLE

. . . Only DOGS Can Hear It!



DIG THAT CRAZY WHISTLE!



AMAZE EVERYONE (especially Fido) when you blow THE SILENT DOG WHISTLE. Supersonic features makes it silent to human ears, but your dog will respond instantly. Fool everyone, teach dog tricks like magic. Has adjustable silent sound, lockset, etc. Made of all metal, 3" long. Only $1.00, plus 25¢ for postage & handling.

$1.00

Watch Fido Jump When You Blow the Silent Whistle! People Can't Hear It!

Werewolf SIREN RING

IT'S A RING! It's a siren! Blow into it and sound like a police car. Sounds like cry of the Werewolf, too. Great for fans and secret clubs. Only 75¢, plus 25¢ for postage, handling.

75c

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ANTS—

REAL ONES, too... In Their Own ANT FARM!

YOU WON'T BELIEVE your eyes when you see this fascinating ANT FARM! An army of WORKER ANTS dig tunnels, build rooms, carry loads uphill. FEEDER ANTS see that everyone eats well. NURSEMAID ANTS take care of the baby ants. Show your ANT FARM to your science teacher, friends, classmates. Mother, father and visitors will share in this amazing nature study. Shows exactly how ant hills get that way, and what happens. Strongly built of clear plastic. Convenient 6" x 9" size. Ant Farm includes farm decorations, stand, soil and sandbar. Only $2.98 complete. We pay postage. LIVE DELIVERY GUARANTEED.

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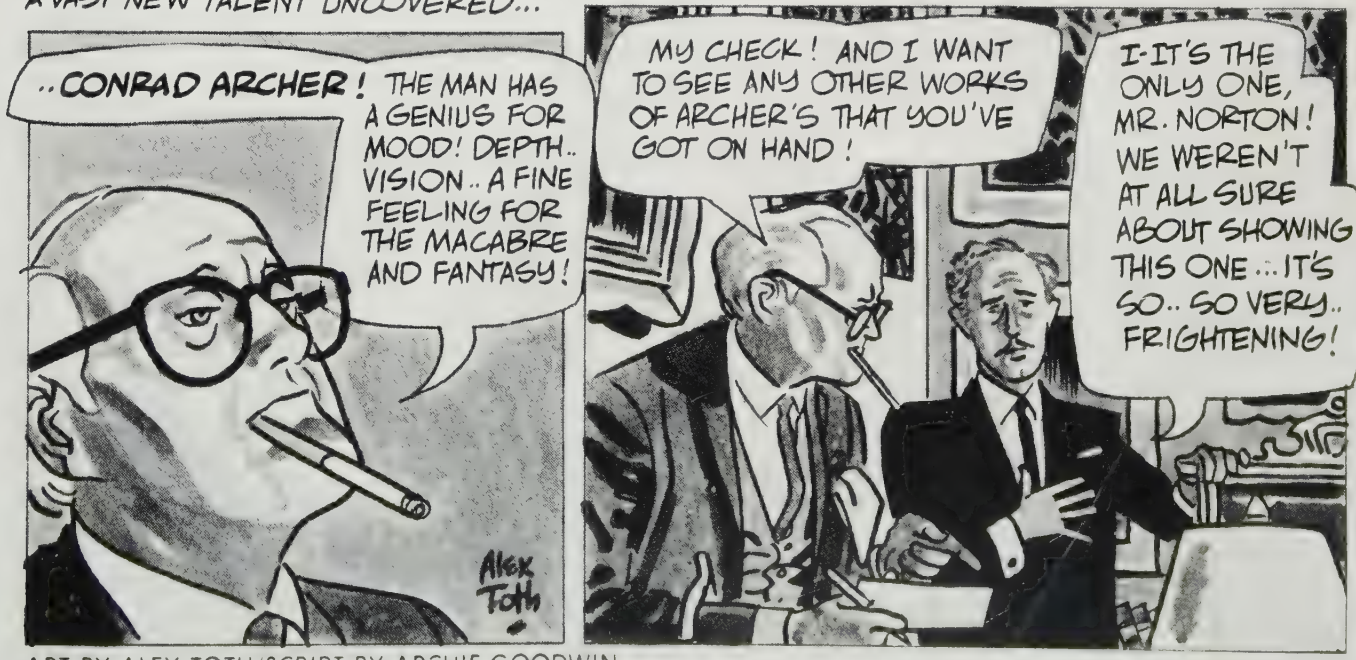
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN TEN YEARS OF ART COLLECTING, SIMON NORTON FELT AN **EXCITEMENT!** MORE THRILLING THAN ACQUIRING AN OLD MASTER, THIS DISCOVERY! A VAST NEW TALENT UNCOVERED...



ART BY ALEX TOTH/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

THEN I'LL DEAL WITH HIM MYSELF! WHERE MAY I CONTACT ARCHER?
I'M CHECKING, MR. NORTON... WE DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY RECORDS ON HIS... WAIT, HERE'S AN ADDRESS...
T-THIS MUST BE A MISTAKE... SAYS KINGSFORD ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE !!!
FROM MANHATTAN'S PLUSH ART GALLERIES, NORTON DROVE HARD AND FAST INTO THE BY-LANES OF NEW ENGLAND, UNTIL HIS HEADLIGHTS PLAYED ON THE GAUNT IRON GATES OF AN AGING GOTHIC STRUCTURE...
WHY NOT AN ASYLUM? THERE'S A FINE LINE DRAWN BETWEEN THE WORLDS OF GENIUS AND INSANITY...
TAKE ME TO THE DIRECTOR! I PHONED EARLIER.. ABOUT CONRAD ARCHER!
DR. YOUNG'S WAITING, SIR!
DR. YOUNG? YOU SAID I'D BE ALLOWED TO MEET ARCHER...
MAY PROVE DISAPPOINTING.. EXCEPT WHEN PAINTING, HE'S COMPLETELY WITHDRAWN.. IN A TRANCE! ART IS HIS ONLY THERAPY... YET, HIS CHOICE OF SUBJECTS MAKES ONE WONDER!

FOLLOWING DR. YOUNG FROM HIS OFFICE, NORTON WAS LED DOWN DARK, SLIMY STEPS, TO THE OLD BUILDING'S CELLAR...
STRANGE PLACE FOR A PATIENT IN THIS DAY AND AGE!
ARCHER INSISTS ON IT! OF LATE, IT'S THE ONLY SPOT IN WHICH HE'LL WORK! REGRESSING, I'M AFRAID!
HERE YOU ARE, MR. NORTON... CONRAD ARCHER!
HE JUST SITS LIKE THAT? ISN'T HE WORKING?
HE MUTTERED SOMETHING LAST NIGHT ABOUT 'ONE MORE SITTING'... HASN'T STIRRED SINCE... CLAIMS THIS IS HIS LAST PAINTING!!!
NEARLY DONE, EXCEPT FOR AREAS ON THAT.. THING!
SHEER GENIUS! INCREDIBLY LIFE-LIKE!... B-BUT THE DEMON'S VICTIM...
YES! HE USED HIMSELF! FASCINATING PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPLICATIONS!
THE PITY OF IT! ALL THAT TALENT .. AND FROM IT, ONLY TWO PAINTINGS!
OH, NO! ONE MORE! HIS MASTERWORK!! IT GAVE US PROBLEMS, TOO!

MASTERWORK ?!!
I LET HIM TRY A MURAL ... FOR THE RECREATION ROOM! RESULTS WERE TERRIFYING! MADE OUR OTHER PATIENTS HYSTERICAL! HAD MOST OF OUR STAFF UNEASY TOO!
I'M KEEPING THE ROOM LOCKED UNTIL WE GET RID OF IT... FOR THE HEALTH OF OUR PATIENTS!
YOUNG, PLEASE! HURRY!!
LORD!!
I MUST HAVE IT! AT ANY COST! NO M--!!
EEEEEE-YAAAAHHHH... !!!
CAME FROM THE CELLAR!!
ARCHER!!!

NORTON RETURNED TO THE RECREATION ROOM.. IGNORING THE HALLWAY CLAMOR OF ATTENDANTS, HE MOVED CLOSE TO THE MASTER-WORK OF CONRAD ARCHER, AND PORED OVER THE TECHNIQUE AND DETAIL OF THE PAINTING BEFORE HIM...

BEST KEEP THIS DOOR LOCKED UNTIL WE'VE FOUND ARCHER! AND I DON'T WANT ANY OF OUR OTHER PATIENTS POPPING IN, SEEING THAT THING AGAIN!
CAN'T THINK OF WHERE ARCHER MIGHT'VE —! NORTON! WHAT IS IT..?!!
LOOK AT IT! LOOK AT THE DETAILING! HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN..?!!
N-NO!! I-I-!!
H-HOW..? ARCHER HAD NEVER SEEN YOU.. HE COULDN'T..
I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW!!
SUDDENLY, UNBELIEVABLY LOUD AND STRONG, THERE WAS A BEATING ON THE HUGE DOORS BEHIND THEM!
KABOOM! KABOOM! KABOOM!
YOU CAN BET IT WASN'T OPPORTUNITY KNOCKING (HEH, HEH!) IN BUYING ARCHER'S PAINTING, MR. NORTON REALLY GOT TOOK!... FOR KEEPS!! IF HE'D STUCK TO POP ART, HE MIGHT NOT HAVE HAD TO POP OFF!!!
HAHAHAHAHA!
END

ART BY JOE ORLANDO/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

WAIT! HE'S DEAD! TOOK EVERY ROUND I HAD TO KILL HIM! GET THIS BLEEDIN' CARCASS OFF ME!
B'WANI! YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE KILLED THIS ANIMAL! MANY BELIEVE A WHITE GORILLA IS SACRED!
DON'T HAND ME ANY MUMBO-JUMBO! THIS IS A PRIZE KILL! MAKES THIS LOUSY SAFARI WORTHWHILE... GIMME YOUR MACHETE!
THIS IS GONNA MAKE SOME TROPHY! LEAVE THE CARCASS FOR THE JACKALS... LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP!
SWISH!
CHUK!
VERNA BABY! WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT I BAGGED! ANY HUNTER IN THE WORLD'D GIVE HIS EYE TEETH FOR THIS!
FINE, HARRY! MAYBE NOW WE CAN GET OUT OF THIS JUNGLE AND BACK TO CIVILIZATION!
LOOK AT YOU! COVERED WITH BLOOD... AND THE SMELL OF GORILLA ALL OVER YOU! BURN THOSE CLOTHES BEFORE WE PACK!

BOOM!
WITH THE ALMOST RITUALISTIC BURNING OF HIS HUNTING GARB, HARRY AND VERNA ENDED THEIR AFRICAN SAFARI... TREASURED TROPHY CLOSE AT HAND, THEY BEGAN THE FIRST LEG OF THEIR LONG TRIP BACK TO THE U.S.
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
...BIGGEST GORILLA YOU'VE EVER SEEN! AND WHITE! SOME PRIZE, EH? UNDER LOCK AND KEY IN MY STATEROOM... YOU SHOULD SEE IT!
NOT TONIGHT, BLACK, OLD MAN.. WIFE AND I ARE TURNING IN EARLY!
HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THEM?
MAYBE IT'S YOU, HARRY! WE'VE BEEN OUT OF THE JUNGLE A WEEK AND THE SCENT OF THAT GORILLA'S STILL ON YOU! LIKE THE MONKEY HOUSE IN A ZOO... ON EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT WITH US!
AHH! IT'S YOUR IMAGINATION! YOU JUST--
HARRY
YAAAHHHHHHHHHHH
WHAT WAS THAT?
SOMEBODY SCREAMIN'! SOUNDS LIKE IT CAME FROM BELOW!
MR. BLACK! CAPTAIN WANTS TO SEE YOU DOWN IN THE HOLD!
HHHHH!

THE THROB OF THE SHIP'S ENGINES WAS THE ONLY SOUND ACCOMPANYING THE BEAM OF THE CAPTAIN'S FLASHLIGHT AS IT PLAYED AMONG THE LIFELESS LUGGAGE ON A FORM ONCE LIVING BUT NOW ALSO LIFELESS...
ONE OF MY CREW! SMASHED LIKE A PAPER DOLL!

I CALLED YOU DOWN BECAUSE APPARENTLY HE WAS KILLED BY WHOEVER DID THIS TO YOUR LUGGAGE!
W-WHO COULD TAKE APART TRUNKS LIKE THAT?

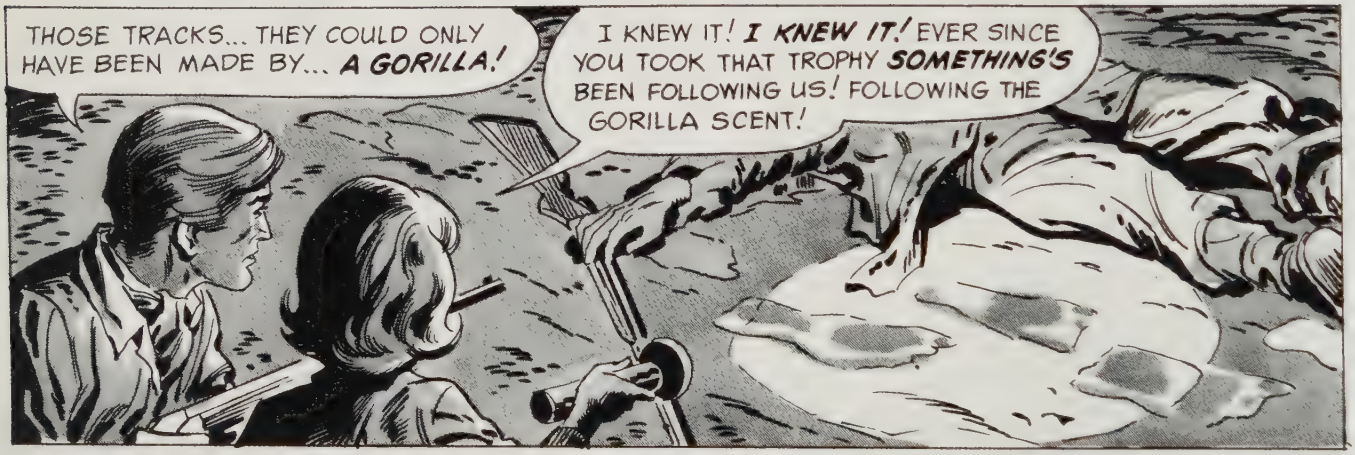
THE SMELL! HARRY, IT'S STRONGER THAN EVER ON THIS STUFF! SINCE WE LEFT THE JUNGLE, I'VE HAD THE FEELING SOMETHING'S FOLLOWING US... I DON'T WANT TO SPEND ANOTHER NIGHT COOPED UP ON THIS SHIP!
DON'T GET HYSTERICAL! THERE'S PROBABLY A SIMPLE EXPLANATION!

HARRY! I'M SCARED! I WANT OFF TONIGHT! NOW!
AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT! WE DOCK AT NYANGA WITHIN THE HOUR! WE CAN GET A PLANE OUT IN THE MORNING!

DAWN FOUND HARRY AND VERNA LEAVING AFRICA, BUT NOT THE TERROR WHICH HAD OVERTAKEN THEIR BRINGING HOME OF THE TROPHY!
HARRY, I STILL GOT THAT FEELING!
KNOCK IT OFF! YOU'RE SAFE! WE'LL BE IN THE STATES TOMORROW!

BUT WITHIN A MONTH'S TIME, THE ONLY REMINDER OF THE DARK CONTINENT WAS HARRY'S GAME ROOM... AND HIS PRIZE...
ISN'T IT SOMETHIN', MR. WILLIS? TOOK EVERY SHOT I HAD TO BRING THAT BABY DOWN!
HARRY, DON'T YOU EVER GET TIRED SHOWING OFF THAT THING? I'M SICK OF ITS SMELL ALL OVER THE HOUSE!
MR. WILLIS HAS BEEN MY GROUNDS KEEPER FOR YEARS... USED TO BE A HUNTER HIMSELF! HE APPRECIATES IT!
A FINE TROPHY, MR. BLACK! NOW I'D BETTER MAKE A CHECK OF THE GROUNDS BEFORE TURNING IN...
SERVANTS CLAIM SOMEONE'S BEEN LURKING ABOUT THE WOODS THE LAST FEW NIGHTS... THOUGHT I'D HAVE A LOOK AROUND!
GOOD IDEA, MR. WILLIS! WE DON'T WANNA BE BOTHERED BY ANY PROWLERS... RUN 'EM OFF!
PROBABLY JUST THE SERVANTS' IMAGINATION...
WAIT!
BRUSH CRACKLING OVER THERE!
I HEARD YOU! COME OUT AND SHOW YOURSELF! NOW!
MR. WILLIS!
NAAAAAAAAAA!

SCREAM CAME FROM DOWN HERE—!
HARRY!
THERE!
WILLIS! CRUSHED TO A PULP! JUST LIKE THE CREWMAN ON SHIPBOARD!
LOOK! IN THE MUD AROUND HIS BODY!


THOSE TRACKS... THEY COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN MADE BY... A GORILLA!
I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! EVER SINCE YOU TOOK THAT TROPHY SOMETHING'S BEEN FOLLOWING US! FOLLOWING THE GORILLA SCENT!

I'M LEAVING! RIGHT NOW! THIS MINUTE! OUR LIVES AREN'T SAFE WITH A BEAST LIKE THAT ON THE LOOSE! WE CAN BRING THE POLICE BACK FROM TOWN!
THIS IS MY HOME AND I CAN HANDLE ANY-THING THAT THREATENS IT! YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO ANYWHERE!

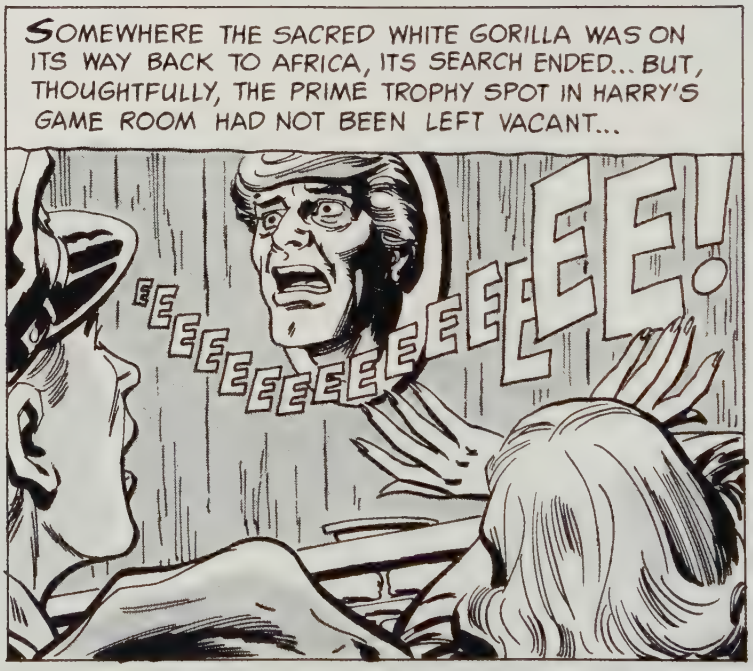
VERNA! COME BACK! I'M NOT SCARED! I CAN TAKE CARE OF THIS!

NOTHIN'S DRIVIN' ME OUT OF HERE! I DON'T CARE WHAT GOT WILLIS... I CAN HANDLE IT!
HEY! SOMEBODY BRING ME UP A DRINK!
BLAST VERNA'S LOUD MOUTH! SERVANTS MUST'VE HEARD HER AND TAKEN A POWDER TOO! I'M ALL ALONE...
NO MATTER! NOTHING PROWLIN' AROUND HERE CAN MEASURE UP TO YOU... RIGHT, YOU BIG WHITE MONSTER? IF I NAILED YOU THERE'S NOTHING I CAN'T STOP!
WHAT'S THAT! ALL OF YOU HAVEN'T RUN OUT, EH? HOPE YOU HAVEN'T MADE THAT DRINK A STIFF ONE... I FEEL LI--
EEEEEEEEEEE-YAHHH
HHHH

NO! NO! NO!
POW!
BLAM! BLAM!
UUHHHHHHH

SHOTS!
HURRY! INSIDE!

LORD! DON'T LET THE WOMAN IN HERE! KEEP HER OUT!
HARRY! HARRY!


SOMEWHERE THE SACRED WHITE GORILLA WAS ON ITS WAY BACK TO AFRICA, ITS SEARCH ENDED... BUT, THOUGHTFULLY, THE PRIME TROPHY SPOT IN HARRY'S GAME ROOM HAD NOT BEEN LEFT VACANT...
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

TSK, TSK! I HOPE HARRY WASN'T TOO TORN UP ABOUT RETURNING HIS TROPHY!... BUT YOU CAN'T BLAME THE WHITE GORILLA FOR LOSING HIS HEAD! HURRY BACK FOR MY NEXT NERVE-NUMBING ISSUE, YOU'LL (HEH, HEH) GO APE!

EERIE

NEW TERROR TALES IN THE CREEPY TRADITION!

EERIE

PDC

MAY
No. 3

A WARREN MAGAZINE 35¢

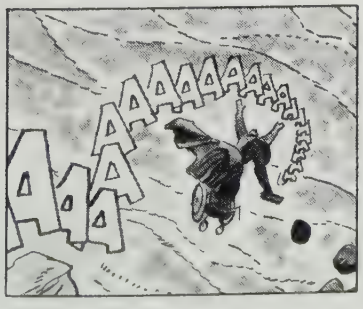
ILLUSTRATED PLUNGE INTO MONSTROUS FRIGHT!

GLAD YOU FOUL FIENDIES CREPT BACK FOR ANOTHER SHRIEK SESSION HERE AT THE MOLDY MAUSOLEUM...UNCLE CREEPY'S WRITHING IN RAGE AT THE RECEPTION RIOT GIVEN MY HYSTERICAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION OF TOMB TOMES! SOME OF THE COMMENTS IN OUR NEW LETTERS PAGE SHOW YOU WHY...
...BUT FOR NOW, STEEL YOUR NERVES FOR THIS LATEST ISSUE OF...
EERIE!

EERIE

NO.3

PUBLISHER: James Warren **ASSISTANT TO PUBLISHER:** Richard Conway
COVER: Frank Frazetta **EDITOR:** Archie Goodwin **LETTERING:** Ben Oda
STAFF ARTISTS: Eugene Colan, Reed Crandall, Steve Ditko, Frank Frazetta, Rocco Mastroserio, Gray Morrow, Joe Orlando, John Severin, Jay Taycee, Angelo Torres, Alex Toth, Al Williamson



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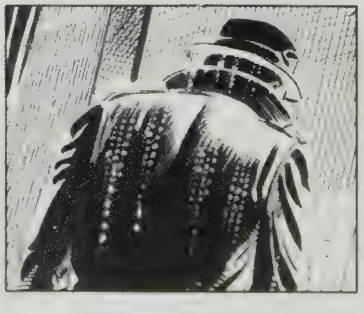


DEAR COUSIN EERIE

. . . Now I'm not the type to write in and complain about petty mistakes, but I think you made a pretty big boo boo. Correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't the March 1966 issue, the one that came out December 28, 1965, supposed to be issue #1, and not #2 as you have on the cover and on the first page?

Gary Henry
Glendora, California

The above letter reflects what almost every piece of mail asks concerning our COLLECTOR'S EDITION of EERIE. You FIENDISH FANS also tied up our switchboard and even dropped by in person to get the answer . . . So, before turning this Letters Column over to the wart-covered hands of COUSIN EERIE, we'd like to make an explanation concerning the numbering.

As announced in all Warren Publications, EERIE #1 was scheduled to go on sale December 28th, but during the summer of 1965, it became necessary to take legal steps toward the protection and registration of the title EERIE. This involved putting out a digest-size edition designated "#1", using some of our backlog material, which was published nationally and sold throughout the country in various selected cities. This secured our right to the title, but made it necessary to number the collector's edition "#2".

Unfortunately for collectors of our back issues, copies are no longer available. However, there is no reason to be dismayed as ALL the material has since been incorporated into CREEPY and EERIE. So actually, you haven't missed a thing. And speaking of THINGS, crawly COUSIN EERIE is straining at his shroud, so we'd better give the Letters Column back to him while there's still some room.—Ed.

I've just received my acknowledgement for a six-issue subscription to your magazine. I'm the FIRST person in the neighborhood to subscribe. I'm getting the FIRST copy of your mag. Why not be the FIRST to congratulate you on your work?

Congratulations!

I can say that even before I see your work, because I know it will be terrific. Why not start an "Eerie Fan Club" like your cousin CREEPY did? Well, I'm going back to the old dungeon now, so, good luck and may your mag be allowed to thrive for a long time.

Ralph Forestel
Mt. Royalton, Ohio

This was also the FIRST fiendish fan letter I received, so it's only natural that it should be the FIRST printed on the letters page . . . but since I'm far from natural, it's printed second!—CE.

Wow! When you guys came out with CREEPY it was the greatest! Then, to really do a re-take, you blasted us with BLAZING COMBAT . . . Now, to freeze the spine of every connoisseur of "Terroriffic literature" (That's right, LITERATURE), you spook us with EERIE.

Usually when I read one of your magazines there are some stories that don't really do anything for me, but now that ole COUSIN EERIE has made our skinny UNCLE CREEPY move over, you have a way to double your terrific artistic and literary punch. EERIE was deep in the tradition of good ole CREEPY and BLAZING COMBAT for excellence.

By the way, the Monster Gallery is a superb idea, glad you thought of it. It can really keep the uninformed informed and even teach us old experts a few things.

Frank Miranda
Marysville, California

After a two month wait, I find myself now clutching my copy of the March issue of EERIE. You know what? I like it better than CREEPY! But I like UNCLE CREEPY better than I like COUSIN EERIE . . . Now I know you're confused. Actually, working on CREEPY for the past year or so has given you madmen at Warren a little more polish. I personally feel that the first edition of EERIE is much better than the first issue of CREEPY, from every point of view: Cover, Stories, Artwork. The thing I enjoyed most was that there was more descriptive narration, which added immensely to my enjoyment of the stories, as it added mood and drama to the art . . .

One of my favorites in the current edition is "Eye of the Beholder", illustrated by Jay Taycee. I have never heard of this gentleman, and have my supicions that it is not his real name . . . But then again, I'm the same idiot who thinks that Archie Goodwin and Joe Orlando are the same person . . .

Everyone will tell you that Frazetta's cover was beautiful, but let me add that they would all be so much more endearing if they were completely free from the imprint of title logo, issue number, and other blurbs that must be on the cover. I wish all the covers could be presented in the style of BLAZING COMBAT, with the illustration completely free from such matter, and surrounded by a border . . .

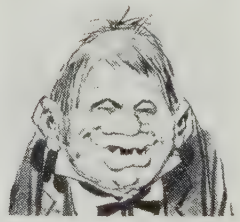
I do hope the Warren Publishing Empire continues to expand. I realize that taking a chance on a 35c "comic book" could be a very risky and financially disastrous experience. But Warren is currently the only publisher who is presenting terror and adventure yarns left untouched by the censors . . . I look forward to more Warren Magazines along the lines of CREEPY, BLAZING COMBAT, and EERIE. And you can be sure I will follow these existing titles steadily, and regularly I'll be there to complain about that which I did not like, and to praise you for what I did enjoy . . .

William M. Warner
Bronx, New York

I have enclosed my version of CREEPY's COUSIN EERIE, partly drawn from the half-picture in CREEPY #7's fan mail section. Please hurry out with EERIE so I can see how close I came to capturing his likeness.

Bob Merz
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Good Guess by Merz?



Good Gasp by Davis!

Great is all I have to say for EERIE. Every story was fabulous and the art was done in the CREEPY style. I especially liked "Ahead of the Game" and "One for De-Money". The artwork was most realistic in the latter. Please avoid stories about the Frankenstein monster. I have seen him killed so many times, it's starting to get boring.

Mike Mattei
Skokie, Illinois

I DO avoid stories about the Frankenstein monster . . . It's just that I use stories about monsters that are SIMILAR to the Frankenstein monster! But even you will like this issue's "Monsterwork" on page 27.—CE.

Your new magazine is just too great for words! Matter of fact, I thought it was so superb that I bought THREE copies (one for myself and two for our monster club, in which UNCLE CREEPY and you have been made honorary members). I am also delighted over the fact that CREEPY will be out one month, and EERIE the next.

I have just one complaint, though, even if it can't be fixed now. I would like to see how many agree or disagree with me. I think it sounds a whole lot better to say "Uncle Eerie" and "Cousin Creepy." Anyway, I hope EERIE will be as big a success as CREEPY and that Frank Frazetta will keep those spine-chilling covers coming. Good Luck!

Bambi Searfoss
Belle Mead, New Jersey

Personally, I don't think there's anything to say about CREEPY that will sound better!—CE.

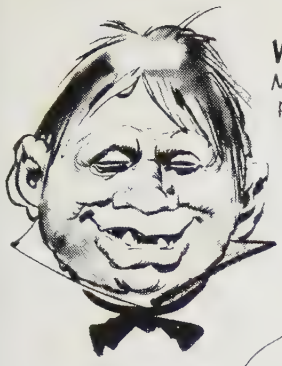
After reading your second great issue, I have come to the conclusion that CREEPY is inferior to the great new EERIE. One thing though. Please keep EERIE free of science fiction, o.k.? I like EERIE because you didn't run any robot-rocket jazz. There's a lot of difference between s-f and horror, you know . . .

Brian Shane
Erie, Pennsylvania

Your stories in EERIE are good, but not quite as good as the ones in CREEPY . . .

Michael A. White
McKinney, Texas

Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to: ERRIE LETTERS, Dept. 3, 301 East 47th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017



WELCOME TO A WILD BIT OF **WEIRD WIZARDRY** FROM MY **MOLDY MAUSOLEUM** OF MANIACAL MEMORIES! YOU'LL BE MEETING DR. CLIFFORD LOCKE, WHO WEAVES THIS PIECE OF **WITCHCRAFT**... A SPELLBINDER THAT TOUCHES ON THE VERY...

SOUL OF HORROR!

WARLOCK! WIZARD! **DEVIL-WORSHIPPER!** WE'RE PUTTING AN END TO YOUR UNHOLY **WITCHCRAFT!**

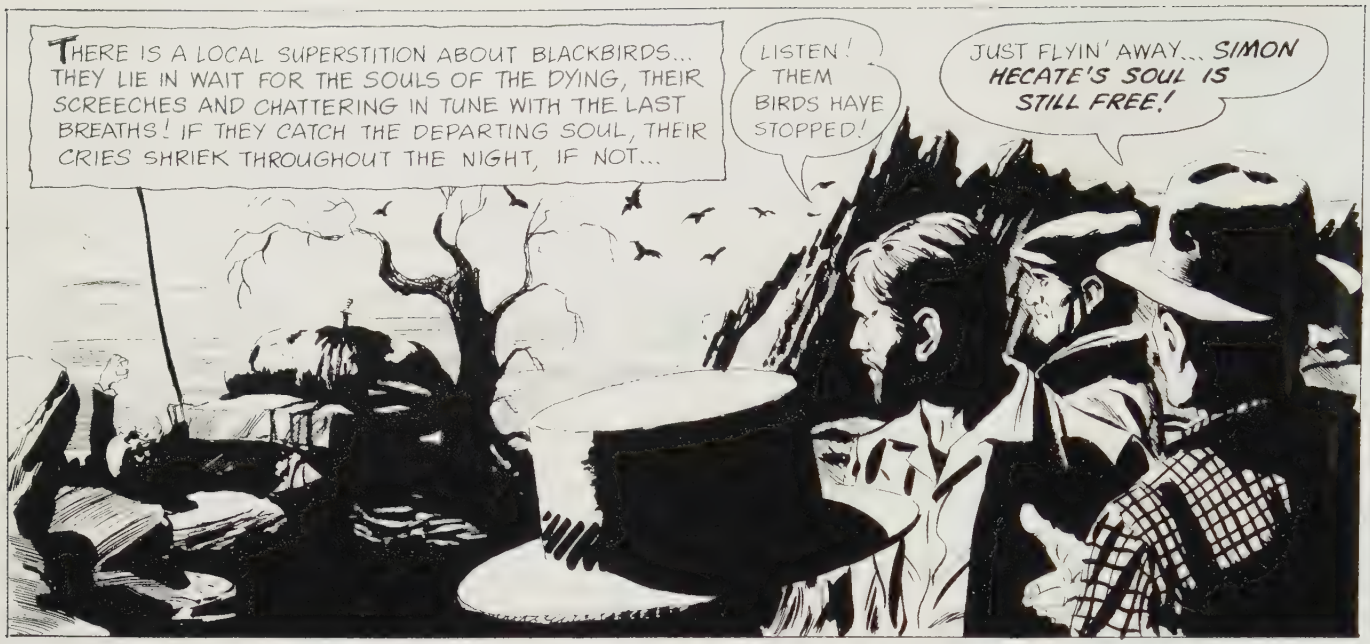
STAY BACK, YOU PUNY, MORTAL BUMPKINS! MY WORK WON'T BE STOPPED BY THE LIKES OF YOU!

I DO NOT KNOW THE EXACT DETAILS OF **SIMON HECATE'S** DEATH. HE WAS AN EVIL MAN, UNMOURNED BY THE NEW ENGLAND VILLAGERS OF LARCHWICK. A FEW WHISPERED FACTS ARE CERTAIN: THE DATE WAS AUGUST 25, 1915... THE DEED WAS DONE TO THE LOUD SCREECHINGS OF BLACKBIRDS...

KILL HIM! **QUICKLY!**

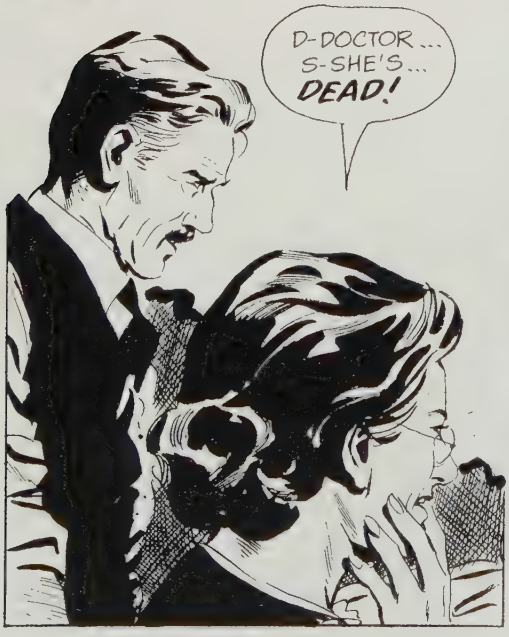
GET HIM!

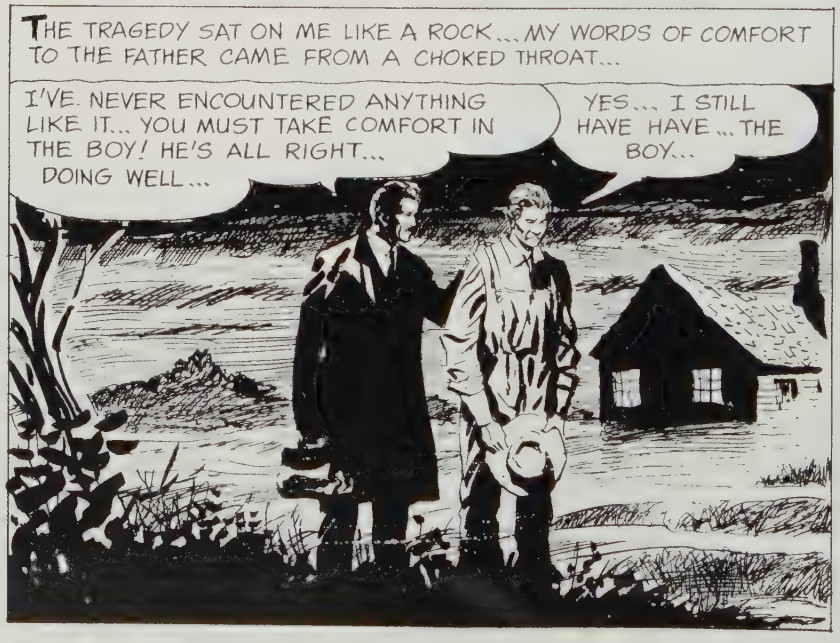
ART BY ANGELO TORRES/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

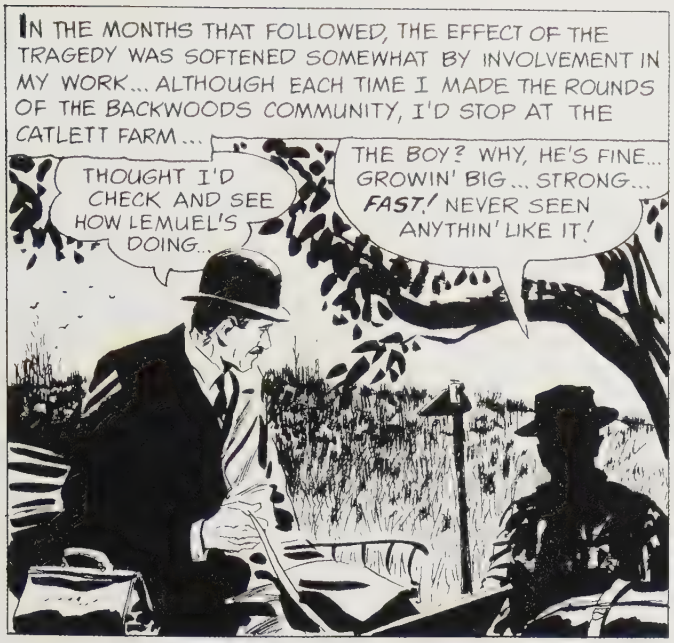

THERE IS A LOCAL SUPERSTITION ABOUT BLACKBIRDS... THEY LIE IN WAIT FOR THE SOULS OF THE DYING, THEIR SCREECHES AND CHATTERING IN TUNE WITH THE LAST BREATHS! IF THEY CATCH THE DEPARTING SOUL, THEIR CRIES SHRIEK THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, IF NOT...
LISTEN! THEM BIRDS HAVE STOPPED!
JUST FLYIN' AWAY... SIMON HECATE'S SOUL IS STILL FREE!

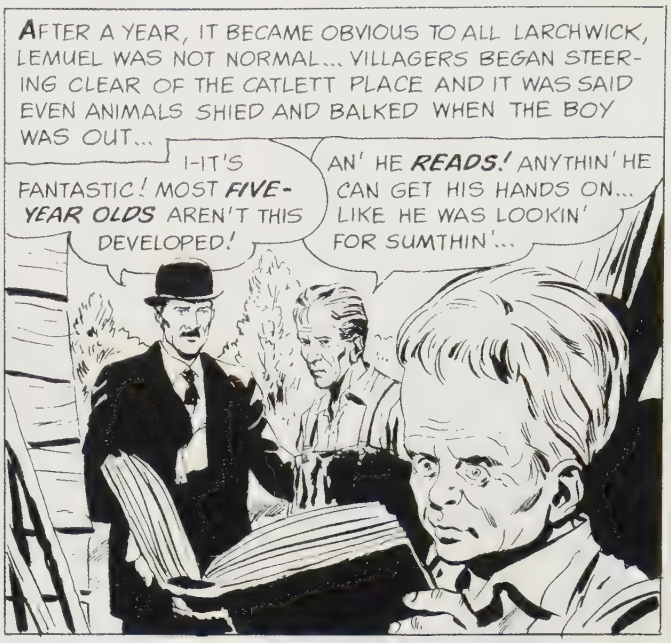
ALL THIS I LEARNED LATER. AT THAT SAME MOMENT, AS NEW RESIDENT DOCTOR TO THE AREA, DEATH WASN'T ON MY MIND, BUT LIFE... LEMUEL CATLETT WAS BEING BORN...
A BOY, MRS. CATLETT! BIG AND HEALTHY!
PLEASE, DR. LOCKE... LET ME LOOK AT HIM...

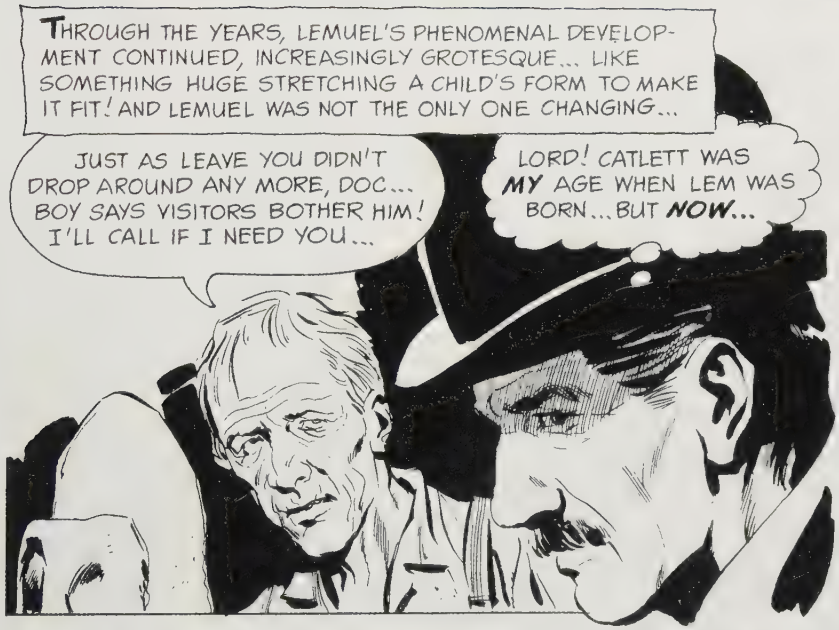
I PLACED THE BABY IN HER ARMS AND STEPPED BACK ... FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE MOTHER LOOKED INTO THE SHINY BLACK EYES AND RUDDY FACE OF HER SON...
EEEEEEEE-AAAAGGHHH!!


D-DOCTOR... S-SHE'S... DEAD!


THE TRAGEDY SAT ON ME LIKE A ROCK... MY WORDS OF COMFORT TO THE FATHER CAME FROM A CHOKED THROAT...
I'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED ANYTHING LIKE IT... YOU MUST TAKE COMFORT IN THE BOY! HE'S ALL RIGHT... DOING WELL...
YES... I STILL HAVE HAVE... THE BOY...

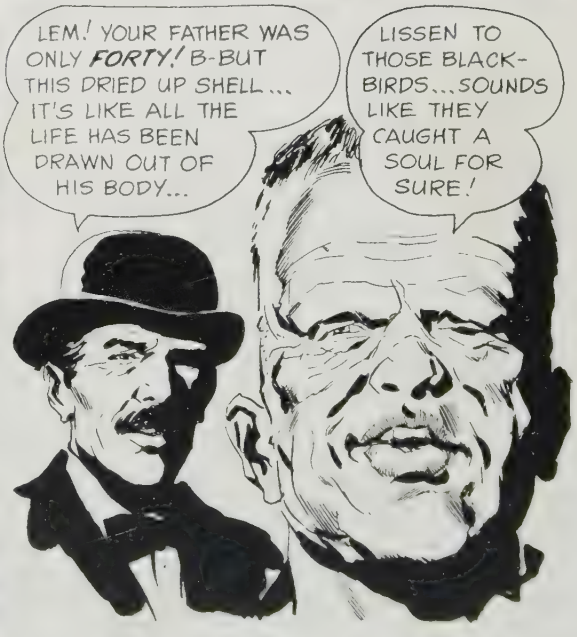

IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, THE EFFECT OF THE TRAGEDY WAS SOFTENED SOMEWHAT BY INVOLVEMENT IN MY WORK... ALTHOUGH EACH TIME I MADE THE ROUNDS OF THE BACKWOODS COMMUNITY, I'D STOP AT THE CATLETT FARM...
THOUGHT I'D CHECK AND SEE HOW LEMUEL'S DOING...
THE BOY? WHY, HE'S FINE... GROWIN' BIG... STRONG... FAST! NEVER SEEN ANYTHIN' LIKE IT!


AFTER A YEAR, IT BECAME OBVIOUS TO ALL LARCHWICK, LEMUEL WAS NOT NORMAL... VILLAGERS BEGAN STEERING CLEAR OF THE CATLETT PLACE AND IT WAS SAID EVEN ANIMALS SHIED AND BALKED WHEN THE BOY WAS OUT...
I-IT'S FANTASTIC! MOST FIVE-YEAR OLDS AREN'T THIS DEVELOPED!
AN' HE READS! ANYTHIN' HE CAN GET HIS HANDS ON... LIKE HE WAS LOOKIN' FOR SUMTHIN'...


THROUGH THE YEARS, LEMUEL'S PHENOMENAL DEVELOPMENT CONTINUED, INCREASINGLY GROTESQUE... LIKE SOMETHING HUGE STRETCHING A CHILD'S FORM TO MAKE IT FIT! AND LEMUEL WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE CHANGING...
JUST AS LEAVE YOU DIDN'T DROP AROUND ANY MORE, DOC... BOY SAYS VISITORS BOTHER HIM! I'LL CALL IF I NEED YOU...
LORD! CATLETT WAS MY AGE WHEN LEM WAS BORN... BUT NOW...

THE YEARS ALSO BROUGHT CHANGES FOR ME... LOVE AND MARRIAGE... THOUGH A TERRIFYING EVENT MARRED MY WEDDING DAY...
BEST COME QUICK, DOC... PA'S DYING ... KEEPS ASKIN' FOR YOU...

MY GOD!
GUESS WE'RE TOO LATE...


LEM! YOUR FATHER WAS ONLY FORTY! B-BUT THIS DRIED UP SHELL... IT'S LIKE ALL THE LIFE HAS BEEN DRAWN OUT OF HIS BODY...
LISSEN TO THOSE BLACKBIRDS... SOUNDS LIKE THEY CAUGHT A SOUL FOR SURE!

CATLETT'S FARM LEFT LEM WITH ENOUGH TO LIVE ON! THE RURAL SCHOOLS COULD OFFER HIM NOTHING. HE WAS LEFT ALONE, TO HIS AND LARCHWICK'S SATISFACTION. TIME PASSED... *THEN THE HORRORS BEGAN...*

GOOD LORD! YES... YES... I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

T-THE DOGS ALWAYS (SOB) LOVED HIM! T-TONIGHT WHEN HE WENT... TO FEED THEM (SOB)... THEY WENT CRAZY... TORE AT HIM (SOB) I H-HAD TO SHOOT THEM... *TOO LATE!*

THE IMAGE OF THE SAVAGELY TORN BODY HUNG IN MY MIND ON THE TRIP HOME, UNTIL A GROTESQUELY FAMILIAR FORM APPEARED AHEAD...

LATE TO BE TRAMPING ABOUT THE WOODS, ISN'T IT, LEM?

I LIKE THE WOODS, DOC... THE DARKNESS AND WILD CREATURES... BESIDES ..I HAD BUSINESS THERE!

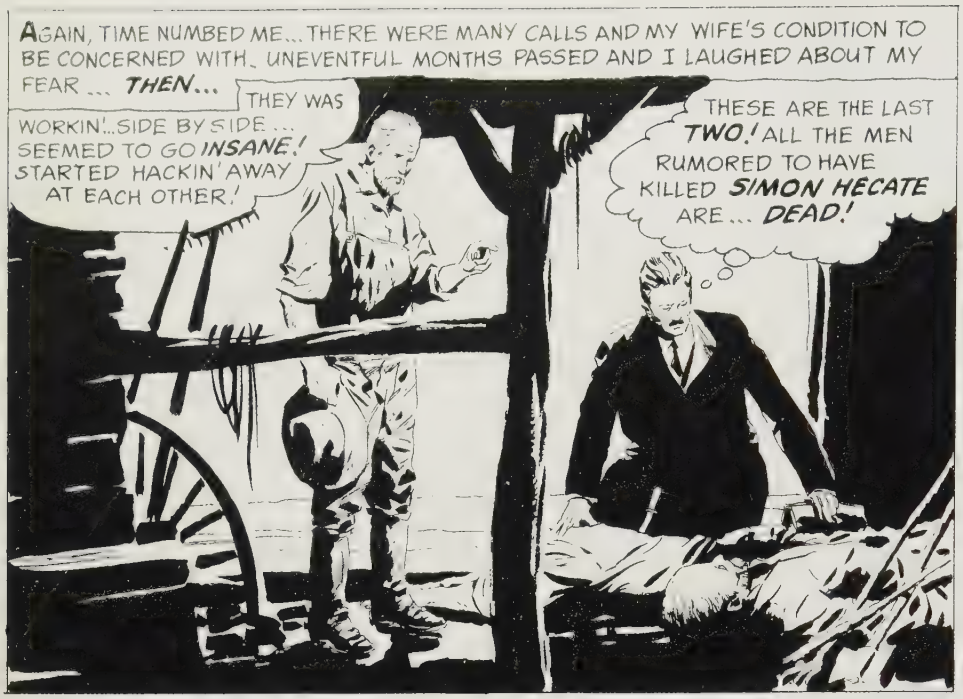
THE NEXT TIME THERE WAS NO NEED TO CALL ME... DEATH CAME SCREAMING RIGHT INTO THE CENTER OF LARCHWICK!

AAAAARRGHHH!

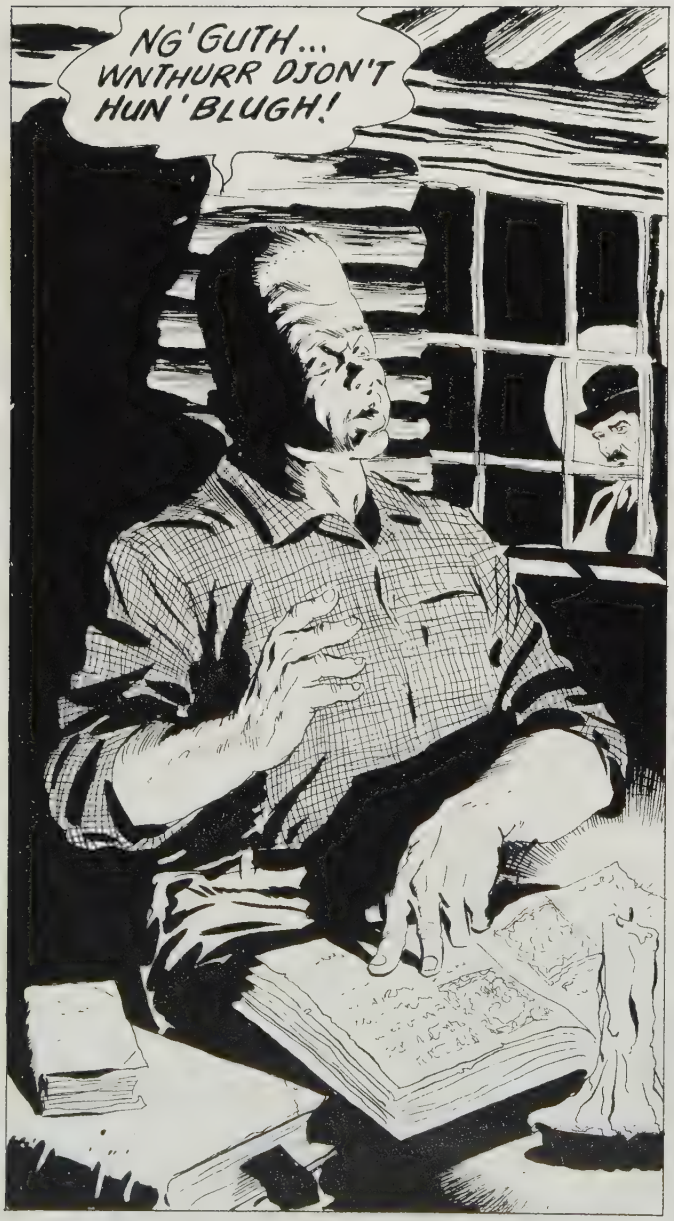
DEAD! PROBABLY FROM SHOCK AS MUCH AS THE STINGING!

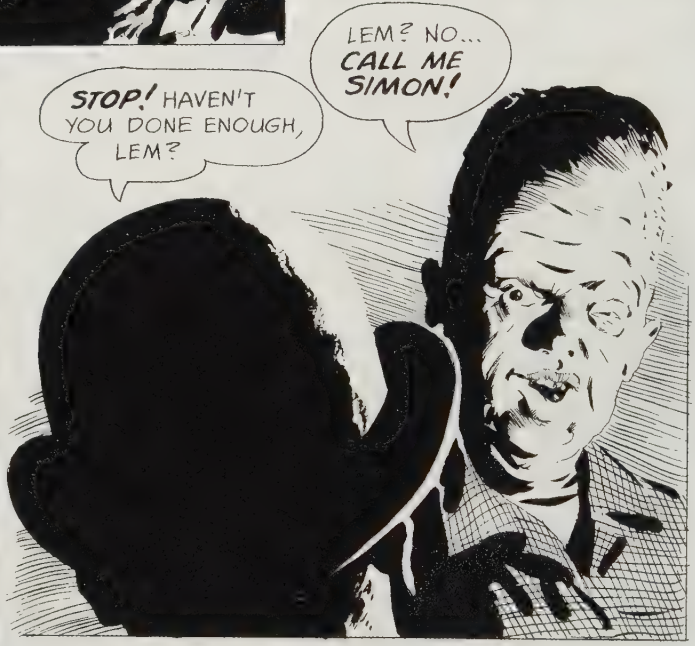
NEVER SAW NOTHIN' LIKE IT! ABE KEPT BEES FOR YEARS... NOBODY COULD HANDLE 'EM LIKE HIM!

DON'T LIKE IT! FIRST SAM, NOW ABE... THEY WAS BOTH WITH US THAT NIGHT 'GAINST SIMON HECATE... LAND'S, I DON'T LIKE IT!
THE HINT OF A PATTERN MADE THE SECOND DEATH ALL THE MORE CHILLING AND WHILE MAKING MY ROUNDS, YET ANOTHER PATTERN SEEMED EVIDENT...
LEM! JUST LIKE WHEN I WAS COMING HOME FROM SAM'S
IT WAS A BUSY TIME. I HAD MY PATIENTS AND MY WIFE WAS NOW WITH CHILD, YET SOMEHOW I COULD NOT PUT LEMUEL'S WOODLAND WANDERINGS FROM MY MIND... SOMETHING DROVE ME TO CHECK THE AREA HE HAD BEEN FREQUENTING...
A SHACK! THEY'VE SAID SIMON HECATE LIVED SOMEWHERE IN HERE...
INSIDE AND OUT, IT WAS A PLACE OF ROT AND DECAY... FOUL AIR... LACED WITH COBWEBS... STILL IT SEEMED TO ME, THE SHACK WAS BEING USED!
THE FIREPLACE! THOSE BRICKS LOOK LOOSE!
BEHIND THE BRICKS I FOUND THEM! HELLISH VOLUMES SANE MEN LONG AGO HAD HOPED WERE DESTROYED... INCANTATIONS, SPELLS, CHANTS, AND POTIONS... DARK BOOKS FOR THE PRACTICE OF EVIL...
THOSE ARE MINE! WHAT RIGHT DO YOU HAVE TO BE HERE? WHAT RIGHT?
THE PINCHED ADULT FACE IN THE MISSHAPEN CHILD'S HEAD WAS RED WITH ANGER... THE SHINY BLACK EYES GLARED INTO ME... I WAS GRIPPED BY A GNAWING FEAR AND FLED WITHOUT SAYING A WORD...
STAY AWAY FROM HERE! THIS IS MY PLACE! BEST YOU LEAVE ME ALONE!


AGAIN, TIME NUMBED ME... THERE WERE MANY CALLS AND MY WIFE'S CONDITION TO BE CONCERNED WITH. UNEVENTFUL MONTHS PASSED AND I LAUGHED ABOUT MY FEAR ... THEN...
THEY WAS WORKIN'...SIDE BY SIDE ... SEEMED TO GO INSANE! STARTED HACKIN' AWAY AT EACH OTHER!
THESE ARE THE LAST TWO! ALL THE MEN RUMORED TO HAVE KILLED SIMON HECATE ARE... DEAD!

I KNEW WHAT I MUST DO! IT WAS LATE, BUT THE MOON WAS HIGH AND FULL ... I HAD NO TROUBLE FINDING MY WAY TO THE SHACK...
HE'S IN THERE...


NG'GUTH... WNTHURR DJON'T HUN'BLUGH!


STOP! HAVEN'T YOU DONE ENOUGH, LEM?
LEM? NO... CALL ME SIMON!

Y-YOU... SIMON HECATE?
DID YOU THINK THOSE FOOLS KILLED ME? I HAVE THE POWER TO TRANSFER MY SOUL INTO ANY FRESH-BORN INFANT...

...I HAVE THE POWER TO STEAL LIFE FROM ANOTHER BODY SO MY OWN INFANT SHELL WILL GROW AND MATURE QUICKLY! AND, DOCTOR LOCKE, I HAVE THE POWER TO STRIKE YOU DEAD AS YOU STAND!

R'NERTH... ABSLTH... GONDAR---

THE HIDEOUS LITTLE MOUTH GRINNED AS IT SPEWED FORTH THE DEADLY SPELL FROM THE FORBIDDEN BOOKS... I STRUCK WITH THE ONLY THING AT MY COMMAND!

I BROUGHT YOU INTO THIS WORLD AND...

WHACK!

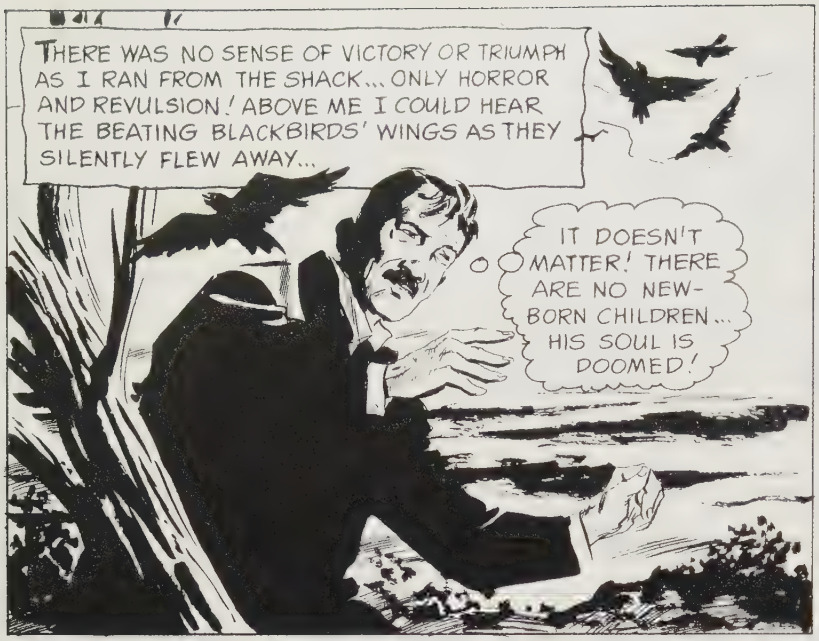
...I'LL TAKE YOU OUT!

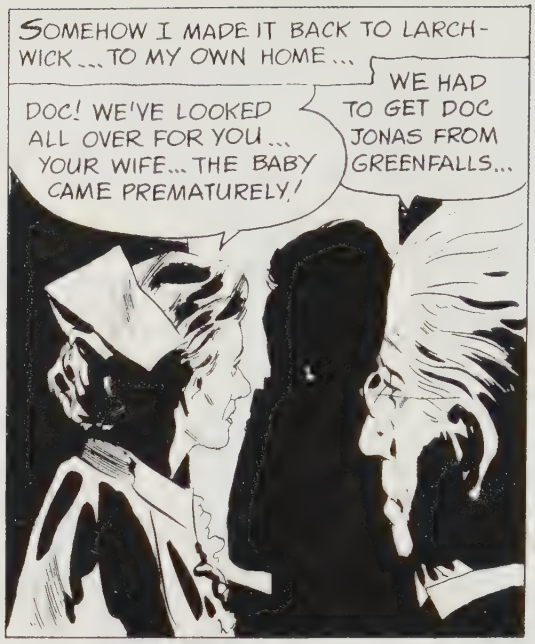
THE THING I GRAPPLED WITH WAS LESS THAN TEN YEARS OLD, YET HAD THE STRENGTH AND POWER OF A MAN MORE THAN MY EQUAL... LEM NEEDED NO SPELL... ***HE WAS KILLING ME WITH HIS BARE HANDS!***

NO CHANCE... UNLESS...

CHUK! AIEEEEEEEE!

OUTSIDE THE BLACKBIRDS WERE SEARCHING VIOLENTLY... THE THING CRUMBLED AND DECAYED WITH THE DEATH STROKE, NOT LIKE SOMETHING OF LEM'S AGE, BUT AS WOULD THE ANCIENT ***SIMON HECATE!*** BEHIND ME AS I STAGGERED FROM THE PLACE OF DREAD, A FIRE WAS STARTING

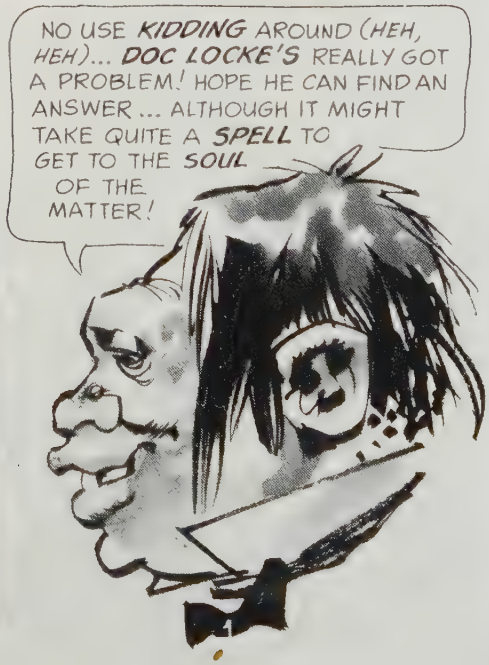

THERE WAS NO SENSE OF VICTORY OR TRIUMPH AS I RAN FROM THE SHACK... ONLY HORROR AND REVULSION! ABOVE ME I COULD HEAR THE BEATING BLACKBIRDS' WINGS AS THEY SILENTLY FLEW AWAY...
IT DOESN'T MATTER! THERE ARE NO NEW-BORN CHILDREN... HIS SOUL IS DOOMED!


SOMEHOW I MADE IT BACK TO LARCH-WICK... TO MY OWN HOME...
DOC! WE'VE LOOKED ALL OVER FOR YOU... YOUR WIFE... THE BABY CAME PREMATURELY!
WE HAD TO GET DOC JONAS FROM GREENFALLS...

HALF-DAZED, I WAS PUSHED INSIDE... FEELING LIKE A MAN IN A DREAM...
I WANT YOU TO KNOW, LOCKE... I DID EVERYTHING I COULD! THINGS SEEMED TO GO WELL... THEN, WHEN IT WAS OVER, SHE... BUT YOU SHOULDN'T THINK OF THAT! TRY TO THINK ABOUT...

... YOUR SON! FINE AND HEALTHY!

I STARED AT THE WRINKLED RED FACE BEFORE ME... HAD MY WIFE SEEN THE SAME HORRORS IN THOSE SPARKLING BLACK EYES AS MRS. CATLETT IN LEM'S? I COULDN'T BE SURE... HE LOOKED BRIGHT AND FINE... YET SOMEWHERE I COULD STILL HEAR A VOICE SAYING: CALL ME SIMON!


NO USE KIDDING AROUND (HEH, HEH)... DOC LOCKE'S REALLY GOT A PROBLEM! HOPE HE CAN FIND AN ANSWER... ALTHOUGH IT MIGHT TAKE QUITE A SPELL TO GET TO THE SOUL OF THE MATTER!

TO KICK OFF THIS **GHOSTLY-GASSER** FROM MY **GORY GAZETTE**, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO **ROGER CULP**, A LITERARY AGENT, WHO IN HIS OWN WORDS WILL TELL YOU OF THE **EERIE EVENTS** AND **HORRIBLE HAPPENINGS** TAKING PLACE IN AND AROUND...

THE LIGHTHOUSE!

"THE ROCKBOUND COAST OF MAINE IS A LONG WAY FROM MANHATTAN'S COCKTAIL PARTIES AND LITERARY TEAS, BUT WHEN MY TOP WRITER WAS LATE TO THE PUBLISHER WITH A BOOK FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS CAREER, I DECIDED TO MAKE THE TRIP... **IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN!**"

BLASTED PEA-SOUP! DRIVING'S IMPOSSIBLE! MAYBE I CAN FIND THE LIGHTHOUSE ON FOOT...CAN'T BE FAR...

"WHY ERIC STANDISH WOULD GIVE UP A PENTHOUSE TO WRITE IN AN ABANDONED LIGHTHOUSE WAS BEYOND ME, ALTHOUGH EACH STEP I TOOK THROUGH THAT FOG ENSHROUDED NIGHT BROUGHT ME CLOSER TO AN ANSWER..."

LISTEN TO THAT SURF POUND...ERIC'S PLACE MUST BE NEAR BY... I CAN--

HELLO! WHO'S THERE?

MATTHEW FRYE! IS IT YOU, MATTHEW FRYE?

AL WILLIAMSON '66

ART BY AL WILLIAMSON/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

"SHE SEEMED TO WANDER OUT OF NOWHERE...UNTOUCHED AND UNAFFECTED BY THE NIGHT'S CHILL AND THE DAMPNESS OF THE ENVELOPING MISTS..."
Y-YOU'RE NOT MATTHEW FRYE...
NO...BUT I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TOO! ERIC STANDISH... SUPPOSED TO LIVE IN THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE...I CAN'T FIND IT IN THIS FOG!
Y-YES...THE LIGHTHOUSE! COME...THIS WAY...
"THE GIRL MOVED WITH SURENESS THROUGH THE LAYERS OF FOG... AHEAD, THE BOOMING SOUND OF THE ATLANTIC BREAKING ON THE COASTAL ROCKS GREW LOUDER AND NEARER..."
"THE OCEAN'S ROAR BECAME LIKE NEAR-BY THUNDER...THEN WITHOUT WARNING, THE LANTERN LIGHT WAS GONE!"
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU?
THIS WAY... SHE WAS MOVING THIS WAY...
YAAAAAAAH!!

"MY HANDS BECAME CLAWS SCRAPING AND CLINGING TO THE WET EARTH AND ROCKS OF THE CLIFF'S EDGE, WHILE MY LEGS THRASHED IN EMPTY AIR, 100 FEET ABOVE THE POUNDING SURF!"

HELP ME! FOR GOD'S SAKE! SOMEONE HELP!

"FOR ETERNAL MOMENTS I DANGLED LIKE DEADWEIGHT, WATCHING IN HORROR AS MY FINGERS GREW STIFF AND NUMB AND SLOWLY BEGAN TO SLIP..."

ERIC!

THANK HEAVEN I HEARD YOU SHOUTING!

"GROUND WAS BENEATH MY FEET AND I LOOKED GRATEFULLY INTO A FAMILIAR FACE... A FACE SOMEHOW GROWN QUICKLY OLD AND TIRED..."

I COULDN'T HAVE LASTED ANOTHER SECOND... BUT THAT POOR GIRL! SHE MUST HAVE WALKED RIGHT OFF!

GIRL? WHAT GIRL? TELL ME!

"ERIC LISTENED WITH GRIM RESIGNATION AS I TOLD HIM WHAT HAPPENED... LIKE A MAN HEARING FROM HIS DOCTOR THAT HE HAS A FATAL DISEASE!"

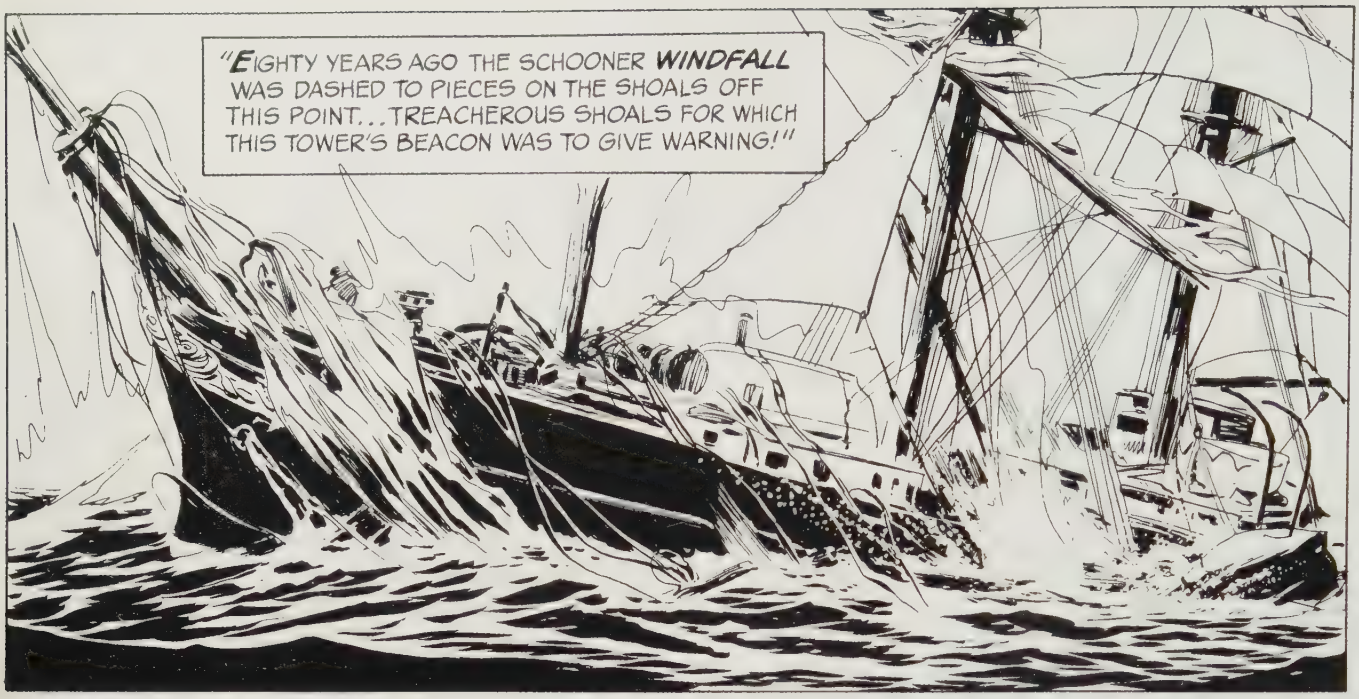
MY FAMILY HAD THEIR ROOTS IN THIS AREA... ALL MY LIFE, I'VE FELT SOMEDAY I *HAD* TO COME HERE...

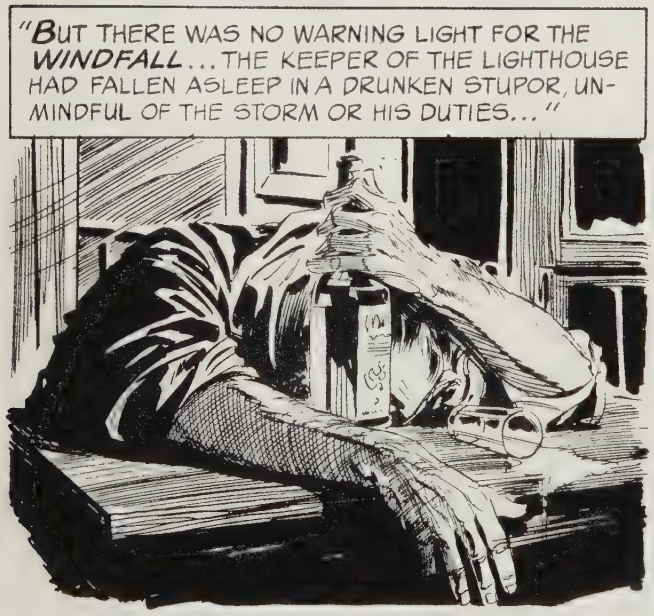
IT'S DESOLATE, BUT COLORFUL... A LITTLE RESEARCH MIGHT UNCOVER MATERIAL FOR YOUR NOVEL HERE...

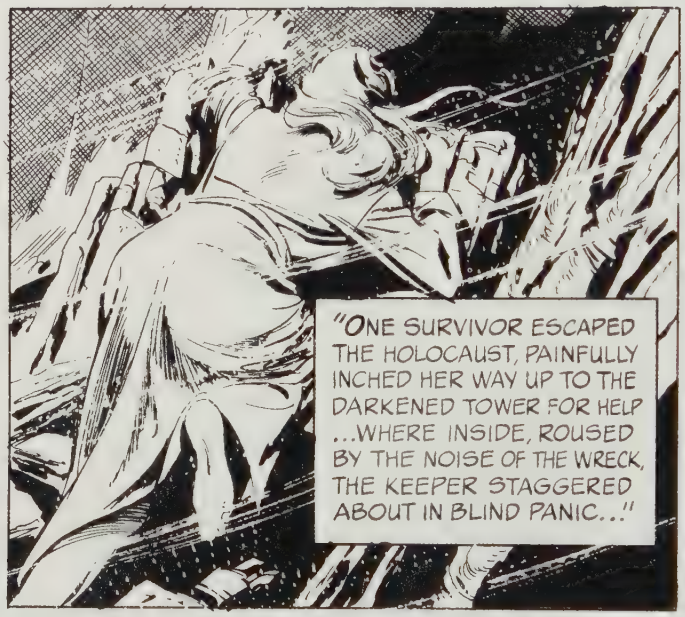
OH, I'VE DONE RESEARCH, ROGER... PERHAPS TOO MUCH! THAT'S WHAT LED ME... *HERE!*

"ERIC HAD DONE THE BEST HE COULD TO MAKE HIS QUARTERS SNUG AND COMFORTABLE... BUT NO AMOUNT OF HOMEY TOUCHES COULD CUT THE PERVADING GLOOM THAT HUNG ABOUT THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE."

THESE ARE MY NOTES, ROGER. THINGS I'VE DISCOVERED SINCE MOVING HERE! THINGS WHICH MAY FIT IN WITH YOUR STORY...


"EIGHTY YEARS AGO THE SCHOONER WINDFALL WAS DASHED TO PIECES ON THE SHOALS OFF THIS POINT...TREACHEROUS SHOALS FOR WHICH THIS TOWER'S BEACON WAS TO GIVE WARNING!"


"BUT THERE WAS NO WARNING LIGHT FOR THE WINDFALL...THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHTHOUSE HAD FALLEN ASLEEP IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR, UNMINDFUL OF THE STORM OR HIS DUTIES..."


"ONE SURVIVOR ESCAPED THE HOLOCAUST, PAINFULLY INCHED HER WAY UP TO THE DARKENED TOWER FOR HELP ...WHERE INSIDE, ROUSED BY THE NOISE OF THE WRECK, THE KEEPER STAGGERED ABOUT IN BLIND PANIC..."

"CONFRONTED BY THE ONLY WITNESS TO HIS NEGLIGENCE, THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT COMPOUNDED HIS DEED WITH AN ACT MORE HORRIBLE FOR ITS DELIBERATENESS!"
EEEEEEEE!

THAT LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER WAS MY GRANDFATHER ...MATTHEW FRYE!
B-BUT...THE GIRL I SAW TONIGHT... SHE WAS LOOKING FOR...YOUR GRANDFATHER?!

"DRIVING RAIN BEGAN A TATTOO ON THE WINDOWS... A STORM WAS MOVING IN FROM THE SEA..."
ERIC STANDISH IS A FINE NAME... I'VE MADE QUITE A CAREER WRITING UNDER IT, BUT YOU NEVER ESCAPE THE NAME YOU'RE BORN WITH... YOU SEE, ROGER, I TOO AM MATTHEW FRYE!
CLANG!
THAT NOISE!
T-THE WIND...
"EVEN AS I SAID IT, I KNEW THE WIND HADN'T MADE THE NOISE, JUST AS WE BOTH KNEW, WHILE RUSHING TO THE STAIRS, WHAT WE'D SEE BELOW..."
MATTHEW FRYE! IS IT YOU, MATTHEW FRYE?!
I'VE COME FOR YOU, MATTHEW FRYE!
OH, GOD!
"WAS IT FEAR THAT HELD ME IN PARALYZED HORROR OR SOMETHING MORE? ERIC STARED TRANSFIXED, YET HIS FEET MOVED, CARRYING HIM BACKWARD... ACROSS THE ROOM, OUT INTO THE WIND AND RAIN, ONTO THE OLD TOWER'S BALCONY.
NOW, MATTHEW FRYE... NOW!
EEEEEEEE-YAHHHHH!
ERIC!

"ERIC'S FEARFUL SCREAM DROWNED IN THE RAGING WIND, AND THE TWO FIGURES DISAPPEARED INSTANTLY IN THE BOILING SURF BELOW..."

"I ALMOST FELL DOWN THE SPIRAL STAIRS OF THE LIGHTHOUSE AND OUT INTO THE LASHING STORM..YET ALL I COULD FIND BELOW WERE COASTAL ROCKS LIKE GIANT GRAVE-STONES AND THE OCEAN'S COLD CRASHING WAVES..!"

"NUMB WITH EXHAUSTION AND COLD, I SOMEHOW MADE MY WAY BACK TO THE LIGHTHOUSE...MY LAST MEMORY OF THAT NIGHT IS CLAWING OPEN THE HEAVY IRON DOOR..."

"THE NEXT MORNING I WAS AWAKENED BY THE SCREECHING OF GULLS AND CRIES OF LOCAL FISHERMEN..."

LORDY!

I-IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!

"THE SEA HAD DISGORGED ITS VICTIMS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE AND THE SIGHT IS ETCHED FOREVER IN MY MIND...THE HORROR ON ERIC'S DEAD FACE WAS NOT OF DYING, BUT OF THE THING THAT CLUNG TO HIM...THE CORPSE OF A ONCE-BEAUTIFUL GIRL... ***DEAD NOW FOR EIGHTY YEARS!***"

THERE'S ONE WRITER WHO REALLY GOT ***INVOLVED*** IN HIS WORK...PERSONALLY, I THINK HE WAS ***ALL WET,*** OR AT LEAST ***WASHED UP!*** NOW, GRAB A ***WEIRD WAVE*** AND SEE WHERE MY ***TERROR TIDE*** CARRIES YOU NEXT!

THIS PLANT ACTUALLY EATS INSECTS AND BITS OF MEAT!

VENUS FLY TRAP

A BEAUTIFUL PLANT! The VENUS FLY TRAP is unusually beautiful! It bears lovely white flowers on 12" stems. Its dark green leaves are tipped with lovely pink traps—colorful and unusual!

EATS FLIES AND INSECTS! Each pink trap contains a bit of nectar. It is this color and sweetness which attracts the unsuspecting insect. Once he enters the trap, it snaps shut. Digestive juices then dissolve him. When the insect has been completely absorbed, the trap reopens and prettily awaits another insect!

FEED IT RAW BEEF! If there are no insects in your house, you can feed the traps tiny slivers of raw beef. The plant will thrive on such food. When there is no food for the traps, the plant will feed normally through its root system.

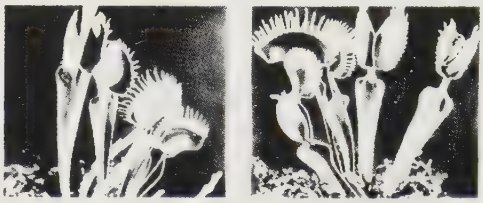
EASY TO GROW! The VENUS FLY TRAP bulbs grow especially well in the home. They thrive in glass containers and will develop traps in 3 to 4 weeks. Each order includes 3 FLY TRAPS plus SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL packed in a plastic bag. Only $1.00.

ADMIRED BY CHARLES DARWIN, FAMOUS BOTANIST AND EXPLORER

In 1875 Professor Darwin wrote, "This plant, commonly called 'Venus Fly Trap,' from the rapidity and force of its movements, is one of the most wonderful in the world . . . It is surprising how a slightly damp bit of meat . . . will produce these . . . effects. It seems hardly possible, and yet it is certainly a fact."

No Canadian Orders—U.S. Only

$1.00 THE WORLD'S MOST UNUSUAL HOUSE PLANT!



Unwary insect touches sensitive hairs, causing trap to shut. Plant then dissolves & digests insect. Trap will bite at (but will NOT bite off) more than it can chew—such as a finger or a pencil. In a few days, after eating an insect, it will reopen for more food.

☐ Enclosed is $1.00 plus 25c for handling & mailing for 3 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL. Rush!!

☐ Enclosed is $1.75 plus 25c handling & mailing for 6 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

HORRIBLE HERMAN — DARES YOU TO LOOK IN THE BOX!

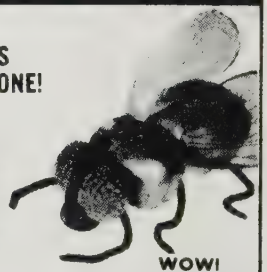
WHAT'S IN THE BOX? Only you know and you can dare anyone to look. It's HORRIBLE HERMAN, the hideous, frightening ASIATIC INSECT. Has a fur body, scaly head, red eyes, twin tendrils. Absolutely "kills" people who look. You can also make him lift his head and move around. Only 75¢ plus 25¢ for postage & handling.

MONSTER FOOT!

PUT YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD wearing a grotesque MONSTER FOOT! Create a riot shuffling along, monster-style. Giant size; made of long-lasting latex rubber; riotously painted. Goes on over shoe. Full price only $1.50 each foot; $3.00 for complete pair, plus 25¢ per foot for postage, handling.

YOUR OWN MONSTER FLY!

- OVER 8 INCHES LONG!
- STICKS TO ANYTHING!
- CUTE AND HORRIBLE!
- SCARES EVERYONE!



Developed especially for FAMOUS MONSTERS MAGAZINE readers. Realistic, 8" size; with transparent wings, blazing red eyes, flexible black legs, green body, black veins. Suction cup in nose lets MONSTER FLY stick to anything, any time, anywhere. Want to create a Monster Sensation. Get your MONSTER FLY right away. Only $1.98, plus 25¢ for shipping & handling.

WOW! LOOK WHAT'S ON THE WALL!

MONSTER HAND!

SANTA NEVER SAW CLAWS like these! Fierce-looking monster hands you wear over your hands, like grotesque gloves. Tucked inside a coat or shirtsleeve, the hands look horribly natural. Have fun and start right in with your own Monster Hands. $1.50 for 1 hand; $3.00 for the pair. Add 25¢ per hand for postage, handling.

DRACULA'S OWN "RUBBER BAT"

IF IT'S TRUE that people fear bats, you'll have the time of your life when they walk in on this one. DRACULA'S OWN RUBBER BAT, so real it may even scare you. Suction cup lets you put him on wall", closets,fences, beds, etc. Then have fun driving folks crazy with fear. Only 75¢,. plus 25¢ for postage and handling.

HUMAN SKELETON!

IS THAT WHAT WE LOOK LIKE INSIDE???

YOU CAN'T walk around in your bones. Next best thing is this HUMAN SKELETON. A foot-high model, scaled from a 6' man; made of BONE WHITE flexible Superlon. No gluing, no painting: parts snap together. Free Anatomy Chart included. Only 1.00, plus 25¢ shipping & handling.

GIANT 10-FOOT RUBBER SNAKE!

WRAP YOURSELF in this SLITHERING SNAKE and people will admire your courage. It's a huge, 10-foot rubber snake, blows up with air and curls round and round. Good for fooling people; and will be even more fun when swimming, as an aid in floating. Only $1.98, plus 25¢ for postage, handling.

ART BY STEVE DITKO/ SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

LOOK... I'M SOAKING WET, MY CAR'S BROKEN DOWN, AND I'M DEAD TIRED! HOW 'BOUT THAT ROOM...
SOMETHIN'S STRANGE ABOUT IT... FOLKS ARE NEVER HAPPY STAYIN' THERE!
SKIP THE LOCAL COLOR... JUST GIVE ME THE KEY!
JUST SO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GETTIN' INTO...
WHAT IS IT? ROOM 13... SOMETHING STUPID LIKE THAT?
NO... NOBODY'S REALLY EVER SAID... FOLKS JUST DON'T LIKE IT, THAT'S ALL!
WELL... HERE YOU ARE... ROOM 22!
LOOKS ALRIGHT... NOT THE HILTON, BUT AT LEAST IT'S CLEAN!
G'NIGHT, MISTER...

AN AIRSHAFT... SOME VIEW! NO WONDER NO ONE'D STAY HERE!
OH, WELL... JUST ONE NIGHT! BETTER GET SOME SHUT-EYE...
AAAAHHH!
WHO THE---
EMPTY! NOT A SOUL ANYWHERE...
HEY! DON'T TELL ME I'M LETTING THAT CLERK'S OLD WIVES' TALES GET TO ME...
JUST NERVES... I'M EXHAUSTED... BETTER HIT THE SACK...

YET EACH TIME DEXTER CLOSED HIS EYES, HE COULD STILL SEE THE EVIL FACE AND CHILLING STARE OF THE MIRROR REFLECTION...
IT LOOKED SO REAL... BUT THERE WAS NOTHING BEHIND ME... BLAST IT! CAN'T SLEEP FOR THINKING ABOUT IT... AWW, WHAT'S THE USE...
... I'LL TAKE ANOTHER LOOK!
NOOOOOO!!
N-NOT HERE... N-NOTHING! JUST LIKE BEFORE!
NOT ANOTHER MINUTE ... I'M NOT STAYING HERE!
FRONT DESK. ANYTHING WRONG, MR. DEXTER?
GOTTA GET HOLD OF MYSELF... I'LL SOUND LIKE A FOOL... CLERK'S CRAZY HINTS MADE MY IMAGINATION RUN WILD... THAT'S ALL... HAS TO BE...
N-NO... JUST WANTED TO LEAVE A CALL FOR ME AT EIGHT...

THE NIGHT CREPT ON BUT NO SLEEP CAME TO DEXTER... ONLY AGONIZING, TORTURED THOUGHTS...
MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE LEFT... HAS TO BE MY IMAGINATION... MIND PLAYING TRICKS... THOSE T-THINGS... SO REAL! TRY TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE... WHAT IF THEY'RE IN THERE NOW... WATCHING... CAN'T BE... SILLY... WON'T...
I'VE GOT TO KNOW!
EEEEYAHHHHHH!!
NO MORE! I'LL PUT AN END TO THIS.... NOW!!

YAGHHH!!
NUMBER 22!
EMPTY!
NOT A SIGN OF HIM... MUSTA RUN OFF!
HMPH! YOU'D THINK HE COULD AT LEAST LEAVE THINGS THE WAY HE FOUND 'EM!
THE CLERK GASPED IN HORROR... THE ROOM HE STOOD IN MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABANDONED BY DEXTER, BUT THE ROOM IN THE MIRROR'S REFLECTION WAS... FULLY OCCUPIED!
DEXTER PICKED A HARD WAY TO SKIP OUT ON THE HOTEL BILL, BUT AT LEAST HE FINALLY GOT TO SLEEP ... PERMANENTLY! YOU MAY HAVE TROUBLE SLEEPING TOO, WHEN YOU READ MY NEXT LITTLE SCREAM STORY!

ART BY ROCCO MASTROSERIO/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

IN THE DISTANCE AN OWL BEGAN HOOTING AT THE APPROACHING STORM ... MUTTERING SADLY TO HIMSELF, OTTO PLACED THE CORPSE INTO THE CART AND THREW HIS HUMPED BACK INTO THE WORK BEFORE HIM...
NOW, IT'S TOO LATE! THE DAMAGE IS DONE ... I'M IN TOO DEEPLY NOT TO SEE THINGS THROUGH TO THE END!
THE SOUND OF THUNDER BECAME COMPETITION FOR THE CREAKING OF THE CART AS IT BUMPED OVER THE COBBLESTONES OF THE SLEEPING VILLAGE ... IT WAS STARTING TO RAIN...
THE DOCTOR HAS PAID ME WELL ... MONEY TO SEND MY BROTHER TO THE UNIVERSITY...
AND HE'S A GREAT SURGEON ... HOW MANY TIMES HAS HE PROMISED TO RID ME OF THIS HUMP...
DRENCHED WITH RAIN, OTTO PAUSED, SUPPRESSING A SHIVER, AS HE LOOKED AHEAD TO HIS DESTINATION...
YET WHAT EVIL IT HAS ALL LED TO!

HURRY, YOU FOOL! WE'RE LATE! THE STORM'S ALMOST ON US!
I'M SORRY, DOCTOR... MY HEART'S NO LONGER IN THIS WORK!
SO! WITH SUCCESS ALMOST IN SIGHT YOU'RE BOTHERED BY CONSCIENCE! TYPICAL OF LOW MENTALITIES...
I NEVER REALIZED WHERE IT WOULD LEAD!
LEAD?! IT LEADS TO ACCLAIM FROM THE VERY MEDICAL BIG-WIGS WHO OUTLAWED ME INTO WORKING WITH DOLTS LIKE YOU!
EVERYTHING'S READY! GET THAT CORPSE SET FOR SURGERY!
YOU DON'T REALIZE THE TROUBLE THIS HAS CAUSED! THE MISSING BODIES PUT THE VILLAGE IN AN UPROAR...
FORGET THE VILLAGERS! YOU'VE BEEN WELL PAID FOR YOUR RISKS! THAT'S ENOUGH!
YOU PROMISED MORE... MY HUMP... THE OPERATION...
SO THAT'S WHAT UPSET YOU? DON'T WORRY... YOU'LL BE TAKEN CARE OF! BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST ...WE'RE BEHIND SCHEDULE!

VON REICH OPERATED THE SURGICAL TOOLS WITH AGILE FRENZY AND SOON...
THERE! NOW FOR THE TRANSFER... GENTLY, GENTLY...
WITH UNFAILING DEFTNESS, VON REICH BENT OVER THE GREAT HULK OF HIS CREATION AND SECURED THE BRAIN IN ITS NEW HOME...
...MAKE SURE WIRING IS BACK IN PLACE... AND WE'RE... DONE! ONLY ONE MORE THING TO TAKE CARE OF...
I PROMISED TO FIX IT SO YOUR HUMP NEVER BOTHERS YOU AGAIN, OTTO... NOW THAT THE PROJECT IS ALMOST COMPLETE, I INTEND TO KEEP MY WORD ... COME HERE!
OUTSIDE THE STORM WAS AT ITS ZENITH...THUNDER PEALED LOUDER THAN EVER BEFORE AND LIGHTNING SHOT IN JAGGED STREAKS TOWARD THE OBSERVATORY TOWER!
PATIENCE! THE STORM IS ON US!
W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY CHAIN ME TO THE WALL LIKE THIS? HOW CAN THIS--
THE VAST ELECTRICAL POWER OF THE HEAVENS RACED INTO EVERY APPARATUS AND THE ENTIRE LABORATORY THROBBED AND GLOWED...
NOW! IT'S WORKING... NOW!

THIS IS IT! IT HAS TO BE A SUCCESS.... HAS TO BE!
DOCTOR VON REICH! ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?
SHUT UP, YOU IDIOT!... AH! LISTEN TO THAT GREAT HEART BEAT... IT'S ALIVE! ALIVE!
NOW...TO LOOSEN THE STRAPS...
B-BUT... THE BRAIN! THAT MAN DIED ON THE GALLOWS...
OF COURSE! I PLANNED IT THAT WAY... IT HAS TO HAVE A CRIMINAL BRAIN! HOW ELSE WOULD IT OBEY MY COMMANDS FOR REVENGE!
NOW EVERY FOOL WHO EVER DOUBTED ... WHO EVER GAVE ME TROUBLE ... WILL PAY! STARTING WITH YOU, OTTO!
NOW! KILL! THAT HUMP WILL NEVER BOTHER YOU NOW, OTTO... NOT WHEN YOU'RE DEAD!
AAAAAAGH!

CONSIDER YOURSELF PART OF THE EXPERIMENT, OTTO... HIS FIRST VICTIM! TEAR HIM LIMB FROM LIMB! DON'T HESITATE!
NO! NO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GO BACK!
AAAARGHHH!
YOU NEVER UNDERSTOOD, DOCTOR... THIS MAN WAS HUNG FOR GRAVE-ROBBING!
THE VILLAGERS THOUGHT HE STOLE THE BODIES I DUG FOR YOU! THEY KILLED HIM... AN INNOCENT MAN!
AAAAARGHHH!
AN INNOCENT MEDICAL STUDENT WHO WAS... MY BROTHER!
YAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!
LOOKS LIKE THE DOC GOT A BIG SHOCK OUT OF HIS OWN CREATION... PROBABLY THE NEWS JUST CRUSHED HIM! WELL, BEFORE OTTO AND HIS BROTHER LUMBER OUT OF THE OBSERVATORY, WHY DON'T YOU LUMBER ON TO MY NEXT FEAR FABLE?

118 ART BY JOE ORLANDO/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

The scene of horror ended suddenly in the white brilliance of a motion picture screen... The sound of film clicking on a take-up reel was soon drowned out by enthusiastic murmuring...
ERIC, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN! THESE RUSHES LOOK MARVELOUS! ESPECIALLY YOUR MAKE-UP... FANTASTIC!
IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME! I'VE TWICE THE ACTING EXPERIENCE OF STARVOS!
"THE MAN OF A MILLION MONSTERS"! HOW DO YOU DO IT, ERIC? WHERE DO YOU COME UP WITH SUCH GREAT MAKE-UP FOR ALL YOUR ROLES?
I'VE BEEN KNOCKED OUT OF THE HORROR BUSINESS SINCE STARVOS APPEARED! HIS MAKE-UP GETS HIM ALL THE TOP ROLES!
SORRY YOU LOST OUT ON THE LEAD, LEO ... AT LEAST WE MANAGED TO GET YOU A SUPPORTING ROLE...
SUPPORTING ROLE? I'M A STAR! IF ONLY I COULD LEARN HIS SECRET!
STARVOS! YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME! ONE PROFESSIONAL TO ANOTHER... HOW DO YOU GET THOSE EFFECTS?
TELL? AND HAVE MY CAREER NOSEDIVE LIKE YOURS, ERNST? MY MAKE-UP SECRETS WILL REMAIN MY OWN!
PRETENTIOUS FOOL! CONSTANTLY PLAYING THE PART... EVEN OFF-SCREEN! BLACK CAPE... OLD CAR...
CREEPY STUDIO INC.

Eric Starvos's make-up secrets obsessed Leo Ernst... He could not get it out of his mind... He HAD to know...
EVEN LIVES IN THIS OLD GOTHIC WRECK ... ALONE! NO FAMILY OR SERVANTS... NO LIGHTS EXCEPT IN THE ATTIC WINDOW ... HE MUST BE THERE!
WITH STRENGTH, AGILITY, BORN OUT OF HIS OBSESSION, ERNST SCALED HIS WAY TO A VIEW INTO THE LIGHTED WINDOW...
I WAS RIGHT! HE'S INSIDE... CREATING!
BLAST HIM! HE'S DONE IT AGAIN! THIS IS EVEN MORE TERRIFYING THAN IN THIS AFTERNOON'S RUSHES... HOW?!
HE'S WELL SET UP TO EXPERIMENT AND -- WHAT'S THIS? HE KEEPS A NOTEBOOK!
IT MUST ALL BE IN THERE! SKETCHES... FORMULAS ... IDEAS... IF I COULD GET MY HANDS ON THAT...

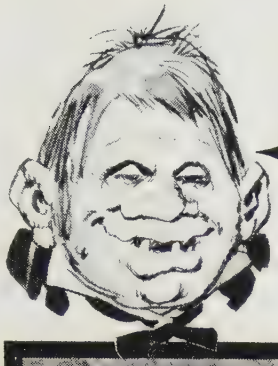
WITH DEADLY CALMNESS, ERNST MADE HIS WAY TO THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE AND KNOCKED ...LOUD AND DEMANDING...
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF ALL THIS, ERNST? I DON'T LIKE MY PRIVACY MEDDLED WITH!
STARVOS, PLEASE! YOU'VE GOT TO TALK WITH ME... PLEASE!
EVEN AS THE GAUNT MAN RELUCTANTLY LED HIM INSIDE, ERNST KNEW EXACTLY WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO...
VERY WELL... BUT MAKE IT QUICK! AND WHAT I'VE SAID ABOUT MY MAKE-UP SECRETS STILL GOES!
WHY, MY DEAR STARVOS... I WOULDN'T DREAM OF ASKING FOR THEM...
NOT WHEN I CAN TAKE THEM!
THE BODY OF THE HORROR STAR HAD HARDLY HIT THE FLOOR BEFORE ERNST HAD RUSHED TO THE ATTIC ROOM AND FLIPPED THROUGH THE NOTEBOOK...
WHOCK!
IT'S ALL HERE! EVERYTHING! THERE'LL BE SOME SURPRISES AT THE STUDIO TOMORROW...
SHOOTING TIME CAME AND WENT ON THE SET THE NEXT MORNING... THE STAR HAD MADE NO APPEARANCE... EVERYONE FUMED AND WAITED, UNTIL...
HORRIBLE!
LAST NIGHT... ERIC STARVOS AND HIS WHOLE HOUSE WENT UP IN FLAMES! HORRIBLE ACCIDENT!

IN AN INDUSTRY WHERE TIME IS MONEY, THE MOURNING PERIOD FOR ERIC STARVOS WAS SHORT, BUT CONCERN ABOUT DOING WITHOUT HIS TALENT WAS LONG...
WE'LL HAVE TO SCRAP THE WHOLE PICTURE! NO ONE CAN MATCH HIS MAKE-UP!
DON'T BE SO SURE ABOUT THAT!
LEO, ARE YOU NUTS? NOBODY BUT STARVOS COULD COME UP WITH THE KIND OF STUFF HE DID...
HE LET ME IN ON SOME OF HIS SECRETS ...YOU'LL SEE!
DRESS ROOM
SOME TIME LATER, LEO ERNST REAPPEARED...HE HAD FOLLOWED STARVOS'S NOTEBOOK TO THE LETTER.
WELL? WHAT DO YOU THINK?...
EVERYONE TAKE THEIR PLACES! WE'VE GOT A MOVIE AFTER ALL!
DIREC

THE DAY WENT QUICKLY AND EASILY FOR ERNST... STARVOS'S MAKE-UP FELT COMFORTABLE... HELD UP WELL...
PRINT IT! BEAUTIFUL, LEO BABY! YOU'LL BE A STAR ALL OVER AGAIN AFTER THIS ONE!
AMID VOICES OF CONGRATULATIONS, LEO WENT TO THE DRESSING ROOM EAGER TO RID HIMSELF OF THE MAKE-UP AND REAPPEAR TO HIS NEW ADMIRERS AS LEO ERNST, STAR!
I DID IT! EVERYONE LOVED MY PERFORMANCE! THANKS TO ERIC'S MAKE-UP...

HEY? WHAT IS THIS? THE STUFF ISN'T COMING OFF!
NOTHING HAD ANY EFFECT... ERIC STARVOS'S CREATION STAYED COMPLETELY IN PLACE.. ERNST FELT A GROWING PANIC...
IT'S GOT TO COME OFF! WHAT'S WRONG! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IT?
NOTHING HAPPENED... NOTHING WORKED! IT WAS DRIVING HIM CRAZY... HIS MOVEMENTS BECAME WILD AND FRENZIED!
GOT TO GET IT OFF! RIP! TEAR! ANYTHING! WHY WON'T IT COME OFF!

HIS VOICE ROSE TO A WHINING SCREAM... BECAME A SOBBING PLEA... OUTSIDE PEOPLE BEGAN TO NOTICE...
IT WON'T COME OFF! I CAN'T GET IT OFF!!
LEO! WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THERE? LEO?!
STARVOS DID THIS! HE WANTED IT TO HAPPEN! GOT TO GET IT OFF!
LEO? WHAT'S GOING ON IN HE---
OH... LORD!
DO SOMETHING! GET A DOCTOR ...GET A STRAIT-JACKET... ANYTHING! QUICK! HE'S...
GOT TO GET IT OFF! GOT TO...
THE TWO MEN STARED IN REVULSION AT THE RAW-FACED THING BEFORE THEM... ITS BLOODSTAINED HANDS STILL PITIFULLY TRYING TO CLAW AT THE MAKE-UP LONG SINCE GONE!
...RIPPED ALL THE SKIN FROM HIS FACE!
IT WON'T COME OFF! IT WON'T COME OFF!!
HMMMH? DID STARVOS'S MAKE-UP REALLY STAY ON OR DID LEO IMAGINE THAT IT DID? EITHER WAY, POOR LEO CERTAINLY LOST FACE ON THE DEAL, BUT, LET'S FACE IT, HE HAD IT COMING TO HIM! NOW SEE IF YOU CAN FACE WHAT'S COMING NEXT TO YOU!



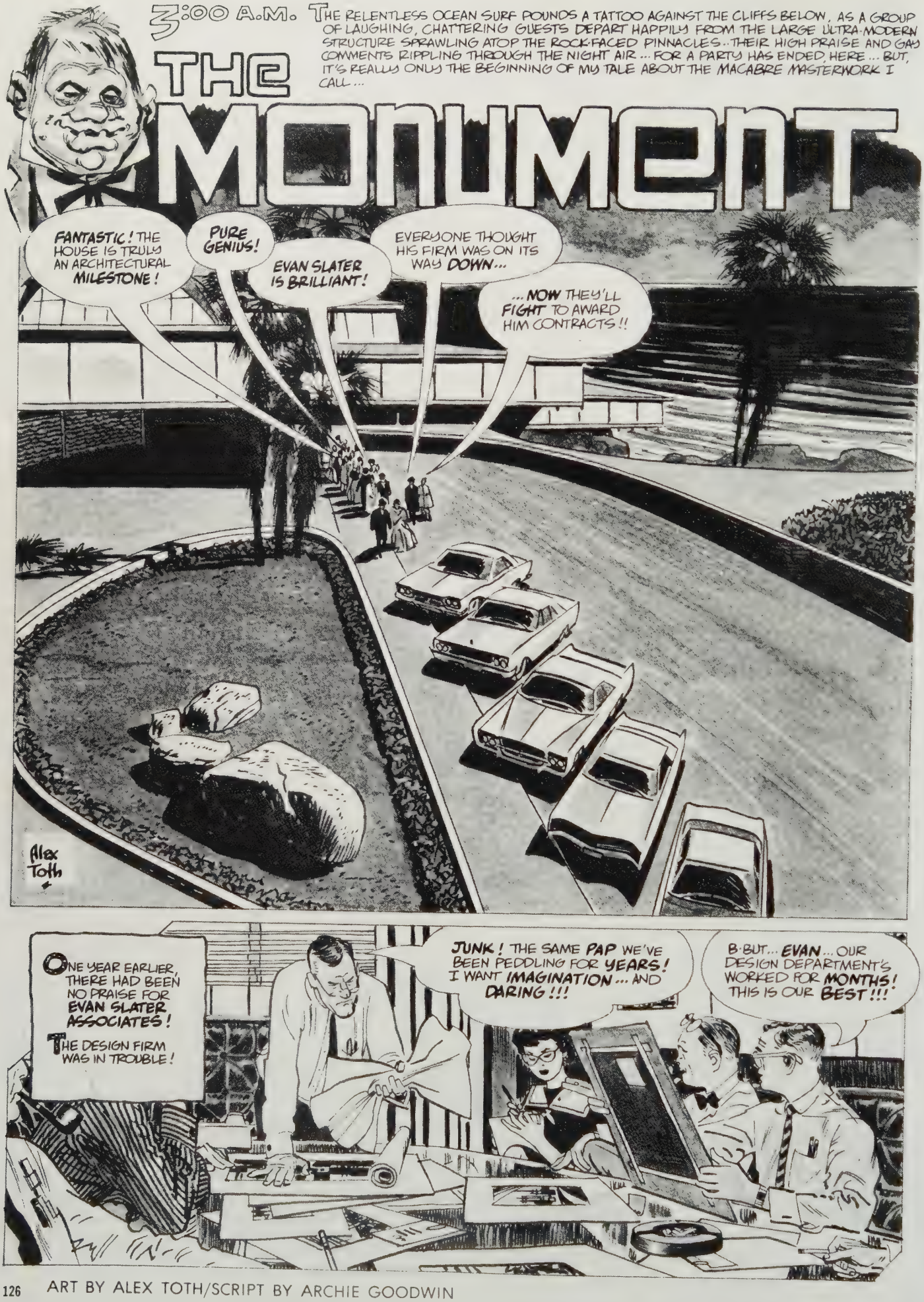
ARE YOU ***FRACTURED FRAMERS*** STILL HOPING TO HANG SOMETHING ***HORRORIFIC***? ANOTHER ***MACABRE MASTERPIECE*** AWAITS BELOW, AS YOU BROWSE THROUGH...

EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!

NO. 2-THE VAMPIRE!

RISING AT SUNDOWN, FROM ITS COFFIN STREWN WITH NATIVE SOIL, THE VAMPIRE, ABLE TO TAKE HUMAN, BAT, OR MIST-LIKE FORM, GOES FORTH ON ITS GHASTLY QUEST FOR HUMAN BLOOD! THOSE WHO DIE FROM ITS BITE IN TURN BECOME MEMBERS OF THIS HORRIBLE CULT OF THE UNDEAD! HOLY OBJECTS AND GARLIC WREATHS MAY BE USED TO WARD OFF VAMPIRES, BUT THE MOST POPULAR METHOD FOR KILLING THEM IS A WOODEN STAKE DRIVEN THROUGH THEIR HEART!

ART BY JAY TAYCEE

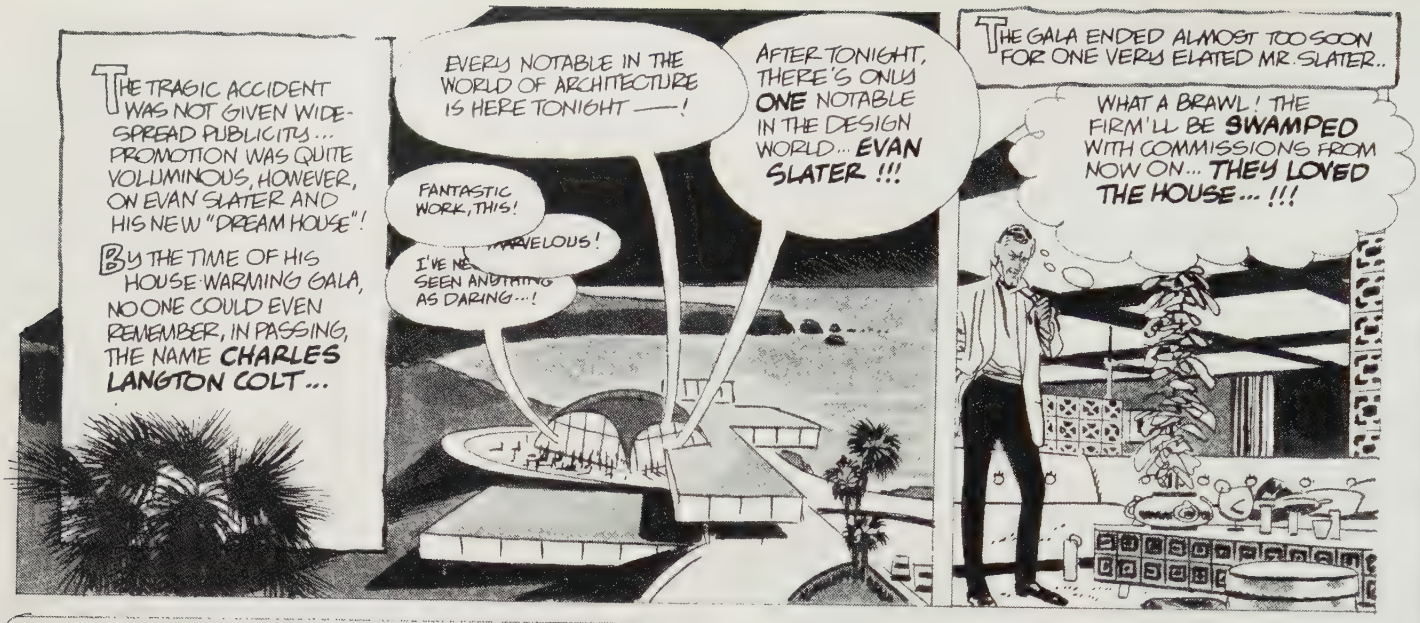


 ART BY ALEX TOTH/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

THAT'S PRECISELY WHY WE'RE LOSING BUSINESS!! OUR "BEST" JUST ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH ANYMORE! WE CAN'T SEEM TO COME UP WITH ANYTHING NEW... DIFFERENT!!!
BUT THIS PLAN OF YOURS, EVAN... HOW DO YOU JUSTIFY WASTING OUR DWINDLING CAPITAL BY BUILDING A PRIVATE HOME FOR YOU?!!
CAN'T YOU GET IT THROUGH YOUR HEADS?!! IT'LL BE A SHOWPLACE! OURS! THE FIRM'S! EXHIBITING OUR DESIGN TALENT...
A HUNK OF ARCHITECTURE SO GREAT THAT OUR FIRM'S REPUTATION WILL BE REMADE BY IT!!...
SO, KEEP LOOKING... FOR THE NEW, THE BOLD, DARING, BRILLIANT! AND DON'T SETTLE FOR LESS THAN THAT... BECAUSE I WON'T!!!
BAM!!!
THERE WAS NO EASY SOLUTION... SLATER KEPT ON WITH HIS OWN DESPERATE SEARCH... ANYWHERE.. AND EVERYWHERE...
WHAT'S THIS?!! WHO DO THESE BELONG TO?!!
ROGER'S BEEN CLEANING OUT THE OLD PLAN FILES AND STORAGE BINS, EVAN! SOME OF THAT STUFF'S BEEN AROUND FOR.. FIFTEEN. TWENTY YEARS...!
UNBELIEVABLE!! EXACTLY THE TREATMENT.. THE FLAIR.. I WANT! CHARLES LANGTON COLT!... I- I REMEMBER NOW... MANY YEARS AGO... AN OLD CODGER WITH FAR-OUT IDEAS... AND NOBODY WOULD USE HIM!
WHEREVER HE WAS.. THE OLD MAN HAD TO BE FOUND! HAD TO BE ALIVE!...
CHARLES LANGTON COLT, YOU'RE GOING TO DESIGN MY DREAMHOUSE... AND I WON'T TAKE "NO" FOR AN ANSWER!!

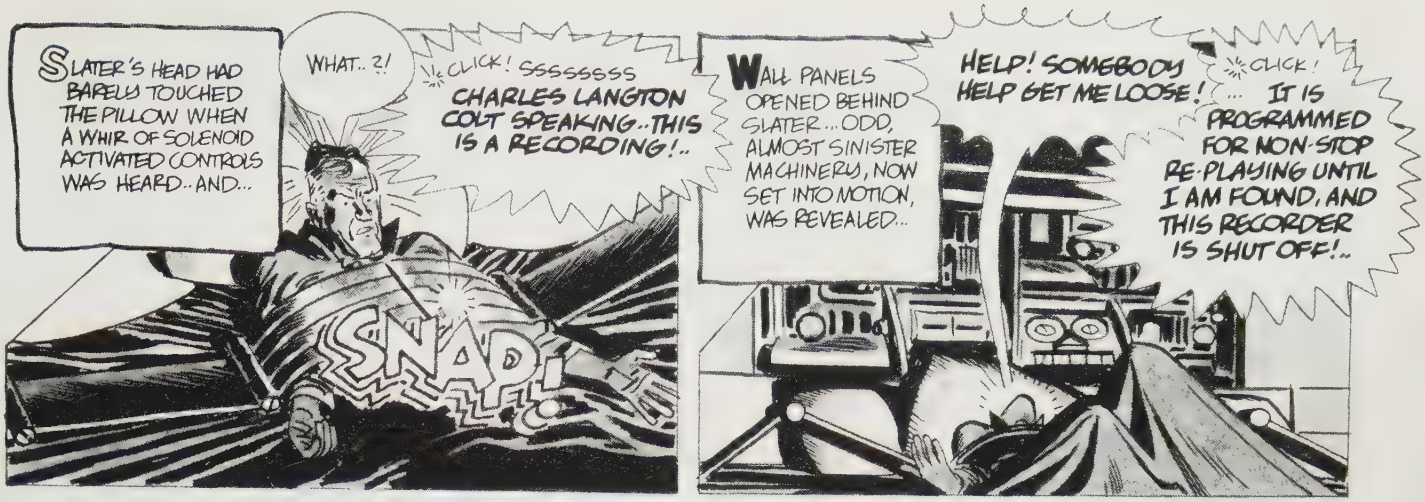
NO, MR. SLATER !!!
LISTEN TO ME, COLT! YOU'RE DYING AWAY IN THIS FLEABAG HOTEL ROOM! WASTING YOUR TALENT ON BALSA WOOD MODELS NO ONE WILL EVER SEE! HOW CAN YOU — ?
I VOWED A LONG TIME AGO, TO WORK ONLY FOR MYSELF! NO ONE ELSE APPRECIATES MY WORK... !!!
SLATER'S MIND WORKED QUICKLY... HE HAD TO HAVE COLT'S WORK!
THEN LET IT BE YOURS! MY FIRM WILL PUT UP THE MONEY... BUILD IT JUST THE WAY YOU WANT!! TO SUIT YOUR NEEDS! A MONUMENT TO YOUR GENIUS !!!
...MONUMENT?...
SURE! IT'LL BECOME AN ARCHITECTURAL SHRINE! THE HOME OF CHARLES LANGTON COLT...
I'M OLD, SLATER... MY HEALTH, FAILING RAPIDLY... BUT SINCE THIS LENDS ITSELF TO A PROJECT I'VE LONG HAD IN MIND... I'LL DO IT !!!
SO, IT BEGAN... A DYING OLD MAN, RACING AGAINST DEATH ..TO COMPLETE HIS LIFE-LONG DREAM...
IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH BUILDING... BUT IT'S A HONEY OF A SPOT!
I'VE PLANNED FOR EVERYTHING... THE HOUSE WILL BE.. AH.. TOTAL... FULFILL EVERY NEED!...
OLD
STOP
ROAD'S END

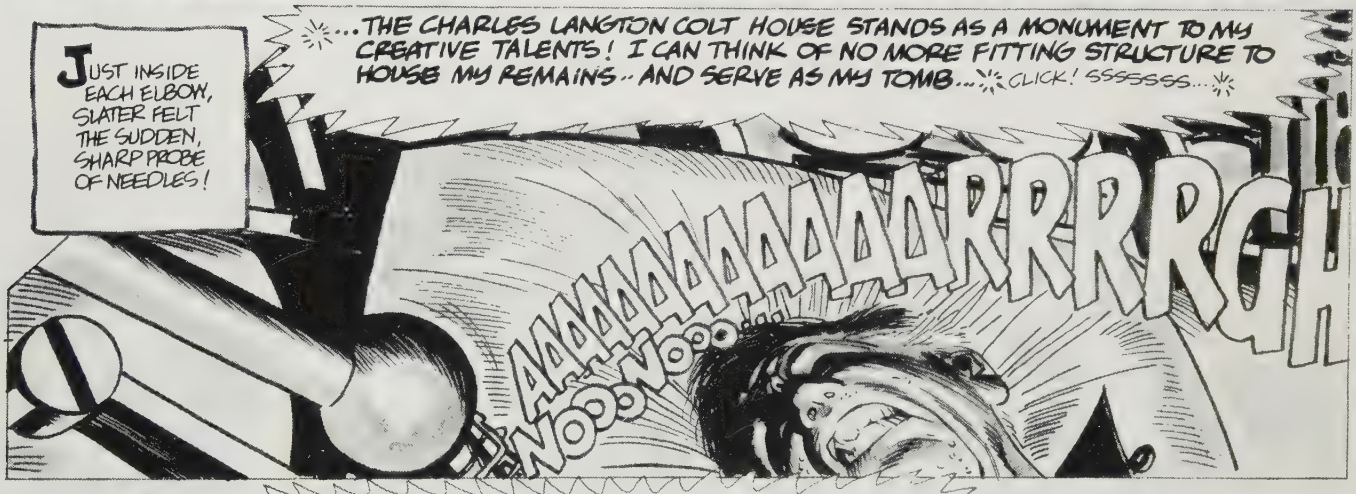
SLATER PUSHED... PUSHED AS HE'D NEVER PUSHED BEFORE..TO WIND UP THIS EXCITING PROJECT...
HAVE YOU SEEN EVERYTHING THE PLANS CALL FOR? I'VE BEEN IN CONSTRUCTION FOR THIRTY YEARS, BUT I'VE NEVER...
JUST DO IT!.. DON'T QUESTION GENIUS!!!
THE HOUSE TOOK FORM AND WAS NEARING ITS COMPLETION... ALL OF COLT'S REQUIREMENTS WERE BEING MET...
IT'S GOING PERFECTLY! THE CONSTRUCTION CREW DOESN'T REALLY NEED ME UNDERFOOT ANYMORE...! SHOULDN'T YOU BE KICKING OFF OUR PUBLICITY AND PROMOTION ABOUT NOW...?
THERE'S STILL A FEW POINTS I WANT TO TAKE UP WITH YOU BEFORE I GET TO THAT!
AHH, YES... THE MASTER BEDROOM... I'VE ALWAYS LOVED THE SEA! FITTING, THAT MY PLACE OF REST WILL BE HERE, OVERLOOKING ITS MAJESTIES...
..NOW.. WHAT IS IT YOU WISH TO "TAKE UP WITH ME," AS YOU PUT IT..?
JUST.. THIS!!!
YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

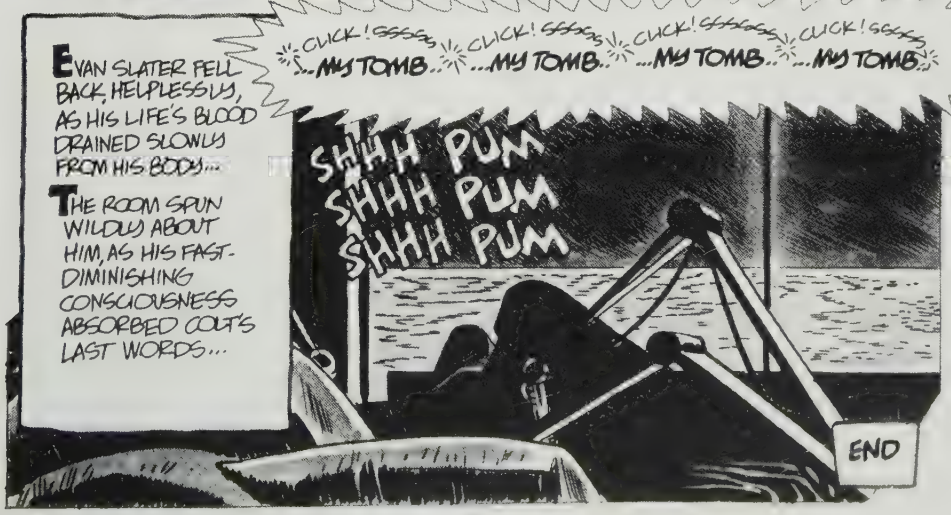

THE TRAGIC ACCIDENT WAS NOT GIVEN WIDE-SPREAD PUBLICITY... PROMOTION WAS QUITE VOLUMINOUS, HOWEVER, ON EVAN SLATER AND HIS NEW "DREAM HOUSE"!
BY THE TIME OF HIS HOUSE-WARMING GALA, NO ONE COULD EVEN REMEMBER, IN PASSING, THE NAME CHARLES LANGTON COLT...
EVERY NOTABLE IN THE WORLD OF ARCHITECTURE IS HERE TONIGHT —!
AFTER TONIGHT, THERE'S ONLY ONE NOTABLE IN THE DESIGN WORLD... EVAN SLATER !!!
FANTASTIC WORK, THIS!
I'VE NE... SEEN ANYTHING AS DARING...!
THE GALA ENDED ALMOST TOO SOON FOR ONE VERY ELATED MR. SLATER..
WHAT A BRAWL! THE FIRM'LL BE SWAMPED WITH COMMISSIONS FROM NOW ON... THEY LOVED THE HOUSE... !!!

... AND WHY NOT? COLT THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING! AUTOMATIC LIGHTS, DOORS, CLIMATE CONTROLS... THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE !!!
BEDROOM DOORS HISSED SHUT BEHIND HIM WITH A CLICK!
SOUNDPROOF BEDROOM... OCEAN VIEW... CHARLES LANGTON COLT DIDN'T OMIT A THING!...

...GREAT NIGHT! I'VE EARNED A LONG REST!...







BUILDING COLT'S HOUSE WAS A BIG **DRAIN** ON EVAN SLATER, TO BE SURE.. BUT HE'S GOT AN **ENDLESS SUPPLY OF TIME** TO REST UP!

NOW, IF **YOU'RE** TOO SHOOK UP TO REST, TAKE A LOOK AT THE NEXT LI'L CHILLER I'VE **CONSTRUCTED** FOR YOU!

ART BY EUGENE COLAN/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

NOW THAT OUR PULSATING PROLOGUE IS OVER, LET'S FIND OUT WHAT THE SHOUTING IS ALL ABOUT... BERT CAINE IS GOING TO TELL YOU OF THE HORRIFIC HAPPENINGS ON THE OCEAN FLOOR THAT DROVE HIM INTO THE BOOBY HATCH AND LEFT HIM WITH A BAD CASE OF...
FULL FATHOM FRIGHT
SAM AND I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET THE OLD MAN CHARTER OUR BOAT OR OUR SERVICES... WE COULD HAVE GONE ON BEING BEACH BUMS, SCRAPING OUT A LIVING... BUT WE DIDN'T! WE WERE TOO EAGER... AND GREEDY!
THE OLD MAN WASN'T NUTS! IT'S DOWN HERE ... JUST LIKE HE SAID!
Gene Colan

IT'S DOWN THERE! AND THE CHEST IS INSIDE! IT'LL TAKE SAM AND ME BOTH TO GET IT OUT!
CHEST GIVES OFF A FUNNY GLOW...LIGHTS UP THE INNER HULL OF THE WRECK...KINDA SPOOKY! MUST BE PHOSPHORUS!
HIM AND THAT BOOK...THAT BLASTED OLD BOOK...WITH ITS HAND-SCRAWLED PAGES...ANCIENT AND EVIL...
JUST AS THE BOOK SAID! YOU MUST BRING IT UP IMMEDIATELY!
MUST BE SOMETHIN' PRETTY VALUABLE IN THAT CHEST... MAYBE TREASURE, HUH?
VALUABLE? BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS! DON'T TRY TO OPEN IT DOWN THERE... JUST BRING IT UP TO ME! I'VE WAITED YEARS FOR THIS...IT'S GOING TO BE MINE! TO DO WITH AS I WANT...MINE! AFTER CENTURIES BELOW...
KACHUNG
GUESS THAT TREASURE WON'T BE HIS AFTER ALL...

HEY! NOW WE CAN GET A LOOK AT THE BOOK... SEE HOW HE KNEW ABOUT ALL THIS!
WITH THAT TREASURE CHEST WAITIN' BELOW? COME ON!
IF ONLY I'D LOOKED AT THE BOOK THEN! INSTEAD OF AFTERWARD WHEN IT WAS TOO LATE!
ALL WE COULD THINK OF WAS GOLD AND JEWELS WAITING FOR US IN THE ROTTING HULL OF THAT SHIP... WAITING IN THAT STRANGE GLOWING CHEST...
SAM WAS MORE ANXIOUS THAN I WAS... WHEN HE SAW THE LIGHT COMING FROM WITHIN THE HULL, HE PUSHED ON AHEAD...
HE COULDN'T WAIT... BEFORE I COULD CATCH UP, SAM WAS PRYING AT THE LID TO THE CHEST...

POOR SAM! HE NEVER GOT TO SEE THE BOOK... NEVER GOT TO KNOW ABOUT THE SHIP AND ITS ORIGINAL PASSENGERS... A WEIRD CULT DRIVEN OUT OF ENGLAND... DRIVEN OUT FOR WORSHIPPING ... DEMONS!
THE OLD MAN HAD KNOWN! FOUND THE BOOK AND BELIEVED... WANTED TO REKINDLE THE CULT'S POWER... TO BRING BACK WHAT HAD BEEN SHUT IN THE CHEST FOR THE CENTURIES SINCE THE SHIP WAS SUNK!
DOWN DEEP UNDERWATER THEY CALL IT THE SILENT WORLD... BUT WHEN SAM OPENED THE CHEST, I HEARD A SOUND... A LOUD HORRIBLE SOUND!
AWWWRROWWRRRR

THE T-THING TORE INTO SAM AND CAME RUSHING FORWARD TOWARD ME...SOMEHOW MY PETRIFIED FINGERS FOUND THE TRIGGER TO THE SPEAR GUN...
THUNNGG
THE WATER BOILED WITH THE CREATURE'S THRASHINGS AS THE SPEAR WENT HOME, THEN TURNED INTO AN INKY BLACK CLOUD... AND OUT OF IT SWIRLED WHAT WAS LEFT OF MY BROTHER!
SOMEHOW I MADE IT TO OUR BOAT... BUT AS I PULLED SAM ABOARD...
SAM! WHAT THE --
I CLUTCHED ONTO SAM AND SHOT FOR THE SURFACE, NEVER ONCE LOOKING BACK TO THE DEPTHS BELOW WHERE I KNEW THAT CENTURIES-OLD HORROR WAS STILL LOOSE AND RAMPANT!
OH, MY GOD!

LIKE A WEREWOLF OR VAMPIRE, THE BITE OF THE DEMON HAD BEEN INFECTIOUS... TRANSFORMING SAM! BUT BEING A CREATURE OF THE DEEP, ONE OTHER ELEMENT WAS NECESSARY FOR THE CHANGE... WATER!
THUD
COULD I BECOME ONE TOO? THE THING THAT HAD ONCE BEEN MY BROTHER WAS DRAGGING ME NEAR THE SIDE OF THE BOAT TOWARD THE WATER WHEN MY HAND GRASPED COLD STEEL...
AWWWWOOOR
IT WAS MY LAST DESPERATE CHANCE! I JERKED THE SPEAR FROM THE OLD MAN'S BODY AND PLUNGED IT INTO THE CREATURE!
SPLASH
WOUNDED AND BLEEDING, I GRASPED THE OLD MAN'S BOOK, THAT VOLUME OF THE CULT HANDED DOWN FOR GENERATIONS, LOOKING FOR ANSWERS... ANSWERS I NOW KNOW ALL TOO WELL!
I WAS STILL READING THE BOOK WHEN THAT AWESOME THING FROM BELOW STRUCK WITH FULL FURY!
SMASSHHH

EPILOGUE: THE PATIENT'S SCREAMING STILL ECHOED IN THE CORRIDORS AS THE DOCTORS CHATTED IN THEIR OFFICE...
COAST GUARD FOUND HIM ATOP A LARGE PIECE OF WRECKAGE... REMARKABLY ENOUGH, HE'D MANAGED TO KEEP DRY...
BUT NOT THIS BOOK! MOST OF THE INK'S BEEN WASHED AWAY...
THE BOOK WAS HARMLESS! GUILT OVER KILLING THE OLD MAN MADE BERT'S MIND CREATE THE DEMON, DROVE HIM TO KILL SAM... IT HAPPENED IN THE WATER, HENCE HIS NEUROTIC FEAR WATER WILL TRANSFORM HIM... IT'S CLASSIC!
I KNOW... YET I WORRY ABOUT SHOCK THERAPY...
NO NEED TO... IT'S JUST THE STANDARD TREATMENT!
THAT'S WHY I'M UNEASY... THE TREATMENT INCLUDES ELECTRO-THERAPY PLUS--
YAHHH!
--B- BATHS IN HOT AND COLD WATER!!
AWROWRRR
OOPS! LOOKS LIKE THE DOCS PRESCRIBED THE WRONG TREATMENT! AND THEY THINK THEIR PATIENTS ARE NUTS... ONCE BERT JOINS THEM, THEY'LL PROBABLY SEA THEIR MISTAKE! MEANTIME, THERE'S OCEANS OF TERROR BUBBLING UP IN MY NEXT ISSUE!

THIS PLANT ACTUALLY EATS INSECTS AND BITS OF MEAT!

VENUS FLY TRAP

$1.00 THE WORLD'S MOST UNUSUAL HOUSE PLANT!

Unwary insect touches sensitive hairs, causing trap to shut. Plant then dissolves & digests insect. Trap will bite at (but will NOT bite off) more than it can chew—such as a finger or a pencil. In a few days, after eating an insect, it will reopen for more food.

A BEAUTIFUL PLANT! The VENUS FLY TRAP is unusually beautiful! It bears lovely white flowers on 12" stems. Its dark green leaves are tipped with lovely pink traps—colorful and unusual!

EATS FLIES AND INSECTS! Each pink trap contains a bit of nectar. It is this color and sweetness which attracts the unsuspecting insect. Once he enters the trap, it snaps shut. Digestive juices then dissolve him. When the insect has been completely absorbed, the trap reopens and prettily awaits another insect!

FEED IT RAW BEEF! If there are no insects in your house, you can feed the traps tiny slivers of raw beef. The plant will thrive on such food. When there is no food for the traps, the plant will feed normally through its root system.

EASY TO GROW! The VENUS FLY TRAP bulbs grow especially well in the home. They thrive in glass containers and will develop traps in 3 to 4 weeks. Each order includes 3 FLY TRAPS plus SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL packed in a plastic bag. Only $1.00.

ADMIRED BY CHARLES DARWIN, FAMOUS BOTANIST AND EXPLORER

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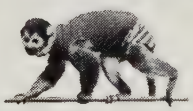
WHO ELSE WANTS A LIVE MONKEY

FREE CAGE! FREE LEASH & COLLAR!



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ANTS—

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In Their Own ANT FARM!

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. . . Only DOGS Can Hear It!

DIG THAT CRAZY WHISTLE!

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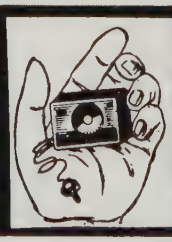

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NEW TERROR IN THE CREEPY TRADITION!

EERIE

PDC

JULY
No. 4

A WARREN MAGAZINE 35¢

A Strange
Lurking Horror Haunts
THE ISLAND AT WORLDS END!

HERE'S THE LATEST IN OUR SHRIEKING SERIES OF ***MONSTROUS MASTERPIECES***... DUST OFF A SPOT ON THE WALL OF YOUR TOMB AND GET READY TO HANG THIS ENTRY IN...

EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!

NO. 3 – ZOMBIES!

A THROB OF DRUMS FROM FAR-OFF HILLS, THE SHARP CRY OF A SOUL-BIRD... DOORS ARE BARRED AND SIMPLE MEN DRAW CLOSE ABOUT THEIR LAMPS... NOW THROUGH MOON-DRENCHED FIELDS, A DREADFUL COMPANY MOVES! DEAD BODIES GIVEN DIM AND SOULLESS LIFE BY VOODOO CULT PRIESTS THROUGH UNLAWFUL NECROMANCY AND SENT TO TOIL IN NIGHTED CANEBRAKES! ONLY WHEN FED SALT CAN THESE SLAVE CREATURES FIND PEACE FROM THEIR TASKMASTERS!

ART BY ROY G. KRENKEL

EERIE

NO.4

PUBLISHER: James Warren **ASSISTANT TO PUBLISHER:** Richard Conway

EDITOR: Archie Goodwin **COVER:** Gray Morrow **LETTERING:** Ben Oda

STAFF ARTISTS: Eugene Colan, Reed Crandall, Steve Ditko, Frank Frazetta, Rocco Mastroserio, Gray Morrow, Joe Orlando, John Severin, Jay Taycee, Angelo Torres, Alex Toth, Al Williamson

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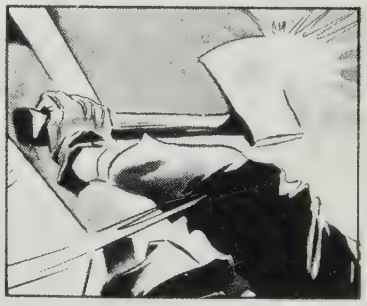


DEAR COUSIN EERIE

I think your magazine is the greatest ever published. I just bought the latest issue, #3. Boy, was it great. The writers and the artists were their usual imaginative selves. But one thing bothers me . . . Don't the writers who dream up all the fantastic stories ever get nightmares?

Larry Leyenberger
Ridgewood, New Jersey

Most of the writers who dream up our fantastic stories ARE nightmares . . . Besides, I keep them so busy writing they barely have time to sleep, let alone dream!—CE.

I subscribe to CREEPY and BLAZING COMBAT, but believe me. EERIE is tops, although it's not as good as CREEPY. I'm going to subscribe to your mag also though. I've read both issues, and liked the second a little better.

"Soul of Horror" is the best horror story I've ever read except for "Fitting Punishment" in CREEPY #8. "The Lighthouse" was terrible. "Room with a View" was pretty good. "Monsterwork" was really good. "Under the Skin" was good. "Monster Gallery" in both issues was beautiful artwise and textwise. I liked "The Monument" very much as well as "Full Fathom Fright."

By the way, does Stevey Ditko help with the art in Marvel comics? Frank Frazetta's cover was beautiful, but let Gray Morrow do the next one. Don't forget to have an Eeerie Fan Club . . . Uncle Creepy's club is great. He looks wonderful in the picture.

Hale Roberts
Jackson, Mississippi

Frank Frazetta can make ANYBODY look wonderful, you should see Unc in the flesh (what there is left of it), YECHHH! The way you're building up ol' stringbean's ego, I shouldn't be so good to you, Hale, but I had Gray Morrow do the cover anyway! As for Startling Steve Ditko, any Spiderman or Dr. Strange fan would agree he did a lot more than help—CE.

First of all, let me say that EERIE #3 was very, very good. It's Archie Goodwin and your very talented writers and artists that make it this way. Archie is your best writer, his "Full Fathom Fright" was exceptionally good. About your staff artist, Frank Frazetta and Reed Crandall excluded, Gene Colan and John Severin are at the top of the list. Both Jay Taycee and Joe Orlando when working in opaque paints and wash are at their best (Taycee's handling of scenes from various angles is exceptionally well done; in this respect he tops both Frazetta and Crandall). Frazetta's cover, though beautifully executed, was one of the most disappointing he has done. His art for "Easy Way to a Tuff Surfboard" at the end of the magazine was great. Which keeps me hoping we'll see more of his work, even if they are public Service Messages.

It was surprising to see Steve Ditko's art. His handling of the story proves that some artists are better than the comics make their work appear.

See if you can get the following artists to draw some stories for EERIE or CREEPY: Fortunino Matania (he is absolutely the greatest thing since Frazetta), J. Allen St. John, Joe Kubert, and last of all, let's see what Russ Heath can do in an artistically challenging magazine.

Max Aldahondo, Jr.
New York, New York

Russ Heath rises to the artistic challenge in BLAZING COMBAT #4, on sale May 12 th. (There, Goodwin! I've plugged your war rag . . . NOW will you write next issue's scripts?) Matania and St. John are no longer living, but perhaps someday our clutching claws can grasp the talent of Mr. Kubert.—CE.

I just bought and read #3 of EERIE and it's just fabulous! That eye-catching cover by Frazetta is just great! The best new artist you picked up was Rocco Mastroserio. He does tremendous work with pen and ink. Archie Goodwin's idea for the story "Monsterwork" was done superbly . . .

David Licht
Greensboro, North Carolina

Rocco writhes again in this issue's "Gnawing Fear", scripted by Ron Parker, as you frenzied fans will find on page 22.

I just wanted to let you know how much I liked the fact that you ran that Frank Frazetta thing on the inside back cover of the May EERIE. Your mags seem to appeal to a thinking audience, and running this anti-smoking ad shows a concern on the part of the people behind the mag for their readership.

Frazetta used the same elements of emotional appeal that is used in most of today's cigarette advertising, fighting fire with fire! Good work.

Jay Lynch
Chicago, Illinois

Warren's not such a do-gooder! He figures most of the money saved by readers on cigarettes may be used for subscriptions to his mags instead of for surfboards.—CE.

I chanced to read one of your magazines through the recommendation of an ex-friend. I was greatly impressed with your three-year-old vocabulary. Your stories were genuinely intriguing (for the first two sentences). It was evident that your writing staff was educated at the kindergarden class of Maview Insane Asylum. Your books's action was second only to that of the telephone book. If you continue to write stories such as these I can assure that you will be bankrupt in two months.

Pat Clowes
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

All right, admit it, Pat . . . Uncle Creepy PAID you! (Stop crying, Goodwin . . . At least your mother likes your work!) —CE.

Although I rarely find it necessary to write to a comic magazine letter section, as I gradually kept reading your magazines I knew you and your crew were on to something good. Namely CREEPY, BLAZING COMBAT, and your newest masterpiece, EERIE.

Frazetta's artwork is just great. The way he vividly applies his art to your magazines makes the scene look truly lifelike. And Archie Goodwin's stories are terrific. The manner in which his imagination is applied is great, every single detail in your stories are given thought. The stories I liked best were: "Soul of Horror", "Room with a View", and "The Monument".

Horror, terror, etc. is my favorite reading material and your magazines CREEPY & EERIE) give me plenty of it. BLAZING COMBAT also brings out the many horrors of war . . . I also like the idea of having your books named after two characters (Uncle Creepy and Cousin Eeerie) . . . As soon as your next batch of terror-filled goodies hit the stands, don't be surprised if I'm the first frantic buyer in line.

Louis Sabater
Bronx, New York

Usually your stories are great. They are written in a style that is just within the believable, until the monster appears. But what gives? In "The Monument", do you really think the housing authorities would let Colt install his own embalming machine?

Edward Drumm
Paterson, New Jersey

Sure, but the Undertakers Union might gripe a bit.—CE.

Issue #3 was just great. The front cover was horrible (compliment) and the color terrific. I think "Soul of Horror" was very good with a nice plot. I remember Steve Ditko from another magazine. I hope he draws more of the stories. By the way, have you seen the other types of horror comics? I should have been hung for buying one. They have crummy art with absolutely no plot. All horror comics except EERIE and CREEPY are "Thumbs down"!

Richard McKeon
Brooklyn, New York

Keep those beady little eyes peeled for the Warren Publishing label on the cover and you fiendish fans can avoid getting stuck with any of the opposition's loathsome lemons!—CE.

Superb, terrific, fabulous, magnificent, excellent, gorgeous, sumptuous, beautiful, stunning, and even good. These are the words I HAVE to use in describing EERIE #3, and I use them only because I can't find words which are really good enough for it . . .

I'm glad to see you have Steve Ditko doing artwork for you now. Although I usually don't care for his art in regular colored comics, I think he did a great job in black and white, and I hope he stays with you for a long, long time. I also hope you will use more Severin and Crandall artwork in the future, and continue to give us the same high quality stories.

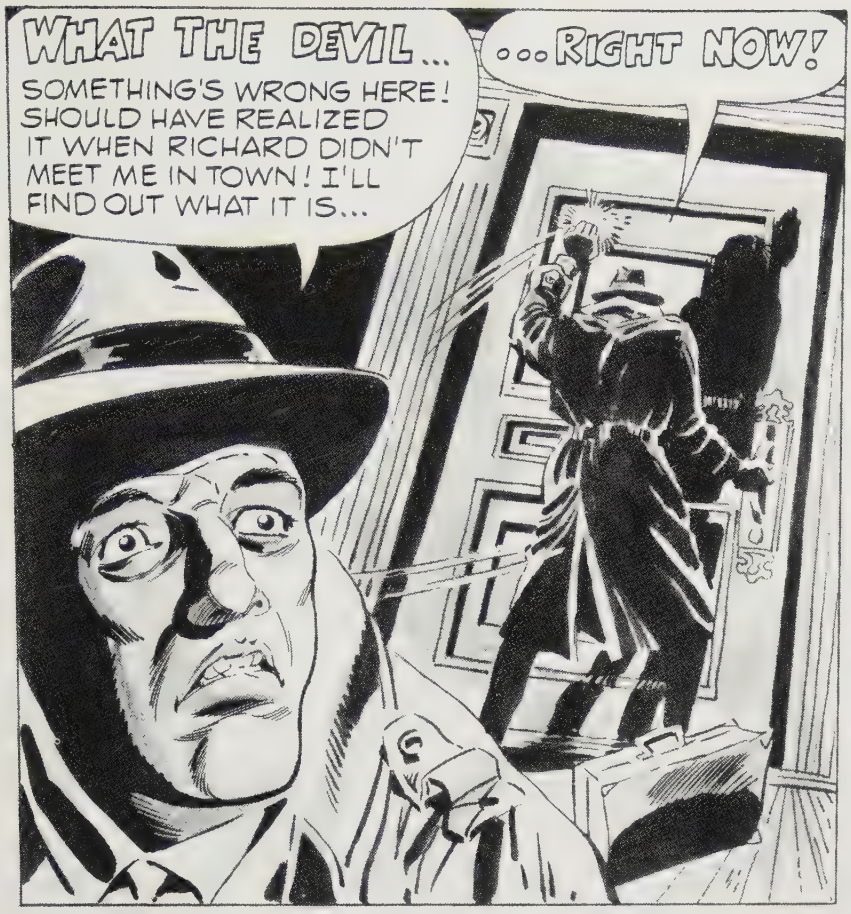
Robert Wilczynski
Chicago, Illinois

Will do, Robert!—CE.

Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to: EERIE LETTERS, Dept. 4, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

ART BY JOE ORLANDO/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

LOOK HERE! MY BROTHER LIVES THERE... HE'S EXPECTING ME! I'LL PAY--
MISTER, AIN'T NOBODY IN THIS COUNTY'D GO NEAR THAT PLACE! WARNED TH'OTHER FELLA WHEN I BRUNG 'IM OUT AN' I'M WARNING YOU!
LEE HARGRAVES WAS ANNOYED. ANNOYED BY THE WINDING DUSTY ROAD, THE HEAT OF THE LATE AFTERNOON SUN, THE SUPERSTITIOUS DRIVEL OF BACK COUNTRY NATIVES, AND ANNOYED BY THE IRRESPONSIBILITY OF A YOUNGER BROTHER WHO WAS CONSTANTLY CALLING FOR HELP...
LORD, WHAT A HORROR! HOW DOES HE GET INVOLVED IN THINGS LIKE THIS...
STILL, HIS TELEGRAM SOUNDED URGENT!
RICHARD!
HEY, RICHARD! BIG BROTHER'S HERE TO BAIL YOU OUT AGAIN!
HEY!
KER-RASH


WHAT THE DEVIL...
SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE! SHOULD HAVE REALIZED IT WHEN RICHARD DIDN'T MEET ME IN TOWN! I'LL FIND OUT WHAT IT IS...
...RIGHT NOW!

A MUSTY ODOR OF FETID DECAY MADE HARGRAVES WINCE AS HE PUSHED THROUGH COBWEBS TO THE MOSS-COATED INTERIOR OF THE ANCIENT STRUCTURE...
YOUNG FOOL! FANCIES HIMSELF A POE OR LOVE-CRAFT... WANTS TO WRITE IN ATMOSPHERE LIKE THIS!

OVER ROTTING CREAKING TIMBERS, HE MOVED THROUGH ROOM AFTER DECAYING ROOM, DISGUSTED, FASCINATED, AND SOMEWHAT UNEASY...
MUCK IS ALL OVER EVERYTHING...
RICHARD! WHERE ARE YOU, BOY? RICHARD!
GGGGAAROOOOOOOOOH

HARDLY HAD THE SOUND FADED THAN IT BECAME IMPOSSIBLE TO BELIEVE SO HORRIBLE A THING COULD BE HEARD...NOT AND STILL BE SANE!
HARGRAVES MOVED ON... NOW SHOUTING, NOW WHISPERING... THROUGH MOSS ENCRUSTED CORRIDERS. SOMETIMES SLIPPING, STUMBLING, TOUCHING THE DAMP ROT WITH A SHIVER...
MUST BE THE WIND...ONLY THE WIND! OR AN ANIMAL... WILD ANIMAL IN THE WOODS! HEH, HEH... BLASTED OLD HOUSE!
HIS STUDY! DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE BEEN USED FOR A WHILE... DECAY'S SETTING IN HERE TOO!
JUNE 30th! SETTLED AT LAST... THE HOUSE IS EVERYTHING I'D HOPED! RICH IN LEGEND AND LORE... FASCINATING AND HORRIBLE...
RECORDER I GAVE HIM LAST BIRTHDAY... TAPE STILL ON IT! WONDER IF ROT'S GOTTEN THE BATTERIES?
RICHARD!

"BUILT IN 1790 BY THE JAPES FAMILY... A BARBAROUS CLAN OF MANIACS WHO PILLAGED THE COUNTRYSIDE, COMMITTING UNSPEAKABLE ACTS ON NEIGHBORS AND UNSUSPECTING TRAVELERS!"
"FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY THEY INBRED AND FLOURISHED, BECOMING A SPAWN OF DEVIL WORSHIPPERS AND PRACTICIONERS OF MALIGNANT AND UNHOLY RITES..".
"NOT UNTIL 1848 DID AN OUTRAGED POPULACE SEND THE MILITIA UPON THEM, DESTROYING EVERY LIVING JAPES...BUT THE HOUSE, INTENDED TO BE BURNED TO THE GROUND, WAS SPARED..".
"A FEARFUL, ALMOST UNNATURAL RAINSTORM, PREVENTED THE ACTION! THE HOUSE OF EVIL WAS BOARDED UP AND LEFT STANDING... SOME SAY THE JAPES DEAD WERE LEFT INSIDE...LEFT TO DISSOLVE INTO THE VERY DECAY-RIDDEN TIMBERS OF THE HOUSE ITSELF!"

HARGRAVES TURNED OFF THE RECORDER. HIS HAND TREMBLED. WITHOUT HIS REALIZING, IT HAD GROWN DARK...

WHY DOES RICHARD DWELL ON SUCH DRIVAL? GOD, I WISH THERE WERE LIGHTS IN THIS PLACE!

ON

OFF

ALMOST INVOLUNTARILY, HIS FINGER PUNCHED THE 'PLAY' BUTTON... AGAIN RICHARD WAS SPEAKING... NO LONGER CAREFREE... VOICE TIGHTER, CHOKED...

JULY 3RD!

THIS WAS A MISTAKE... THERE'S EVIL IN THIS HOUSE! THE JAPES HAVE NEVER LOST THEIR HOLD...

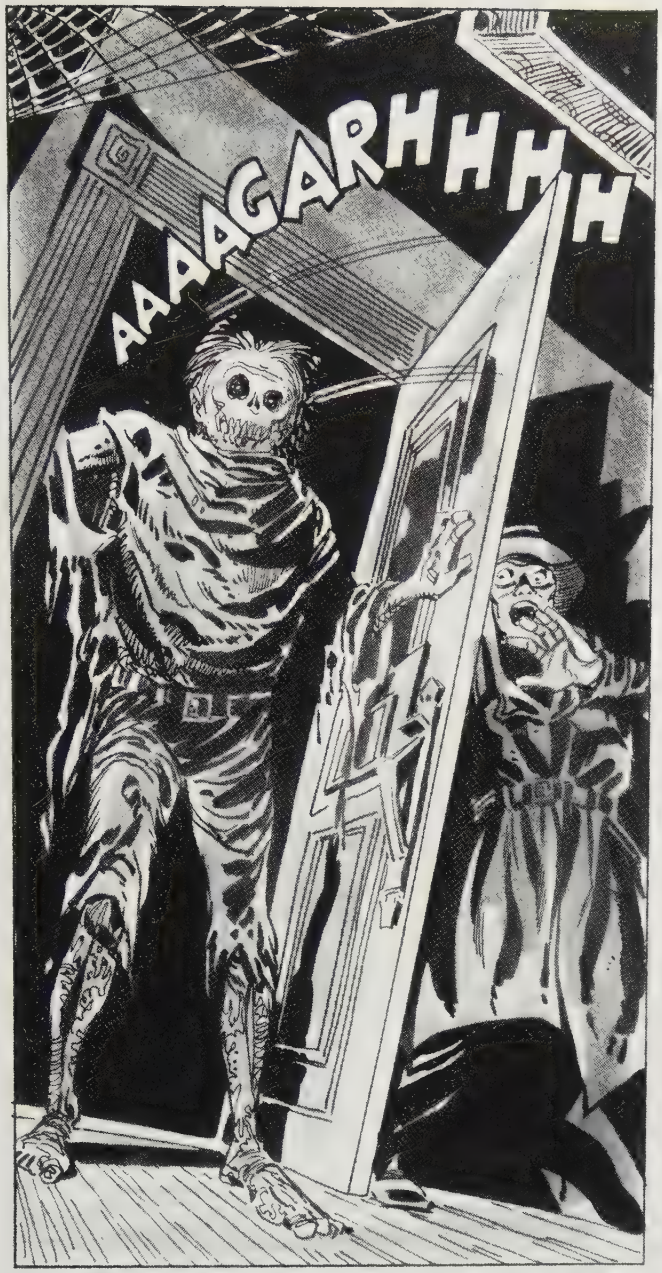
A NOISE! DOWNSTAIRS! SOMETHING MOVING...

CLOSER! GETTING CLOSER...

THE RECORDER! IT CAN HEAR THE #@!!%# TAPE!

THEIR HORROR LURKS... WAITING, STALKING... CLOSER, CLOSER... TO ITS PREY!

CLICK!

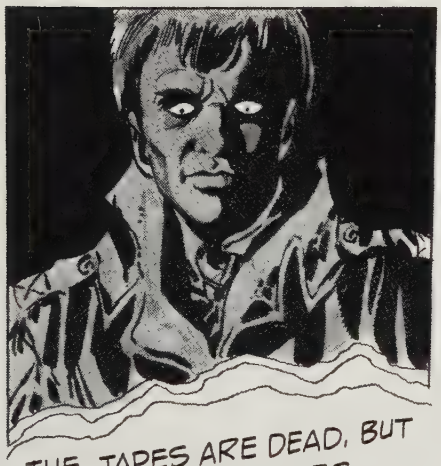


THE BURNING EYES OF THE NIGHTMARE CREATURE SEARCHED THE DARKNESS, AT LAST FINDING HARGRAVES! HE FELT HIMSELF GOING MAD...

CRUMBLING AND FETID, IT SLITHERED, STUMBLED FORWARD... HARGRAVES WAS STILL SCREAMING AS HE SEIZED THE ONLY THING CLOSE AT HAND...

LIKE A MAN IN A NIGHTMARE, HARGRAVES CRIED AND SHOUTED, PUMMELED AND KICKED, SMASHING, STOMPING, DESTROYING...

EXHAUSTON BROUGHT AN END. A BLACK BUBBLING SMEAR STRETCHED BEFORE HIM, THE HINT OF A HEAD WITHIN IT, THE DYING COALS OF FLAME EYES... SOMEWHERE, THE RECORDER TALKED ON... RICHARD'S VOICE, NOW RASPING, CROAKING...

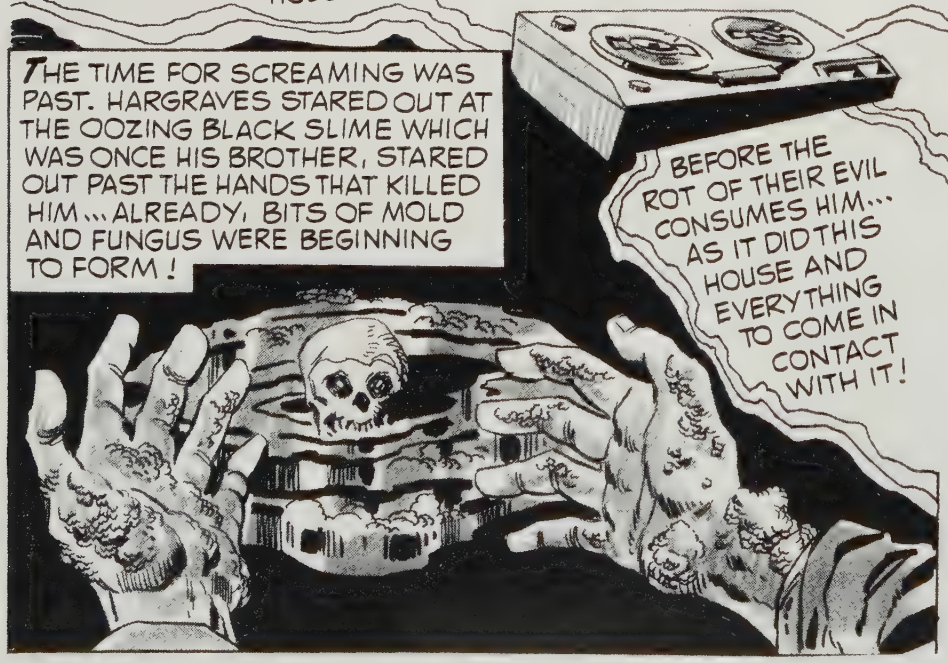

THE JAPES ARE DEAD, BUT THEIR EVIL CONTINUES... DESTROYING ALL WHO TOUCH THEIR CURSED HOUSE!

LEE WON'T GET HERE IN TIME... MUST STOP HIM! SCARE HIM AWAY...

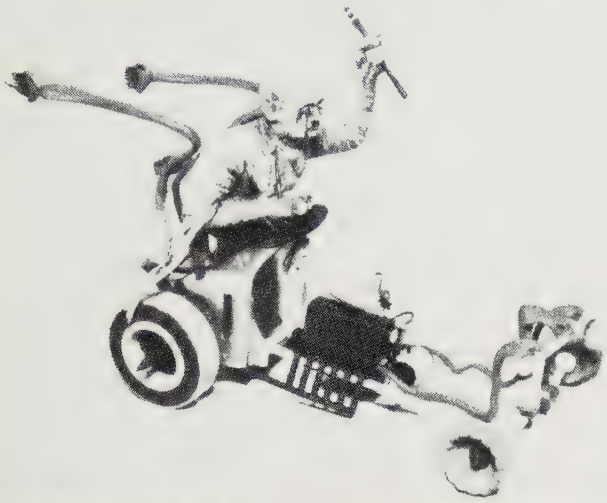
MUSTN'T LET IT GET HIM LIKE IT DID ME... GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE...

THE TIME FOR SCREAMING WAS PAST. HARGRAVES STARED OUT AT THE OOZING BLACK SLIME WHICH WAS ONCE HIS BROTHER, STARED OUT PAST THE HANDS THAT KILLED HIM... ALREADY, BITS OF MOLD AND FUNGUS WERE BEGINNING TO FORM!

BEFORE THE ROT OF THEIR EVIL CONSUMES HIM... AS IT DID THIS HOUSE AND EVERYTHING TO COME IN CONTACT WITH IT!



THAT'S WHAT WE LIKE, EH, KIDDIES? AN ENDING THAT GROWS ON YOU! OH, WELL, ENOUGH OF THIS ROT... MOLD YOUR MIND WITH THE NEXT BIT OF GORE IN STORE!



MUMMY'S CHARIOT

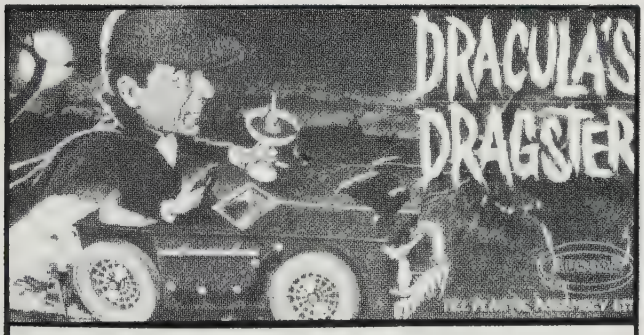
THEY NEVER DUG UP a mummy like this! How would you like to meet a fearsome mummy driving the craziest hot rod chariot ever made? You can have it yourself to build and enjoy. The bleeding MUMMY sits at back, whipping up a storm of speed and fury. Behind him are two sky-high exhausts shooting real hot rod "flames." Big wheels at the rear and eerie wheels at front get the contraption off to a good dying start. Old Kharis never had it so good, but YOU will the moment you get your own MUMMY'S CHARIOT. Only 98c, plus 27¢ postage & handling.

98c

WOLF MAN'S "WOLFWAGON"

YOU SURE will want this gruesome twosome — loveable WOLF MAN riding his eerie, awesome WOLFWAGON. This is a real Monster Hot Rod . . . from the tractor wheels in back to the fancy spoke jobs in front. Everyone will steer clear as Wolf Man drives this full-color contraption. Mole-mice are used for decorations; exhaust simulates racing car flame and fury. Ready to roll the moment you get it . . . and only 98c; plus 27¢ for postage & handling.

98c



DRACULA'S DRAGSTER

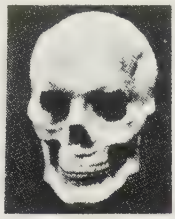
LOOK AT THIS! FRANKENSTEIN himself, riding his own gadget flivver! Cotton smoke pours from colorful engine. Special exhausts pour out red "flame." Fearful skulls decorate the wheels. Frankenstein steers with one monster hand . . . the other plays with his special "eyeball" yo-yo. Roll out the flivver, . . . watch Frankenstein tool on down the road. Complete kit is yours for only 98¢, plus 27¢ for postage & handling.

98c

FRANKENSTEIN'S FLIVVER

IMAGINE DRACULA on the drag strip! You can put him there in the way out, ghastly ghostly DRACULA DRAGSTER . . . a horror on wheels. Flames shoot from the exhaust . . . a bat perches on the radiator . . . eerie decorations adorn the front bumper. Sculptured Dracula steers the Dragster with one hand . . . holds a magic potion in the other while his red cape flies behind him. It looks as though Dracula is driving a coffin. And why not? That's what it is! You'll enjoy the ride with Dracula, and you can for only 98¢, plus 27¢ for postage & handling.

98c



HUMAN SKULL!

- UNBELIEVABLY REAL!
- DEEPEST EYE SOCKETS!
- TOOTHY, EERIE GRIN!

LOOK WHO'S HERE! Anyone you know? Maybe not, but you'll have a whale of a time with your own warm, loveable skull. Looks bone-dry and deathly pale. And why not. It's made of tough, unbreakable plastic, ashy white in color. Get one to scare friends and relatives; to put on desk, dresser or shelf. Then take good care of your skull . . . it will repay you with endless hours of warm enjoyment. Send only $1.25, plus 25c for postage.

$1.25

MONSTER HAND!

SANTA NEVER SAW CLAWS like these! Fierce-looking monster hands you wear over your hands, like grotesque gloves. Tucked inside a coat or shirtsleeve, the hands look horribly natural. Have fun with your own Monster Hands. $1.50 for 1 hand; $3.00 for the pair. Add 25c per hand for postage, handling.

HUMAN SKELETON!

IS THAT WHAT WE LOOK LIKE INSIDE??? YOU CAN'T walk around in your bones. Next best thing is this HUMAN SKELETON. A foot-high model, scaled from a 6' man; made of BONE WHITE flexible Superlon. No gluing, no painting: parts snap together. Free Anatomy Chart included. Only $1.00, plus 25c shipping & handling.

YOUR OWN MONSTER FLY!

WOW! LOOK WHAT'S ON THE WALL!

- OVER 8 INCHES LONG!
- STICKS TO ANYTHING!
- CUTE AND HORRIBLE!
- SCARES EVERYONE!

Developed especially for FAMOUS MONSTERS MAGAZINE readers. Realistic, 8" size; with transparent wings, blazing red eyes, flexible black legs, green body, black veins. Suction cup in nose lets MONSTER FLY stick to anything, any time, anywhere. Want to create a Monster Sensation. Get your MONSTER FLY right away. Only $1.98, plus 25c for shipping & handling.

MAD DOCTOR HYPODERMIC NEEDLE!

YOU'RE THE MAD DOCTOR with this amazing duplicate of your physician's real hypo syringe & needle. Take "blood" tests. Give "shots." Fool everyone. Blunt, harmless needle seems to enter vein but actually rides back into syringe. Tube seems to fill with victim's blood. Red liquid is built in to this safe, funny gadget. Only $1.50 plus 25c for postage & handling.

MONSTER FOOT!

PUT YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD wearing a grotesque MONSTER FOOT! Create a riot shuffling along, monster-style. Giant size; made of long-lasting latex rubber; riotously painted. Goes on over shoe. Full price only $1.50 each foot; $3.00 for complete pair, plus 25c per foot for postage.

GRUESOME SKULL CUP!

THIS MAY KILL your thirst, but think of the fun as you die laughing, drinking from your SKULL CUP. Perfect copy of a real skull. Made of fine ceramic, with bone-like handle. Order several and have a good time with your pals. Makes milk and anything else taste better. 1 SKULL MUG . . . $1.75, plus 35c postage & handling. Set of 3, only $3.50, plus 50c for postage.

GIANT 10-FOOT RUBBER SNAKE!

WRAP YOURSELF in this SLITHERING SNAKE and people will admire your courage. It's a huge, 10-foot rubber snake, blows up with air and curls round and round. Good for fooling people; and even more fun when swimming, as an aid in floating. Only $1.98, plus 25c for postage, handling.

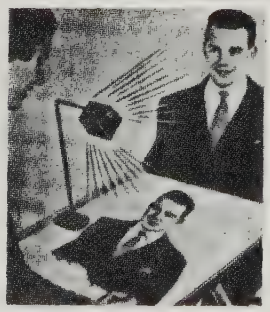
HORRIBLE HERMAN — DARES YOU TO LOOK IN THE BOX!

WHAT'S IN THE BOX? Only you know and you can dare anyone to look. It's HORRIBLE HERMAN, the hideous ASIATIC INSECT. Has a fur body, scaly head, red eyes, twin tendrils. You can also make him lift his head and move around. Only 75c plus 25c for postage.

DRACULA'S OWN "RUBBER BAT"

IF IT'S TRUE that people fear bats, you'll have the time of your life when they walk in on this one. DRACULA's OWN RUBBER BAT, so real it may even scare you. Suction cup lets you put him on wall, closets, fences, beds, etc. Then have fun driving folks crazy with fear. Only 75c, plus 25c for postage and handling.

LETS YOU DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE!



NO TALENT! NO LESSONS!

Yes, anyone can draw or sketch or paint anything now . . . the very firse time you use the "Magic Art Reproducer" like a professional artist—no matter how hopeless you think you are! You can have an accurate original drawing that anyone would think an artist had done. Use it on any desk, table, board, etc.—indoors or outdoors! Have fun! Be popular! Everyone will ask you to draw them. After a short time, you may find you can draw well without the "Magic Art Reproducer" because you have developed a "knack" and feeling artists have—which may lead to a good paying art career.

- HUMAN FIGURES
- OUTDOOR SCENES—LANDSCAPES, BUILDINGS
- STILL LIFE—VASES, BOWLS OF FRUIT, FLOWERS, LAMPS, FURNITURE
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PLEASE RUSH my amazing MAGIC ART REPRODUCER. I enclose $1.98, plus 25c for postage & handling.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP CODE NO.....

USE THIS COUPON TO ORDER **ADDAMS FAMILY HOUSE**
SHOWN ON PAGE 58

PLEASE SEND ME the "ADDAMS FAMILY HAUNTED HOUSE" for which I enclose $1.98 plus 60c shipping charge.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP CODE.....

USE THIS COUPON TO ORDER **MONSTERS PRINTING SET**
SHOWN ON PAGE 59

PLEASE SEND ME the Amazing New "FAMOUS MONSTERS PHOTO PRINTING SET," for which I enclose $3.98, plus 75c shipping charge. Money Back Guarantee.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP CODE.....

USE THIS COUPON TO ORDER **WONDER WOMAN KIT**
SHOWN ON PAGE 66

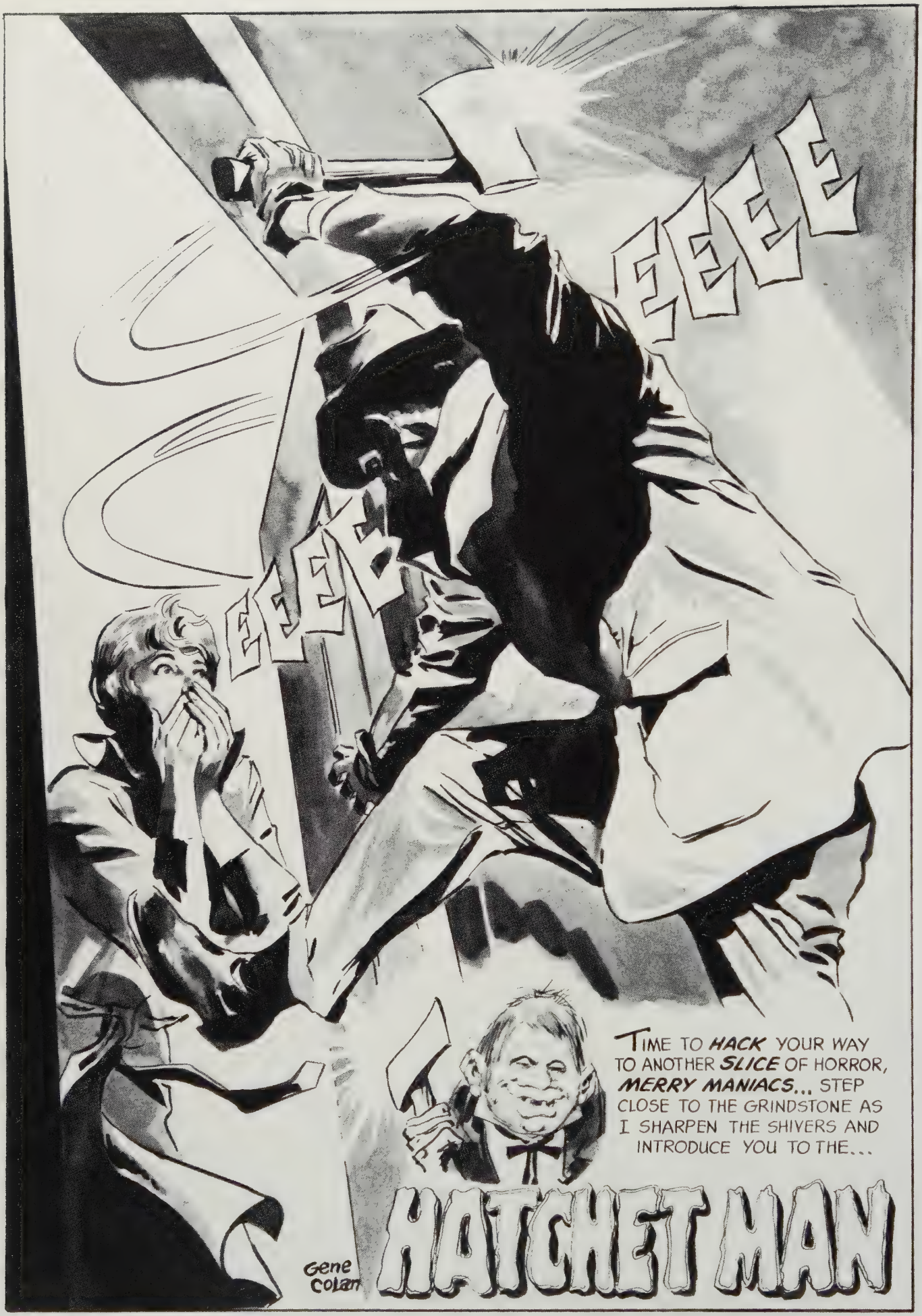
PLEASE SEND ME the WONDER WOMAN KIT for which I enclose 98¢, plus 27¢ shipping charge. Money Back Guarantee.

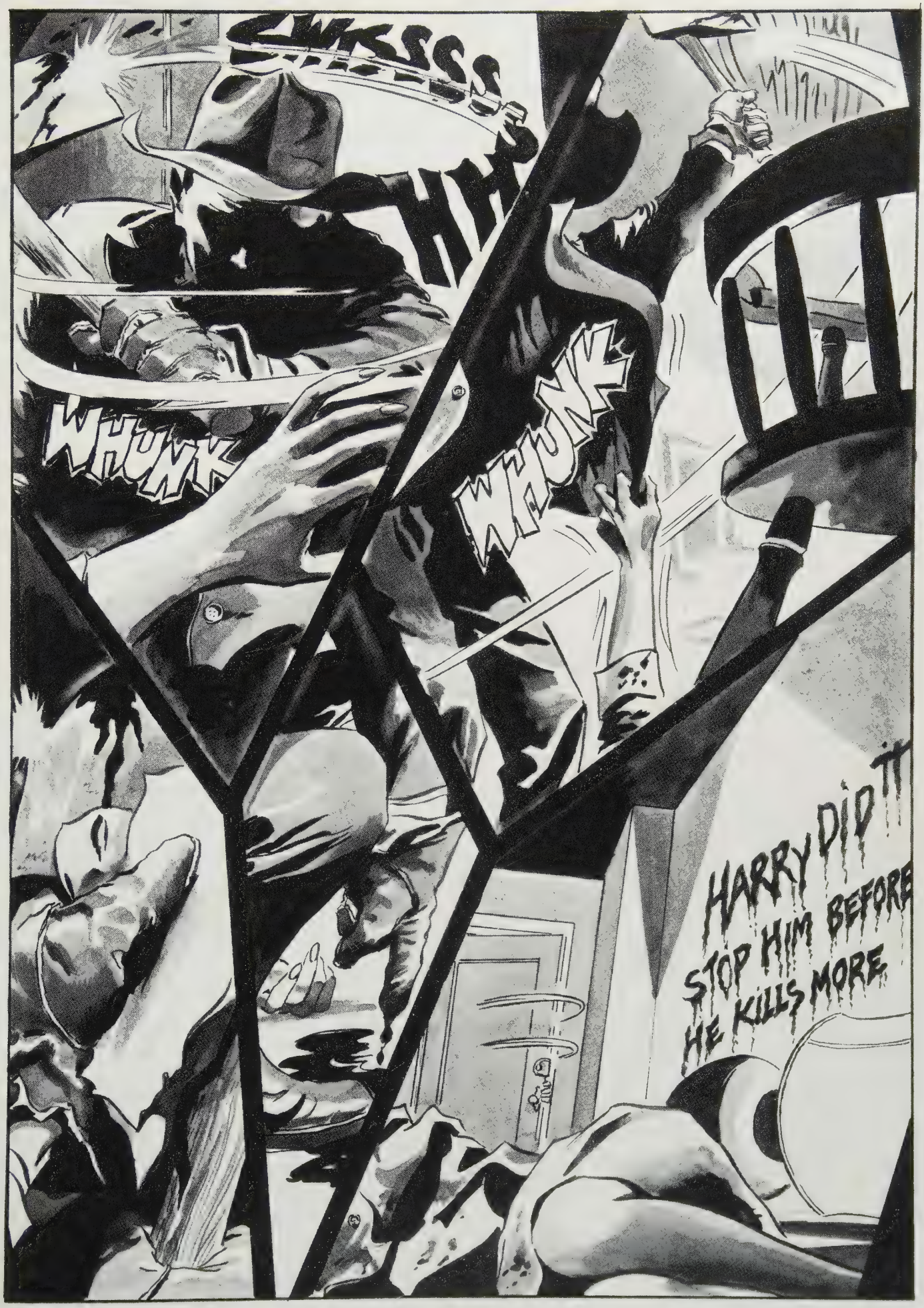
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP CODE.....

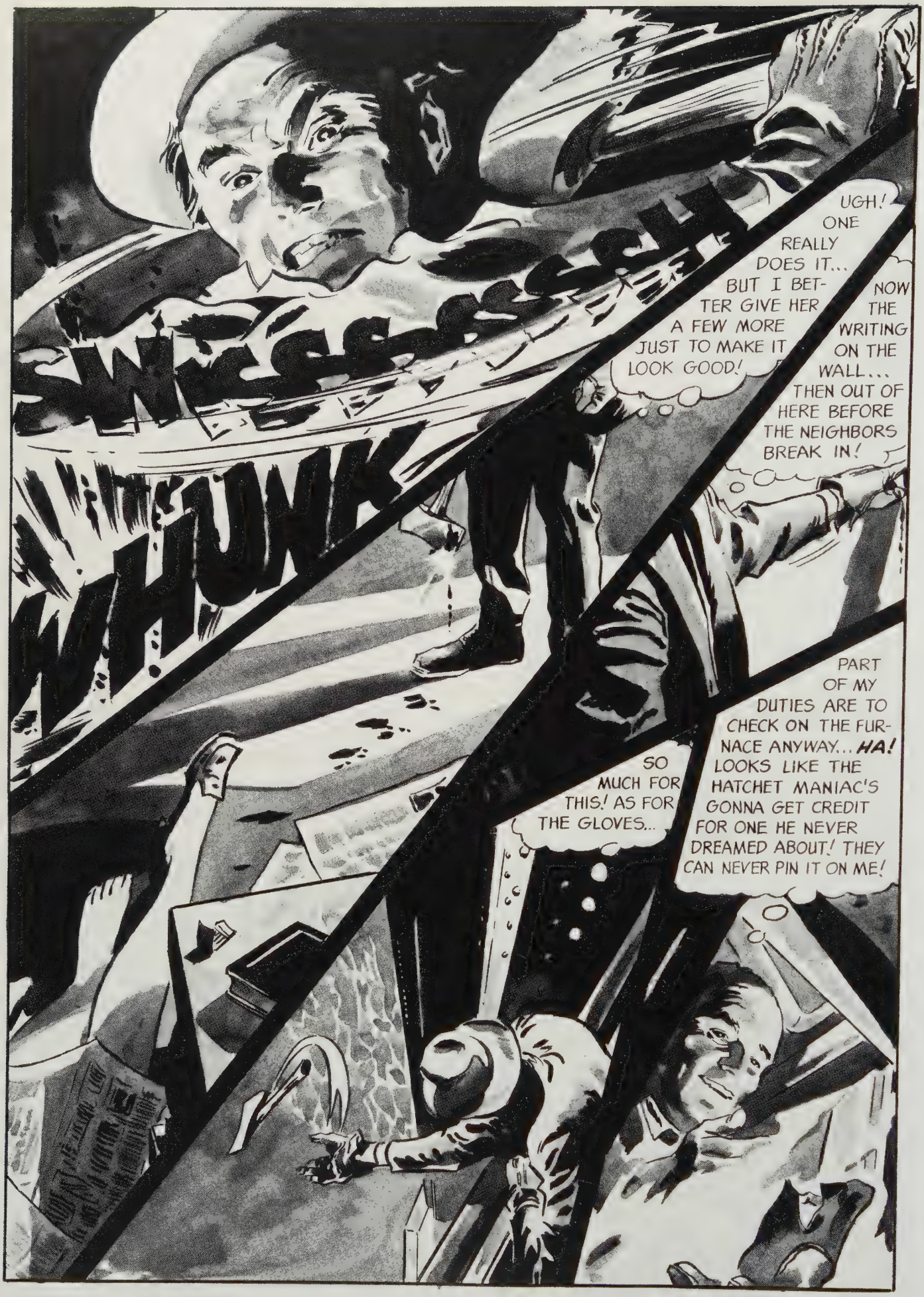
ART BY EUGENE COLAN / SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN


EEEE
EEEE
TIME TO HACK YOUR WAY TO ANOTHER SLICE OF HORROR, MERRY MANIACS... STEP CLOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE AS I SHARPEN THE SHIVERS AND INTRODUCE YOU TO THE...
HATCHET MAN
Gene Colan


SWKSSS
WHUNK
WHUNK
HARRY DID IT
STOP HIM BEFORE
HE KILLS MORE

THAT MANIAC'S STILL ON THE LOOSE! CHOPPED A WOMAN TO BITS LAST NIGHT...ONLY A FEW BLOCKS FROM HERE!
THIS IS THE ONLY SHIRT I CAN WEAR TO WORK? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO IRON SOME!
DON'T BOTHER ME, HARVEY... POLICE THINK HE'S SOME KINDA SPLIT PERSONALITY NUT, ALWAYS LEAVING NOTES IN BLOOD SAYING "HARRY DID IT"...
DIDN'T SEW ANY BUTTONS ON HERE LIKE YOU SAID YOU WOULD...
THAT WOMAN'S HUSBAND WORKED AT NIGHT...LIKE YOU, HARVEY! SAME THING COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ME!
FORGOT TO MAKE SANDWICHES AGAIN, PHYLLIS... DON'T KNOW WHY I BOTHER CARRY A LUNCH PAIL!
G'NIGHT, PHYLLIS!
WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE A DECENT JOB LIKE YOUR BROTHER IN SEATTLE, INSTEAD OF BEING JUST A WATCHMAN? THEN I MIGHT BE SAFE FROM MANIACS LIKE THIS!
TEN YEARS OF THIS! TEN YEARS! WISH SOMEONE WOULD TAKE A HATCHET TO THAT WOMAN!
WHY NOT? WHY SHOULDN'T THE MANIAC KILL HER? IT WOULDN'T BE HARD AT ALL TO ARRANGE... NOT AT ALL!

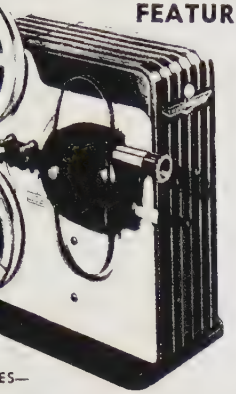
NOBODY CHECKS ON ME HERE...ONCE I PUNCH IN, I COULD LEAVE WITHOUT BEING NOTICED...PEOPLE'D THINK I WAS MAKING MY ROUNDS!
"NEWSPAPERS GIVE YOU ALL THE DETAILS ABOUT HOW HE WORKS..."
JUST THE GLOVES, SIR? LIKE THEM GIFT WRAPPED?
Sale
Glove
...POLICE'LL NEVER SUSPECT IT WASN'T HIM!"
A FINE HATCHET, SIR... YOU'LL GET A LOT GOOD USE OUT OF IT!
I'LL BE RID OF PHYLLIS AND THE HATCHET KILLER'LL BE BLAMED! PERFECT!
HARVEY? THAT YOU? WHY AREN'T YOU AT WORK?
YES, DEAR... IT'S ONLY ME...


SWISSSSH
WHUNK
UGH! ONE REALLY DOES IT... BUT I BETTER GIVE HER A FEW MORE JUST TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!
NOW THE WRITING ON THE WALL... THEN OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE NEIGHBORS BREAK IN!
SO MUCH FOR THIS! AS FOR THE GLOVES...
PART OF MY DUTIES ARE TO CHECK ON THE FURNACE ANYWAY... HA! LOOKS LIKE THE HATCHET MANIAC'S GONNA GET CREDIT FOR ONE HE NEVER DREAMED ABOUT! THEY CAN NEVER PIN IT ON ME!

AH! THEY'VE FOUND HER! NOW TO PLAY THE BEREAVED HUSBAND...
MY GOD! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
YOU HARVEY WHITTAKER?
LAST NIGHT SOMEONE GOT IN HERE...CARVED YOUR WIFE UP WITH A HATCHET!
OH, LORD! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT MANIAC! THAT HATCHET KILLER FROM THE NEWSPAPER...
THAT'S HOW WE FIGURE IT, MR. WHITTAKER...THE MANIAC DID IT... SAME ONE THAT'S CHOPPED UP ALL THE OTHERS...
YOU! YOU'RE THE HATCHET KILLER, WHITTAKER!
Y-YOU'RE CRAZY...I'M NOT...

WE FOUND THESE HIDDEN IN A SUITCASE IN YOUR CLOSET... BLOOD-STAINS CHECK OUT WITH SEVERAL OF THE VICTIMS...
I-IMPOSSIBLE! I GOT RID OF THEM--I...NO!
SOMETHING YOU WANT TO TELL US, MR. WHITTAKER?
I-I KILLED.. PHYLLIS! B-BUT THE OTHERS... SOMEONE ELSE DID THAT... THE MANIAC... HATCHET KILLER... SOMEONE ELSE DID THAT...
ALL THOSE WOMEN...SOME ONE ELSE DID IT...HARRY! THAT'S THE ONE! HARRY! THE KILLER ... MANIAC... HE DID IT!
SHOULD BE STOPPED...BEFORE HE KILLS MORE! MORE WOMEN... HACKED...CHOPPED. LIKES TO KILL... KILL THEM ALL! ... NOT AFRAID...
NOT LIKE HARVEY WHITTAKER! AFRAID OF PHYLLIS ... I'LL KILL 'EM ALL! SHOW THAT PIPSQUEAK HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE! ME! HARRY! I'LL KILL 'EM ALL!
HARVEY TRIED TO WRITE ON THE WALL... GIVE ME AWAY...BUT I SHOWED HIM... SHOWED HIM HOW... KILL 'EM ALL! KILL 'EM ALL!
AWRIGHT... TAKE HIM AWAY!
POOR HARVEY! ONE HALF HIS BRAIN DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE OTHER WAS DOING... HIS PERSONALITY WAS MORE SPLIT UP THAN HIS VICTIMS! NOW, YOU'D BETTER HARRY ON TO THE NEXT SCREAM STORY!

with HIGH-PRICE FEATURES!



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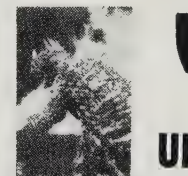

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

ART BY ROCCO MASTROSERIO/SCRIPT BY RON PARKER

ELATED, THE OLD DOCTOR USHERED WEILER INTO THE DEN...
HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR. SMART LITTLE DEVILS ARE GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO CAPTURE!
THAT WILL CEASE, EDWARD. THIS LATEST FORMULA IS THE ULTIMATE RAT POISON! IT WON'T JUST ATTRACT AND DESTROY SOME RATS...

THIS WILL ANNIHILATE THEM FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

YOU'VE BEEN AN IMMENSE HELP TO ME THESE PAST MONTHS... SOMETIMES I THINK YOU HATE THEM AS MUCH AS I DO, EDWARD...
I FIND THEM MOST REPULSIVE, SIR.

REPULSIVE? THEY'RE DISGUSTING AND DEADLY! THE BITE OF ONE KILLED MY WIFE FOUR YEARS AGO... I SWORE THEN I'D FIND THE FORMULA TO RID THE WORLD OF THEM!

THIS OLD RATTRAP OF A HOUSE HAS PROVIDED ME WITH AN ABUNDANCE OF SPECIMENS... ENABLED ME TO PERFECT A POISON BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
TOO LATE?
EDWARD, I BELIEVE RATS ARE ORGANIZING... ORGANIZING TO REPLACE MAN AS EARTH'S DOMINANT SPECIES! WE MUST STOP THEM BEFORE THEY STRIKE!

SIR! YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS...
I CAN! THEY OUTNUMBER US... KILLED MILLIONS! SPREAD PLAGUES... DISEASE ... ATTACK OUR CHILDREN ... INFEST OUR FOOD ... WATER ...
WINE AND CONVERSATION MADE THE OLD DOCTOR DROWSY... HIS EYELIDS GREW HEAVY... HIS HEAD DROOPED...
...MUST BE DESTROYED... BEFORE THEY DESTROY MAN... MUST...
POOR FELLOW! COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED... ACCOUNTS FOR SOME OF THE WILD TALK! WHY DISTURB HIM? HE CAN SLEEP WHERE HE IS...
I COULD USE SOME SLEEP MYSELF...
KLIK!
BUT IN THE DARK HOURS BEFORE DAWN, ALL SLEEP SUDDENLY ENDED!
THE DEN... DR. HAHN!
AIEEE!
DRESSING QUICKLY, WEILER GRABBED HIS REVOLVER AND PLUNGED DOWNSTAIRS TO THE DEN...
GOOD LORD!
THE CHAIR... SLASHED TO RIBBONS... BLOOD ALL OVER... BUT... BUT WHERE'S DR. HAHN?

STAINS OF BRIGHT CRIMSON TRAILED OUT OF THE ROOM. OVERCOMING A SENSE OF DREAD, WEILER FOLLOWED THEM.
IT'S THE WORK OF A MAD-MAN. A MANIAC!
SEEMS TO LEAD TO THE CELLAR. BETTER GET A LIGHT FROM THE LAB!
THAT PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH RATS... WON'T HURT TO TAKE THE NEW POISON...
WHAT THE... THAT WASN'T HERE YESTERDAY! BLOODSTAINS GO RIGHT TO IT...
A TUNNEL! CRAMPED, BUT WHOEVER CARRIED OFF DR. HAHN, USED IT... SO CAN I!
THIS WILL STOP OUR FURRY FRIENDS GETTING IN, OR OUT! WITH A MANIAC ON THE LOOSE, I DON'T WANT TO BOTHER WITH RATS, ALSO!

THE AIR WAS DAMP AND MUSTY, THE CRUMBLING WALLS COVERED WITH SLIME...ONLY THE BRILLIANT RED OF THE BLOOD-STAINS UNDER THE FLASHLIGHT BEAM WAS FRESH...
LOOKS TO BE HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD... WHO COULD HAVE BUILT THIS...? AND WHY?
TRAIL LEADS OFF TO THE RIGHT...CERTAINLY MAKING IT EASY FOR ME TO FOLLOW...
MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE A LOOK AT THE OTHER TUNNEL...
N-NO!
BLAM! BAM!
SHOTS SCATTERED THE REST OF THEM...THIS'LL FIX IT SO THEY DON'T COME BACK!
THEY...THEY ALMOST GOT ME! HAVE TO BE MORE CAREFUL...TUNNELS ARE SO STRANGE...MUCH LARGER THAN I EXPECTED... BET I'VE GONE NEARLY A MILE!

TIME SLOWLY PASSED AS ED WEILER WENT DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE INCREASINGLY ELABORATE SYSTEM OF TUNNELS...
WHAT A COMPLEX! IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS TRAIL...
BETTER BLOCK OFF THESE OTHER TUNNELS BEFORE GOING ON...
THAT'S IT... THE LAST OF DR. HAHN'S FORMULA...
MUCH CLOSER QUARTERS... HAVE TO CRAWL... STRANGE! THIS TUNNEL'S NEWER... DIRT'S FRESH AND LOOSE...
GETTING NARROWER YET... MUST BE COMING TO THE END... ROUND THIS BEND...
YAAAAHHHHHHHHH

VERMIN!
FILTHY ROTTEN
VERMIN!
BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!
TOO LATE WEILER REALIZED THE EFFECT OF HIS GUN-SHOTS ON THE LOOSE EARTH OF THE TUNNEL... HE WHIRLED QUICKLY TO START BACK THE WAY HE CAME...
TOO LATE!
YAHHH!
WEILER SPIT DUST AND DIRT AS HIS VISION CLEARED... HE WAS LOOKING BACK DOWN THE TUNNEL, AT LEAST THAT PART OF IT WHICH WASN'T AT THE MOMENT PILED ON HIS BACK...
T-THAT SOUND... WHAT'S THAT SOUND? COMING THIS WAY... SQUEALING...
SQUEEE SQUEEEE SQUEEEEE SQUEE SQUEEE SQUEEEEE
PANIC SEIZED HIM... HE FOUGHT... STRAINED... STRUGGLED... ONLY HIS HEAD COULD MOVE...
THE POISON!
I BLOCKED OFF EVERY TUNNEL WITH IT! THERE'S ONLY ONE CLEAR PATH... THE ONE LEADING HERE! LORD, NO! I'M CAUGHT... CAUGHT...
SQUEEE SQUEEEE SQUEEEEE SQUEEE SQUEEE
THE SQUIRMING, SQUEALING SEA OF RED EYES AND SLASHING TEETH CLAWED THEIR WAY TOWARD WEILER, WHOSE LAST THOUGHT ON EARTH WAS OF AN OLD, OFT-USED SAYING...
ooo LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP!
SQUEEEEE SQUEEEEE
NOW ISN'T THAT A RATTLING EXPERIENCE! ED WAS OVERWHELMED BY THE WHOLE THING... AND YOU'LL BE OVER-WHELMED BY MY NEXT BIT OF REPULSIVE RAT... ER... ROT!

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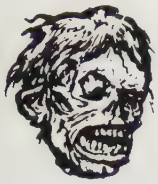

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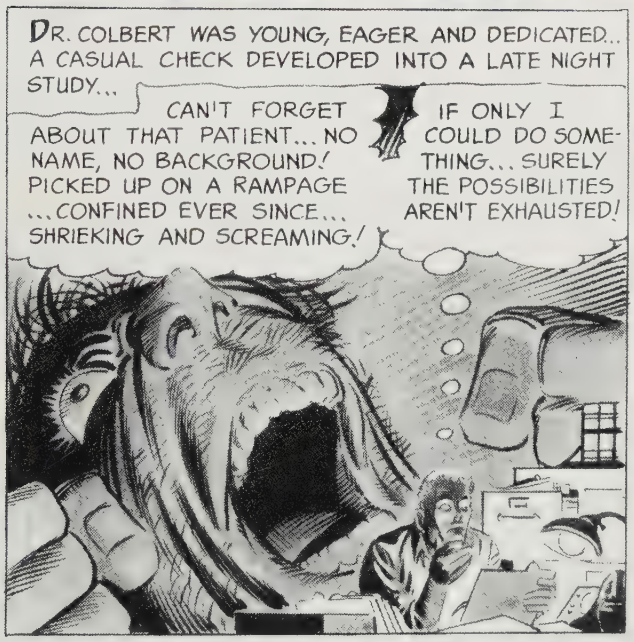
ART BY STEVE DITKO/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

YOU'VE SEEN THE WHOLE LAYOUT NOW, COLBERT... IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE A FUNERAL TO ATTEND!
F-FUNERAL?

INMATE DIED. NO KIN. WE HAVE A POTTER'S FIELD JUST OFF THE GROUNDS... AS DIRECTOR, I HAVE TO BE THERE!
THEN, I'LL SPEND TIME WITH PATIENTS' RECORDS...


DR. COLBERT WAS YOUNG, EAGER AND DEDICATED... A CASUAL CHECK DEVELOPED INTO A LATE NIGHT STUDY...
CAN'T FORGET ABOUT THAT PATIENT... NO NAME, NO BACKGROUND! PICKED UP ON A RAMPAGE ...CONFINED EVER SINCE... SHRIEKING AND SCREAMING!
IF ONLY I COULD DO SOMETHING... SURELY THE POSSIBILITIES AREN'T EXHAUSTED!

WHEW! I CAN USE A BREAK...
LORD! WHAT'S THAT?

SOMEONE'S PROWLING AROUND DOWN THERE!

DRIVING CURIOSITY HAD PUSHED COLBERT TOWARD SUCCESS AT A YOUNG AGE... IT OUTWEIGHED ANY OTHER EMOTION... EVEN FEAR!
WHOEVER IT WAS SEEMS TO BE GONE NOW... WHAT THE DEVIL WERE THEY DOING HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?

EARTH AROUND THIS ONE LOOKS FRESH... AS THOUGH SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE...
IDIOT! OF COURSE IT'S FRESH, THEY JUST BURIED A MAN TODAY.
SUPPRESSING A FEELING OF FOOLISHNESS COLBERT TURNED IN THE COLD NIGHT AIR AND STARTED BACK...
LOOKS LIKE A LIGHT AT MACNELL'S PLACE. LONG AS HE'S UP MAYBE I'LL CHECK WITH HIM...
A LIGHT FROST MADE THE GRASS CRUNCHED UNDERFOOT... NIGHT NOISES SEEMED TO HAVE CEASED...
GNYAHHHHH
HH!
THEN...
THE UNDERBRUSH BECAME ALIVE WITH THE SNAPPING OF TWIGS AND BRANCHES... SOMETHING WAS RUSHING TOWARD COLBERT... WITH SPEED AND FRENZY.
AAGHHH!
COLBERT'S KNEES BUCKLED HIS BODY SAGGED... THE SCREAMING HORROR FROM THE SHADOWS SLASHED AND CLAWED AT HIM LIKE SOME CRAZED ANIMAL... HE WAS GOING UNDER...

THROBBING ACHES AND PAINS DROVE COLBERT'S MIND BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS...
YOU WERE APPARENTLY ATTACKED BY A GRAVEROBBER! THE CORPSE OF THE MAN WE BURIED YESTERDAY WAS FOUND LYING ON TOP OF ITS GRAVE...
JUST BEFORE I WAS ATTACKED... THERE WAS A HORRIBLE SHRIEK! FROM THE DIRECTION OF YOUR HOUSE... BASEMENT LIGHT WAS ON!
MY LABORATORY ...I WAS EXPERIMENTING. I HEARD NO SOUND...
SCREAM WAS AMAZINGLY SIMILAR TO THE POOR WRETCH WE'VE GOT... I'D LIKE TO RUN SOME TESTS... VARIOUS DRUGS ... PERHAPS...
COLBERT, I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL...TEN YEARS AGO UNDER THE OLD DIRECTOR, HUTCHINS, I FELT THE SAME WAY... BUT I KNOW BEST!
THAT MAN IS HOPELESS... BESTIAL! ANYTHING TO BE DONE FOR HIM, I HAVE TRIED! I WANT HIM LEFT ALONE, YOU UNDERSTAND? LEAVE HIM ALONE!
BUT COLBERT HAD THEORIES...
...THEORIES HE WOULD NOT LEAVE UNTESTED.
BIDING HIS TIME, HE WAITED...
UNTIL...
DR. MANDRELL ALWAYS GAVE STRICT ORDERS NOT TO MESS WITH THIS GUY! THAT'S A REAL WILD ANIMAL IN THERE...
MANDRELL'S IN TOWN TONIGHT...I'M IN CHARGE! GET THIS PATIENT UP TO MY LAB!

THE MANIAC WAS UNCONTROLLABLE... NEARLY AN HOUR HAD PASSED BEFORE THE MAN WAS STRAPPED DOWN IN THE LAB... HIS HORRENDOUS CRIES RINGING IN COLBERT'S EARS AS HE PREPARED THE INJECTION...
NO RECORD THAT MANDRELL EVER TRIED THE LSH-90... IT'S POWERFUL AND EFFECTIVE... ALMOST STANDARD IN EXTREME CASES...
... WHY HASN'T HE USED IT? IF WE'RE EVER GOING TO KNOW, IT'LL BE... NOW!
THE WRITHING AND SCREAMING STOPPED... THE TORTURED FACE SOFTENED... THE WILD GLAZE OF THE EYES MOMENTARILY FADED...
MANDRELL! FOR GOD'S SAKE... DON'T! IT'S MURDER... IT'S--
IT'S WORKING! BUT WHAT...
THE MOMENT OF LUCIDITY FADED AS QUICKLY AS THE DRUG ITSELF ON THE RAGING, STRAINING HULK...
GNNYAAAHHHHH
N-NO!
THE VIOLENT WAVE OF ANIMAL-MADNESS SURGED OVER COLBERT, DRAGGING HIM DOWN...
EEEEYAAAAHHHH
... LEAVING A WAKE OF DESTRUCTION!
HE'S ESCAPED! LORD... WHAT HAVE I DONE! WHY DIDN'T I LISTEN TO MANDRELL...

ONE PAIN-WRACKED STEP AFTER THE OTHER, COLBERT WILLED HIS FEET ACROSS THE GROUND...

MAYBE HE'S BACK...

GOT TO WARN HIM... WHY'D HE HAVE TO GO INTO TOWN TONIGHT...

INSIDE, THE HOUSE WAS EMPTY AND SILENT... EXCEPT FOR A SLIGHT BUZZING IN THE BACK OF COLBERT'S MIND...

OBITUARIES... HE'S CIRCLED ONE... A MAN BURIED ***TODAY!*** ***HE*** WAS IN THE CEMETERY THAT NIGHT!

THE TRACE OF A SOUND CAME FROM THE BASEMENT... COLBERT STAGGERED DOWNWARD, SOMEHOW EXPECTING WHAT HE WAS TO FIND...

GHOUL! ARE THESE THE KIND OF EXPERIMENTS YOU CONDUCT?

COLBERT! YOU PRYING FOOL!

INFLICTING TORMENT ON THE DEAD...

YOU TOY WITH DRUGS TO FREE MINDS... I ***PERFECT*** A SERUM TO RESTORE LIFE! REANIMATE DEAD FLESH!

LIFE? YOU CALL THOSE SHRIEKING TORTURED THINGS LIFE? THEY WANT THE PEACE OF THE GRAVE! THEY FIGHT TO GET BACK TO IT! LIKE THAT FRENZIED SOUL IN THE PADDED CELL FOR 10 YEARS!

YOU MEAN ***HUTCHINS?*** MY FORMER SUPERIOR... MY STUPID EMPLOYER... MY GREATEST SUCCESS...

HE OUTLIVED THE OTHERS... THE SOONER YOU INJECT THE SERUM THE BETTER, SINCE I KILLED HIM, HE WAS MUCH HANDIER! JUST AS YOU'LL BE, COLBERT! YOU MAY EVEN SHARE THE SAME PADDED CELL!

HUTCHINS' BEEN OUT OF THE CELL FOR SOME TIME, MANDRELL...

N-NOOOOO!!
GEEEE-YAH-HHHH!!
THE ECHO OF THE INSANE SHRIEKING RANG THROUGH THE OLD HOUSE, AS THE REVENGE-DRIVEN DEAD THING PLUNGED TOWARD ITS TORMENTOR! MERCIFULLY, COLBERT COLLAPSED AS MANDRELL'S SCREAMS JOINED THE DIN...
A STREAM OF SUNLIGHT ON HIS FACE CAUSED COLBERT TO STIR...
MORNING... WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?
HE SEARCHED THE HOUSE, FINDING NOTHING... THEN STEPPED OUTSIDE...
CROWD GATHERED! SHOULD I LOOK? DO I REALLY WANT TO SEE?
DR. COLBERT COULD NOT STOP HIS FEET, NOR HIS EYES... AT LAST HUTCHINS HAD FOUND THE PEACE HE'D SCREAMED TEN YEARS FOR, SHARING IT WITH MANDRELL, WHOSE DEATH-FROZEN FACE WOULD SHRIEK FOR ETERNITY!
RATHER A GRAVE ENDING, BUT A LEAST MANDRELL GOT SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT... IF HE ISN'T TOO CHOKED UP! NOW, TAKE ON MY NEXT TERROR-TALE... IT'S A SCREAM!

THE COOL AUTUMN WIND SWEEPS THROUGH THE 15TH CENTURY NIGHT... DRY LEAVES RATTLE ACROSS THE GROUND, AND BARREN TREE LIMBS BEND LOW AS THOUGH CROUCHING IN FEAR... HARDLY A TIME TO TAKE A STROLL, EH, *GHOULISH GLANCERS?* FEW EMOTIONS COULD DRIVE A MAN ACROSS THE LONELY LANDSCAPE TOWARD THE CRUMBLING RUINS OF A CHATEAU NOW WREATHED WITH FORBODING...PERHAPS ONLY ONE... SUCH AS...

UNDYING LOVE!

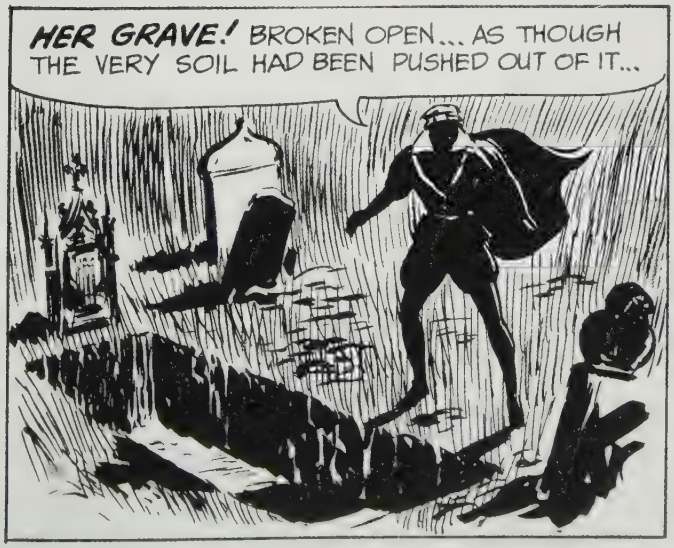
THE ROTTING OAK DOOR IS UNLATCHED AS THOUGH A VISITOR WERE EXPECTED ... FROM WITHIN COMES THE CACKLE OF AN OLD MAN'S LAUGH, THE PUTRESCENT ODOR OF BOILING HERBS, OINTMENTS, AND OTHER INGREDIENTS TOO FEARFUL TO THINK ON...

ART BY DONALD NORMAN / SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

AS YOUR GOLD IS IN MY PALM, SO SHALL LOVE FOR YOU BE IN ESMERELLDA'S HEART! HER EYES WILL NOT SEE YOUR PLAINNESS, HER LIPS WILL SPEAK ONLY DEVOTION...
UNTIL THE GOLD IS SPENT AND YOUR WIZARDY FADES!
THE SPELL IS BINDING... ONCE MADE, IT CANNOT BE BROKEN...
AH! YOU'VE BROUGHT A PORTRAIT AND A LOCK OF HER HAIR... WE CAN BEGIN!
YOKSATH RATHEM NUBBOTH GORM! RGTHUTH OZEM NLUPT!
'TIZ DONE...
RIDE TO HER... QUICKLY! CLAIM HER NOW! SHE'S YOURS... FOREVER!
COUNT RENALDO SPURS HIS HORSE INTO THE NIGHT... THUNDERING INTO THE COURTYARD... UNABLE TO DELAY CLAIMING THE PRIZE SORCERY HAS WON FOR HIM!
THE LADY ESMERELLDA! I MUST SEE HER... AT ONCE!
B-BUT... SURELY, M'LORD KNEW... ONLY LAST NIGHT, MYSTERIOUS DEATH TOOK OUR DAUGHTER FROM US! S-SHE WAS BURIED THIS AFTERNOON...

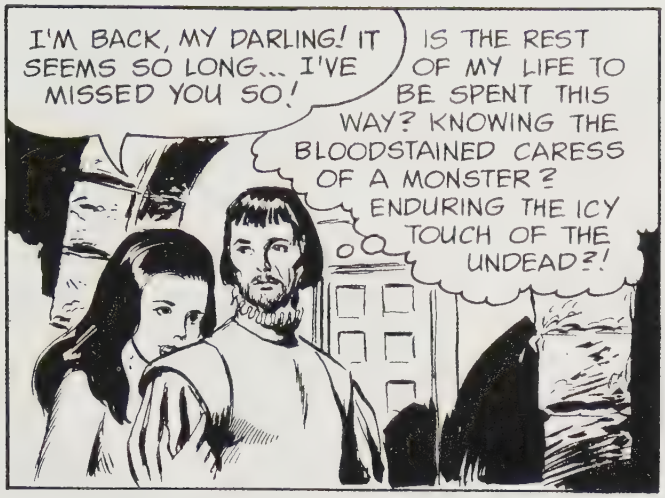
THE COUNT HEARS NO MORE, BUT TURNS AND RIDES! RAGE PULSES THROUGH HIM WITH THE RHYTHM OF HIS HORSE'S POUNDING HOOVES... HE MUST SEE THAT WHICH HAS CHEATED HIM... MUST FACE THE GRAVE THAT HAS ROBBED HIM OF ESMERELLDA'S LOVE!

THE SMELL OF FRESHLY DUG EARTH STABS AT RENALDO'S NOSTRILS, CAUSING A TINGLING AMONG THE FINE HAIRS ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK...



ESMERELLDA! YOU WERE KILLED BY A V-VAMPIRE... AND HAVE BECOME ONE YOURSELF!
PRAY DO NOT DENY ME, RENALDO! MY LOVE WAITS FOR YOU...
THE SPELL WORKS... TOO LATE!
WE'VE BEEN TOO LONG SEPARATED... EACH MOMENT AN AGONY! BE KIND, M'LORD... ACCEPT MY DEVOTION!
BACK, CREATURE! I'LL NOT DIE FROM A VAMPIRE'S KISS!
I COULD NOT HARM YOU, RENALDO... MY LOVE IS TOO GREAT! I WANT ONLY TO SERVE YOU... BE NEAR YOU!
PLEASE, RENALDO! PLEASE!
IT'S TRUE! I'M SAFE! UNDER THE SPELL, SHE CAN'T HURT ME... A VAMPIRE NEVER AGES... SHE'LL NEVER GROW OLD... NEVER CEASE TO BE BEAUTIFUL!
IT WAS MORE THAN HE'D HOPED FOR... A COMPLETELY DEVOTED WIFE OF UNFADING LOVELINESS! THERE WAS NOTHING TO FEAR... LIKE A MAN FULFILLING A DREAM, THE COUNT MAKES THE NECESSARY PREPARATIONS FOR HIS NEW BRIDE...
HERE SHE CAN REST SAFELY THROUGH THE DAY... THE NIGHTS WILL BE OURS!

LIFE IS NOT THE IDYLL, RENALDO PLANNED... ESMERELLDA'S DEVOTION CANNOT PREVENT HER BEING WHAT SHE IS... CANNOT PREVENT NIGHTLY SOJOURNS OF DISGUSTING PURPOSE...

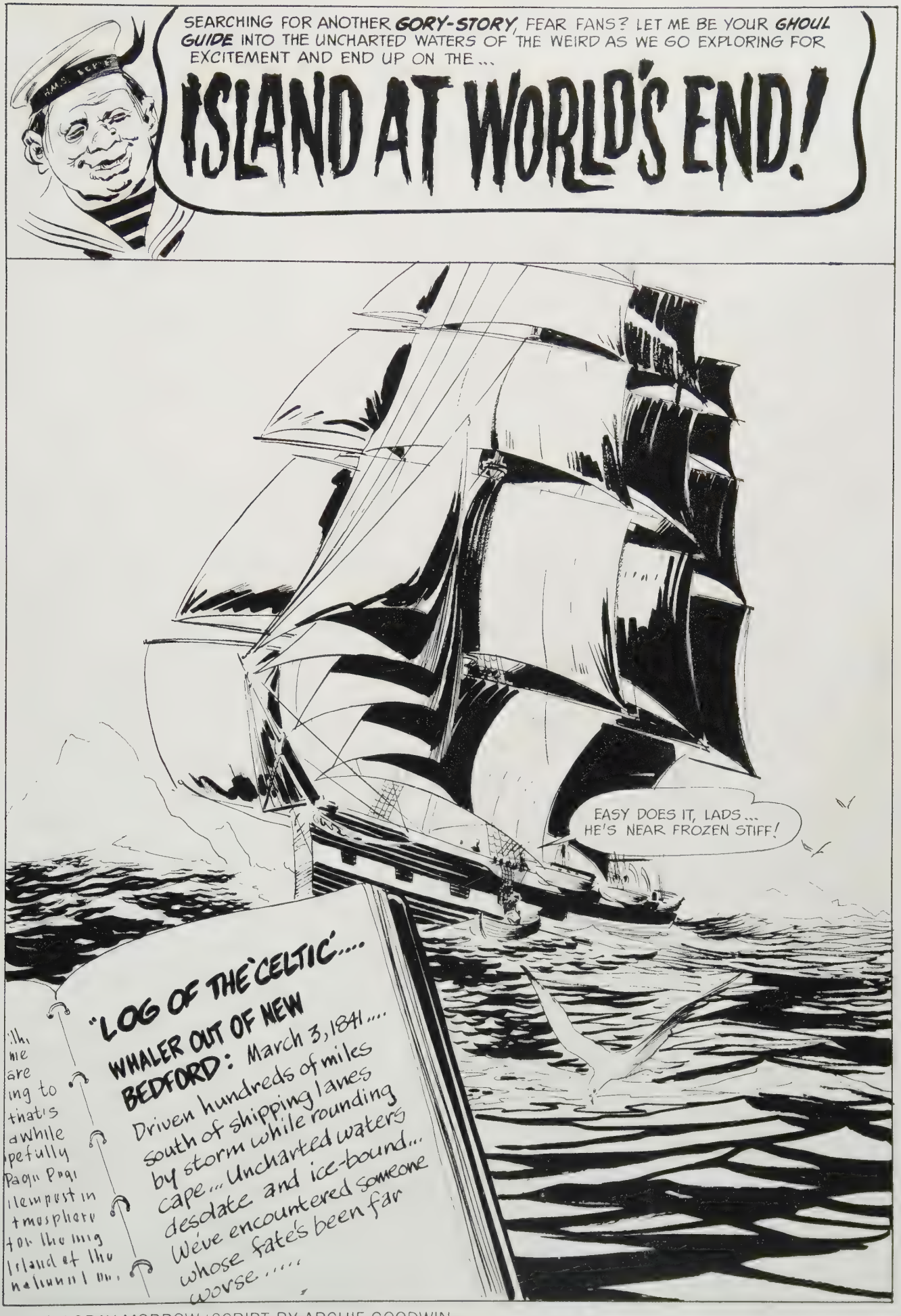


WHEN THE SUN IS AT ITS ZENITH, COUNT RENALDO MAKES HIS WAY DOWN INTO THE DANK AND GLOOM OF HIS CASTLE'S CATACOMBS... DOWN TO THE FINELY-CARVED CASKET WHEREIN SLEEPS THE LADY ESMERELLDA...

THE NIGHT IS WINDY AND CHILL... ALIVE WITH NOISES! A PREYING OWL SWOOPS AND SCREECHES... HORSES SNORT NERVOUSLY IN THEIR STABLE... TIMBERS CREAK AND MOAN ... A LATCH SUDDENLY CLICKS...

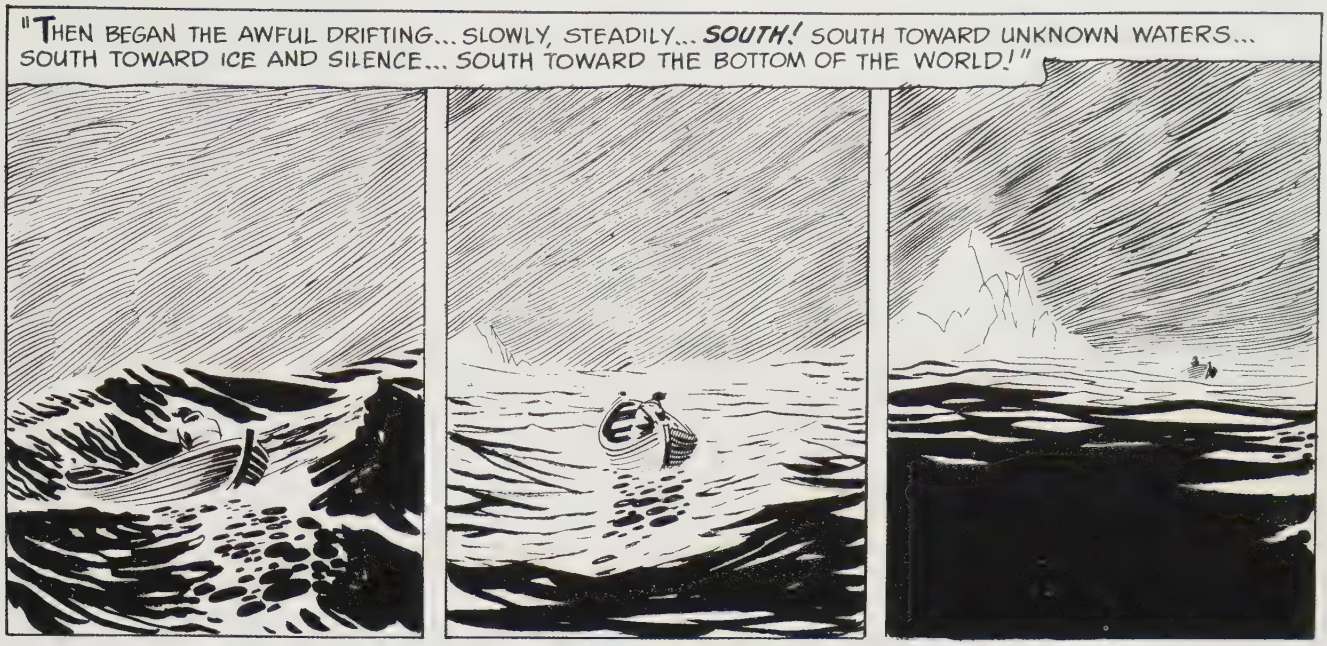
THE COUNT'S SHATTERING SCREAM CANNOT DRIVE OUT THE CACKLING WORDS VIBRATING INSIDE HIM... THE WORDS OF THE SORCERER: "THE SPELL IS BINDING... ONCE MADE, IT CANNOT BE BROKEN!

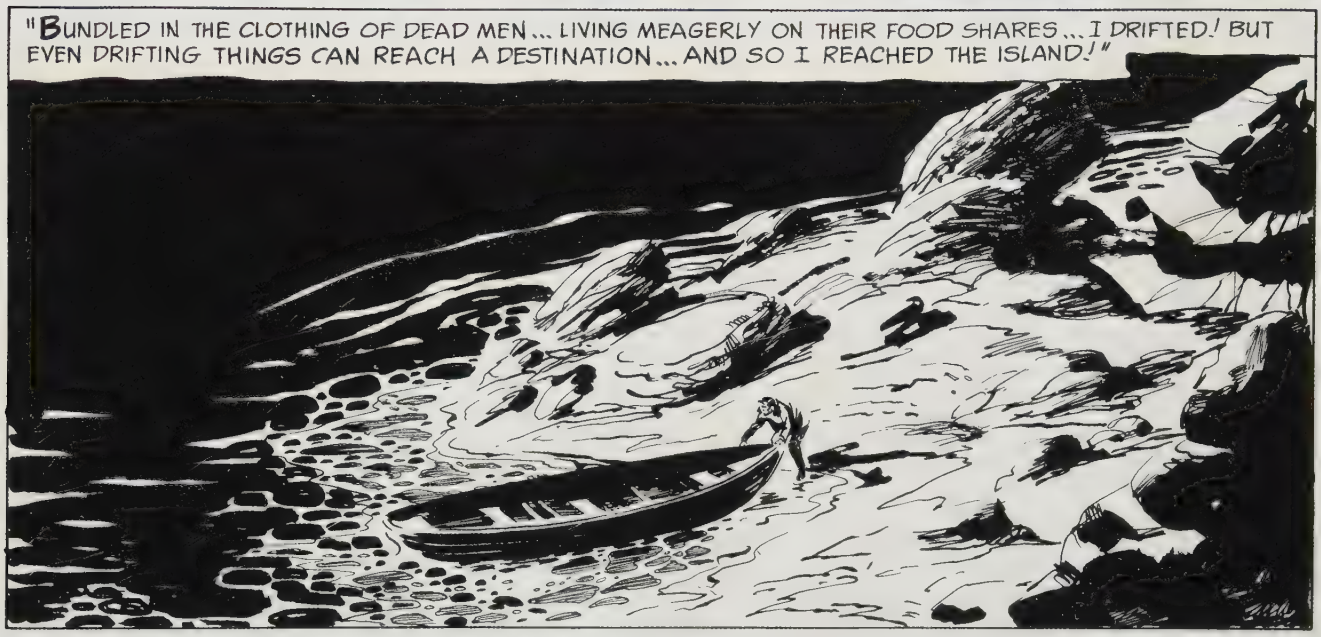
HEH, HEH, A TOUCHING REUNION... I HOPE THE ***THREE*** OF THEM WILL BE VERY HAPPY TOGETHER ... THE FAMILY MIGHT EVEN GROW, IF RENALDO STARTS ***CUTTING UP*** AGAIN, ALTHOUGH ESMERELLDA SEEMS THE KIND OF GIRL WHO CAN PIECE THINGS TOGETHER! NOW, WHY DON'T YOU PIECE TOGETHER THE NEXT PLOT IN MY ***MONSTROUS MAG!***



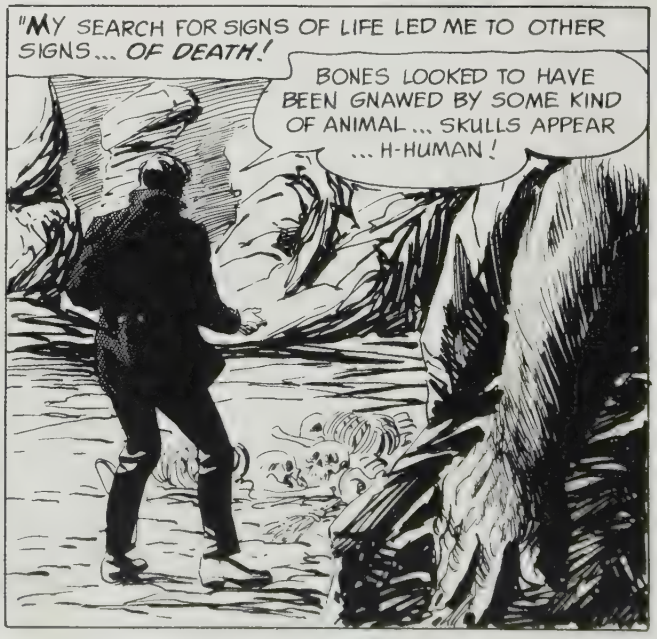
ART BY GRAY MORROW / SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

"HE WAS A LARGE MAN, AND STRONG... TO HAVE BEEN LESS, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD..."
AIN'T NATURAL... ADRIFT IN AN OPEN BOAT IN WATERS LIKE THESE!
"MARCH 6--OUR PASSENGER IS RECOVERING... TODAY FOR THE FIRST TIME, HE COULD ANSWER QUESTIONS..."
NAME'S STURGIS, SIR! FIRST MATE OF THE "PRODIGAL"... 'LEAST I WAS! WE WERE TWO YEARS OUT OF SALEM WHEN THE TROUBLE HIT... WORST SORT OF TROUBLE ON A WHALING SHIP...
"...MUTINY!"
"THE CAPTAIN WAS KILLED AND WE THREE REMAINING OFFICERS SET ADRIFT WITH A FEW SUPPLIES... I MANAGED TO SNEAK OFF MY PISTOL..."
"IN TIME WE BECAME ANIMALS... RAGING FOR SURVIVAL, THE OPEN BOAT OUR JUNGLE! FOR THE OTHERS, REASON FAILED... FOR ME, THE PISTOL DIDN'T..."
BLAM!

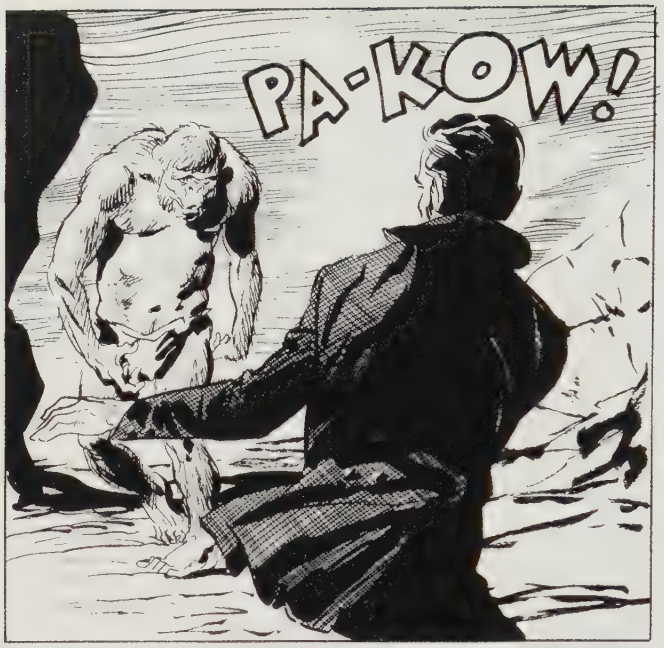

"THEN BEGAN THE AWFUL DRIFTING... SLOWLY, STEADILY... SOUTH! SOUTH TOWARD UNKNOWN WATERS... SOUTH TOWARD ICE AND SILENCE... SOUTH TOWARD THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD!"


"BUNDLED IN THE CLOTHING OF DEAD MEN... LIVING MEAGERLY ON THEIR FOOD SHARES... I DRIFTED! BUT EVEN DRIFTING THINGS CAN REACH A DESTINATION... AND SO I REACHED THE ISLAND!"

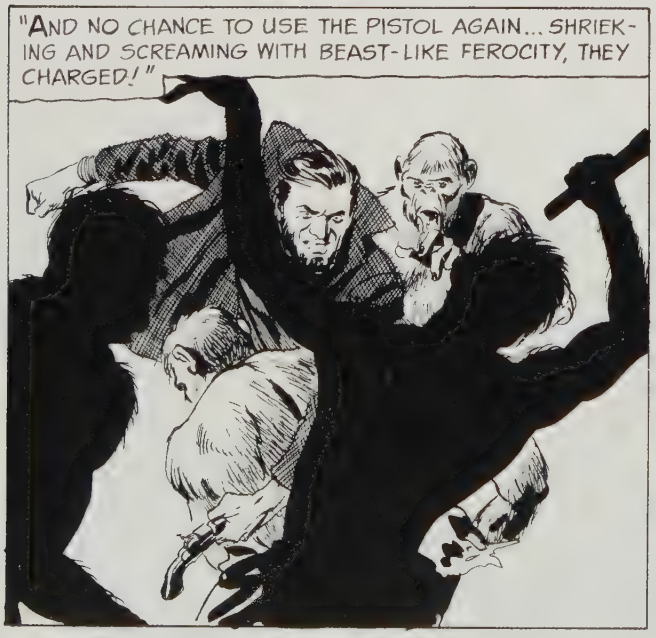
"COLD, DESOLATE, LONELY... LIKE A LAST STOP BEFORE ETERNITY! NOT MUCH, BUT ALL THAT WAS LEFT ME... I BEGAN TO EXPLORE..."

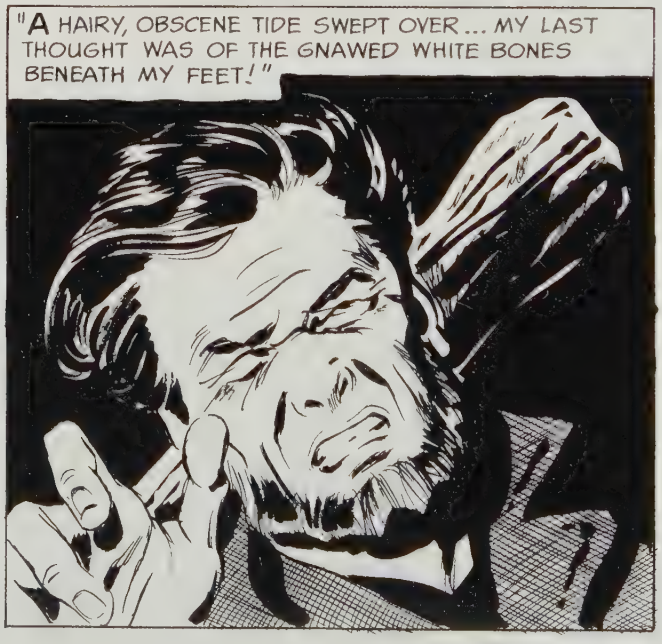

"MY SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF LIFE LED ME TO OTHER SIGNS... OF DEATH!
BONES LOOKED TO HAVE BEEN GNAWED BY SOME KIND OF ANIMAL... SKULLS APPEAR ... H-HUMAN!

WUGH!


PA-KOW!

"I'VE SEEN THE WILDEST SAVAGES OF OUR WESTERN PLAINS AND THE GREAT APES OF AFRICA'S JUNGLES... THIS WAS NEITHER... AND IT WAS BOTH! BUT THERE WAS NO TIME FOR CURIOSITY..."


"AND NO CHANCE TO USE THE PISTOL AGAIN... SHRIEKING AND SCREAMING WITH BEAST-LIKE FEROCITY, THEY CHARGED!"

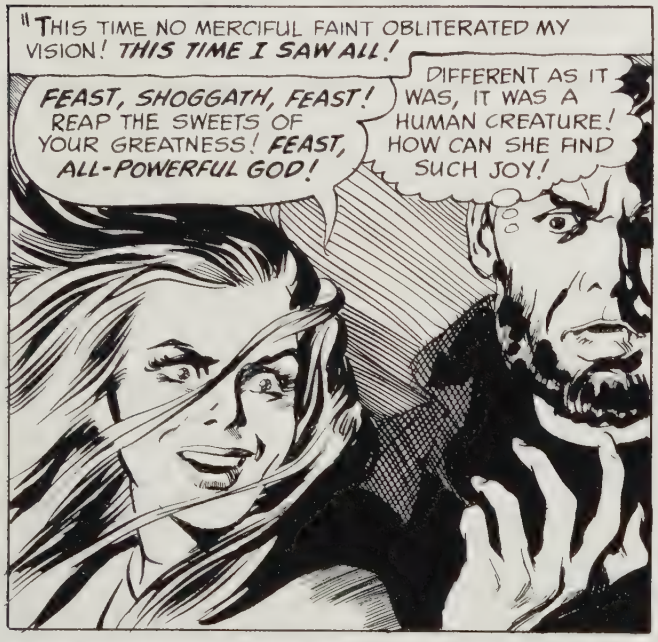

"A HAIRY, OBSCENE TIDE SWEPT OVER... MY LAST THOUGHT WAS OF THE GNAWED WHITE BONES BENEATH MY FEET!"

"FUMES OF SULPHUR AND PRICKLES OF HEAT FORCED MY SWIRLING MIND TO CONSCIOUSNESS..."
I'M INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN... OR IS IT A VOLCANO? THOSE THINGS I WAS FIGHTING MUST HAVE LEFT ME HERE... WHY?
"MY PISTOL WAS THROWN IN WITH ME, YET I DREW LITTLE COMFORT FROM IT..."
DON'T LIKE THESE IDOLS! MAKE THE LEDGE LOOK LIKE ...
A PLACE OF SACRIFICE!
DOWN BELOW! SOMETHING'S STIRRING...
IMPOSSIBLE! HOW CAN SHE---
YAAAAAAAA!

"WHAT THE MIND CANNOT COMPREHEND, IT SOMETIMES SHUTS OUT... ONLY A MELODIC SOFT VOICE PULLED ME FROM THE BLACK BARRIER IT HAD THROWN UP..."
I WENT FORTH FOR A SACRIFICE, BUT FIND INSTEAD A PRINCE!
I AM CTHYLLA. LAST OF THE GREAT ELDER RACE... HIGH PRIESTESS OF DREAD SHOGGATH!
RUINS OF AN OLD CITY... HIDDEN AWAY IN THIS MOUNTAIN...
IT WAS NOT ALWAYS SO! THE GREAT WARS... THE MIGHTY SNOWS... WE WERE DRIVEN UNDERGROUND! SOME REMAINED... DEGENERATED INTO BEASTS... THE HAIRY ONES ABOVE!
THEY ADAPTED WHILE YOUR PEOPLE DIED OUT DOWN HERE...
WHILE I LIVE, THE ELDERS MAY LIVE... LONG HAVE I PRAYED TO SHOGGATH FOR ONE TO SHARE MY DESTINY... MY THRONE... MY LIFE!
"HER EYES LOCKED WITH MINE, PEERING DEEP... SUDDENLY I COULD NO LONGER SEE ANYTHING BUT HER... CTHYLLA!"
... THE ELDER RACE SHALL THRIVE AGAIN!

"BUT SOMETHING DARK CLOUDED MY FEELINGS... MADE ME UNEASY..."
DEEP... COULD REACH STRAIGHT INTO HELL...
YOUR DREAD IS OF SHOGGATH, AND HEREIN HE DWELLS... FEARFUL AND MIGHTY! THE HAIRY ONES STILL SACRIFICE TO HIM...
...BUT SHOGGATH KNOWS THE CHOSEN ONES! THIS YOU MUST LEARN!
CTHYLLA! THE WELL!
"SHE DID NOT FALL... HOW COULD SHE NESTLED IN THE PALM OF THAT OBSCENITY AS WHEN FIRST I SAW HER?"
JOIN ME! DO NOT BE AFRAID... SHOW GREAT SHOGGATH HIS PRIESTESS NOW HAS A PRIEST! COME... NOW!
"AGAIN OUR EYES LOCKED, AND AGAIN--GOD FORBID-- I OBEYED!"
"NOW WE TRAVELED UP... UP! IN THE GRIP OF THAT NEBULOUS MONSTROSITY... BUT MY THOUGHTS WERE ONLY OF THE SOFT FIGURE AT MY SIDE... MY QUEEN ... MY CTHYLLA!"
SHOGGATH WAS DENIED WHEN I FOUND YOU... HE ACHES FOR FULFILLMENT...
AH! THE HAIRY ONES HAVE ANTICIPATED... THEY KNOW BETTER THAN TO DISAPPOINT HIM!

EEE-GYAAAAA!


"THIS TIME NO MERCIFUL FAINT OBLITERATED MY VISION! THIS TIME I SAW ALL!
FEAST, SHOGGATH, FEAST! REAP THE SWEETS OF YOUR GREATNESS! FEAST, ALL-POWERFUL GOD!
DIFFERENT AS IT WAS, IT WAS A HUMAN CREATURE! HOW CAN SHE FIND SUCH JOY!

"EVEN AS I LEAPED I KNEW IT WAS NO ACCIDENT THE MEN-CREATURES HAD PLACED ME ON THE LEDGE... LEFT ME THE PISTOL..."
I'LL BE NO PART OF A LIFE LIKE THIS!

"IN THE THUNDER OF THE WEAPON, THEY HAD SEEN A GLIMMER OF HOPE AGAINST SHOGGATH... EVEN AS I DESPERATELY DID!"
SHOGGATH! BRING HIM BACK! BRING HIM BACK TO ME!
PAK-KOW!

"BUT IT WAS NOT THE BEHEMOTH THAT FELL..."

"I DID NOT HEAR HER SCREAM, NOR DID I LOOK BACK IN MY FRANTIC SCRAMBLE FOR FREEDOM. BEHIND ME A MOURNFUL WAIL ROSE IN PITCH TO A DREADFUL RUMBLE..."
"FEAR DROVE MY LEGS DOWN THAT SLOPE OF ROCK AND ICE... NOTHING BROKE MY FLIGHT!"
"WHAT HAD BEEN A RUMBLE SPLIT THROUGH THE AIR NOW LIKE AN EXPLOSION! IN HIS GRIEF AND RAGE WAS SHOGGATH BREAKING FREE OF THE CRATER? AS I REACHED THE BOAT, NO DESIRE MOVED ME TO SEE... I PUSHED OFF PREFERING THE SLOW FREEZING DEATH AHEAD TO THE MONSTROUS INSANITY THAT STORMED BEHIND!"
DO YOU BELIEVE, CAPTAIN? CAN THESE THINGS HAVE HAPPENED TO ME?
I BELIEVE THE MIND OF A FREEZING, SLOWLY DYING MAN CAN MAKE ANYTHING POSSIBLE... YOU SHOULD REST...
AFTER DAYS ADRIFT, I THOUGHT THAT TOO, BUT I KEEP SEEING HER EYES... LOCKED DEEP IN MINE... PROMISING A WORLD... CTHYLLA...

"MARCH 10--STURGIS HAS RECOVERED, YET HE PROWLS THE DECKS MOODY AND QUIET, STARING AT THE SEA AS THOUGH LOOKING FOR SOMETHING..."
MAN, YOU'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF YOURSELF...YOU--
SHE BLOWS! SHE BLOWS!
THAT'S NO WHALE'S SPOUT! IT'S STEAM...MIST! GETTING CLOSER!
HE'S COME ...I KNEW HE MUST!
CTHYLLA!
STURGIS...YOU FOOL! NO!
DESPITE THE HORROR, HE DIED SILENTLY. LATER, THE CREW LIKED TO THINK HE DID IT TO SAVE THE SHIP... NO MATTER... BUT IN THE ONLY WAY LEFT HIM, STURGIS HAD GONE BACK... BACK TO CTHYLLA!
CELTIC
WHAT HAPPENED TO GOOD OL' SHOGGATH? NO ONE KNOWS, HE WAS NEVER CAUGHT... BUT IF HE IS, YOU CAN REST ASSURED IT WILL BE RED-HANDED! AND YOU'LL BE RED-FACED IF YOU MISS MY NEXT ISSUE!

NEW TERROR IN THE CREEPY TRADITION!

EERIE

SEPT.
NO. 8

A WARREN MAGAZINE 35¢

THIS ISSUE: "THE SWAMP GOD" STRIKES!

LIKE SOME DEMONIACAL DECORATION FOR THAT BLANK WALL IN YOUR PADDED CELL ? THEN PUT THOSE SHARP CLAWS TO GOOD USE AND CLIP OUT THIS LATEST WEIRD WORK FROM...

EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!

NO. 4 THE MUMMY!

BELIEVING IN LITERAL RESURRECTION OF THE BODY, ANCIENT EGYPTIANS CAREFULLY MUMMIFIED AND ENTOMBED THIEIR REMAINS! THE SOUL WOULD DEPART FOR JUDGEMENT BY OSIRIS, BUT THE LIFE-SPIRIT, OR KA, WOULD STALK THE TOMB, AND SHOULD IT BE VIOLATED, RE-ENTER THE MUMMIFIED CORPSE, GALVANATING IT TO TERRIBLE VENGENCE! HIGH PRIESTS OF TOTH, GOD OF MAGIC, COULD ALSO CALL FORTH THE KA-ANIMATED DEAD TO SERVE THEIR EVIL ENDS, TO BE STOPPED ONLY BY COUNTER-SPELLS FROM THE BOOK OF THE DEAD!

Art by Wallace Wood and Dan Adkins

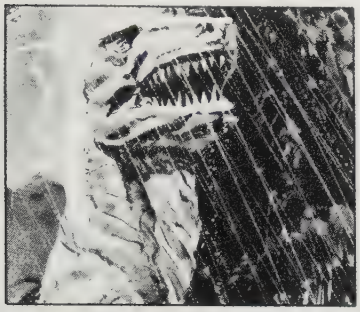
EERIE

NO.5

PUBLISHER: James Warren **ASSISTANT TO PUBLISHER:** Richard Conway

EDITOR: Archie Goodwin **COVER:** Frank Frazetta **LETTERING:** Ben Oda

STAFF ARTISTS: Eugene Colan, Reed Crandall, Steve Ditko, Frank Frazetta, Rocco Mastroserio, Gray Morrow, Joe Orlando, John Severin, Jay Taycee, Angelo Torres, Alex Toth, Al Williamson, Wallace Wood



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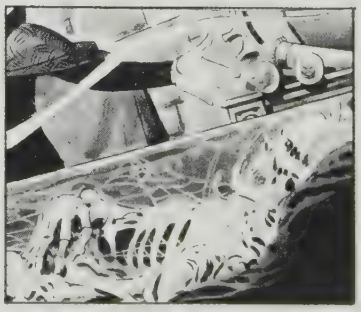


DEAR COUSIN EERIE

I think EERIE No. 4 was great! I liked "Hatchet Man" best, and "Island at World's End" least. Eerie's Monster Gallery was great. The zombies gave me a real chill.

The following is a poem I made up for you:

Eerie, Eerie, Kind of dreary,
what is your monsters' food?
With ghouls and vampires,
werewolves and witches, All in
a killing mood!

Mikie Frahme
Freeport, New York

Uncle Creepy may occasionally come up with a yell-yarn as frenzied as mine, but ol' skin-dome has yet to inspire poetry! —CE

I've just gotten issue No. 4 and think it's fine. For the past couple of years, I've been collecting magazines like Mad, Sick, Yell, Batman and others. I have finally stumbled upon (Gasp!) EERIE. I think it's the top magazine of the century. I agree with Richard McKeon, "All horror comics except EERIE and CREEPY are Thumbs Down!"

Steve Chaya
Parma, Ohio

Thumbs Down? Even for a horror comic, that's a pretty funny name, but then, the competition'll try anything.—CE

I am always reading a few complaints in your fan mail, about a story which was lousy or had no plot, but I don't think you'll have to worry about getting any from issue No. 4. It was horroriffic . . .

Joseph Carney
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

EERIE was a little bit better this time. Your covers are getting a little sexy too. I think you should have more vampire and werewolf stories. These other stories aren't too spooky, what they are is stupid. I expect more out of you than glosh. Me and my girl friends wish you luck in the future and for better stories.

Sharon Ferriola
Hawthorne, New Jersey

I like my fanged friends as well as you, Sharon, but man cannot live on vampires and werewolves alone (More often than not, it's vice versa).—CE

Whenever I get my claws on your latest issue, I have to find a place to read it. I can't read in the cellar because all the educated mice and rats keep looking over my shoulder and reading out loud. This of course bugs me. I can't read it at my friend's house, because I can't trust him. I can't read it in the garbage can because it's too dark and doesn't smell nice. Where can I read it? Do you have any suggestions?

Jim Beattie
Toronto, Canada

Have you tried renting a cave? —CE

Just had to write and tell you how much I enjoy all three of your terrible magazines. The artwork is nothing short of fabulous! I simply adore horror and terror, and EERIE and CREEPY really send me. Archie Goodwin has quite a horrible imagination . . . Gad, the things he thinks of! I picked up EERIE No. 4 today—Wonderbar! "Hatchet Man" was just too much! Every one of your mags is of the highest, highest quality; the art stands out above any competition. The cover of EERIE No. 4 by Gray Morrow, was above excellent; it proves that someone besides Frazetta is able to draw fabulous covers. The whole issue was, overall, one of the better Warren magazines.

By the way, I'm fairly familiar with most of your artists, being a very avid collector of Marvel comics. Ditko is, alas, gone from Spidey and Dr. Strange— a shocking, serious blow to fans everywhere. However, if he had to go anywhere, thank heaven it was to Warren where I can still enjoy him. Gene Colan, of course, does slightly terrific work on Iron Man and Sub-Mariner, Orlando and Wood both used to do Daredevil, Severin did one or two SHIELD, and Toth drew one X-Men. Of course, I'm sure you know all this, so I don't know why I'm telling you again.

I can't stand war mags, but BLAZING COMBAT is quite good, and I LUV it. You've really got the very best artists in the field; don't ever let go. Tell terrible Mr. Goodwin to never sleep, because he loses thinking and writing time that way. Once more I'll say that your comic-magazines are beautifully stunning and terribly wonderful. Please keep it up. I'll keep buying as long as people keep throwing pennies to my monkey.

Mike DeLong
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Don't worry, Mike, Ghoulish Goodwin doesn't know the meaning of the word "sleep" . . . Unfortunately, he doesn't know the meaning of the word "think" either! By the way, have you considered getting a gorilla? Then people might throw dimes.—CE

I've seen some pretty low gimmicks used to get publicity, but you have hit rock bottom. Sneaking a picture of one of your staff into "House of Evil" as the lost brother was in poor taste. As soon as I saw him, I said: "Ha! That has to be a member of the EERIE staff!"

Richard Roesberg
Maple Shade, New Jersey

I'm afraid you've been misinformed, Dick. The character in question was considered too ROTTEN to be a staff member. Last I heard of him, his whole career was CRUMBLING.—CE

Gory, haunting, crazy, spooky, mad, screaming, horrible, creepy, eerie, rattling, shrieking, dying, tuff, terrorizing, spine-tingling, gruesome. That's what I think of issue No. 4.

John Boesenberg
Hicksville, New York

Appreciate the kind words, Johnny, but, CREEPY?!!—CE

I just finished reading EERIE No. 4. It was great. Here's the way I rate the stories: Best, "Shrieking Man" and the worst was "House of Evil". I also think Gray Morrow should be congratulated on the cover. Another thing is that if you send me a quarter, I'll burn all of my CREEPYs and buy only EERIEs from then on. How about it?

Jack Cassidy
Baltimore, Maryland

For shame, Mr. Cassidy! How can you be so monstrously mercenary? I can't make a deal like that (on the salary, Warren gives me, I can't raise the quarter)! Besides, old Unc's tepid terror tomes aren't THAT bad . . . They'll carry you through the off-month between appearances of my macabre masterworks! Buy them both . . . Just be sure to stack my mags on top in your collection (hee, hee)—CE

Your new magazine, EERIE, is great. I'm sure glad that it came out. I disagree with other fans. Some say it's better than CREEPY and some say it's not as good. I say it has to be equal because EERIE just borrowed the superb artists and writers from CREEPY. Therefore, it can be no better, and no worse.

David Gille
Green Bay, Wisconsin

A point well taken, Dave, but don't forget . . . my gory gazettes have something Uncle Creepy's rags don't—Namely. ME!—CE

I have started reading your magazine two issues ago and I look forward to every new one. Your book is tops in its field and the best magazine I've ever read. Here are a few things, however, I think you should do to your magazine:

1. Have Frank Frazetta draw CREEPY covers and let Gray Morrow do EERIE covers.
2. Publish a magazine every year with art (full page) by all the artists of CREEPY and EERIE and a few upcoming artists as well.
3. Look around for new artists and writers (not that the great staff you have now is bad).

If you do not like these ideas, okay; it's just my opinion.

Kevin Ruddell
Toledo, Ohio

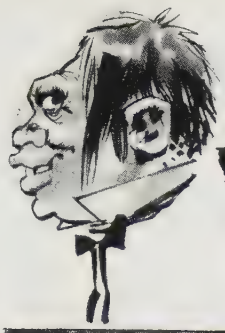
We're always glad to hear the opinions and suggestions of all you fellow fiends, Kevin. For a new writer, take a ghastly glimmer at "Dr. Griswold's File" by new scribe Carl Wessler.—CE

. . . "House of Evil" was real great, just like my house on a Saturday night, and "Hatchet Man" was sharp, but the one I liked best was "Island at World's End." Keep up the good work and I'll be clawing up the newsstand for the next issue.

Tom Madeo
Carle Place, New York

It's in your claws now, Tom!

Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to: EERIE LETTERS DEPT. Warren Publishing Co., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017.



COME ON, ***CULTURE VULTURES***, COUSIN EERIE'S GONNA BROADEN YOUR BRAIN WITH A TRIP TO THE MUSEUM! SOUNDS DULL? DON'T BE TOO SURE... BECAUSE IN THIS PARTICULAR MUSEUM...

THE MUMMY STALKS!

THIS WING'S A FEARFUL PLACE BY NIGHT! NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES I MAKE THESE ROUNDS, IT STILL GIVES ME THE SHIVERS!

C-CAN'T BE! THE MUMMY'S GONE FROM THIS SARCOPHAGUS!

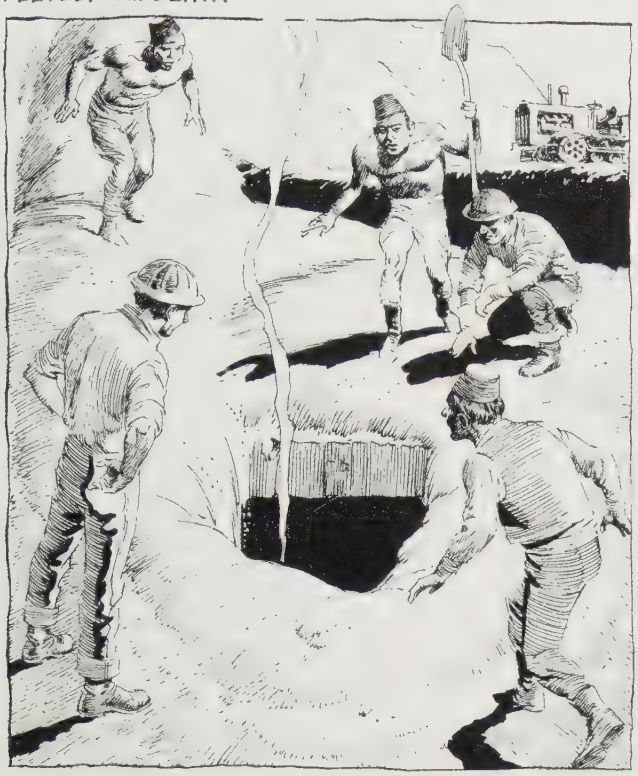
GNYAHHH!

R. CRANDALL

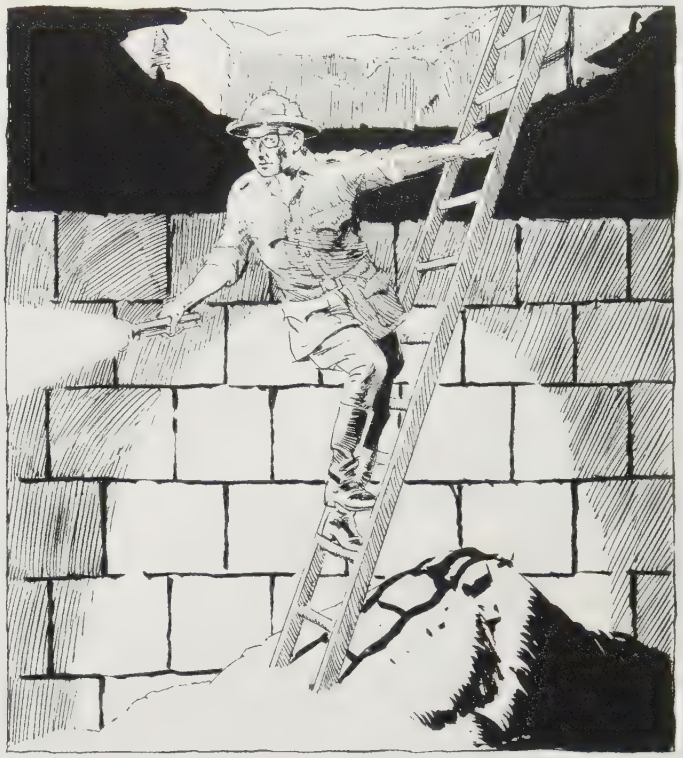
ART BY REED CRANDALL/SCRIPT BY KRENKEL & GOODWIN

NEXT DAY...
T-THIS IS HOW I FOUND HIM, INSPECTOR... SPRAWLED IN FRONT OF THE SARCOPHAGUS OF HARAT-ANKNEB!
ALL MY YEARS AT SCOTLAND YARD... NEVER SAW A BODY SO MANGLED AS THIS!
KING HARAT, EH? I SUPPOSE THERE'S SOME KIND OF CURSE... THE PRESS WOULD LOVE THAT!
TO MY KNOWLEDGE, INSPECTOR NIGEL, THERE'S NO CURSE CONNECTED WITH HARAT-ANKNEB... BUT HE'S ONE OF THE GREATEST PRIZES OF THE MUSEUM!
BIT UNUSUAL TO FIND ONE *THIS* WELL PRESERVED, ISN'T IT, PROFESSOR?
IT'S *REMARKABLE!* MADE HIS DISCOVERY A MILESTONE IN ARCHEOLOGY! THE WHOLE CIRCUMSTANCES AROUND HARAT ARE REMARKABLE...

"NO ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION FOUND HIS TOMB, BUT A CREW OF ENGINEERS, BLASTING A DAM SITE... IT WAS FAR REMOVED FROM ANY BURIAL GROUNDS, UNMARKED, TOTALLY OBSCURED... COMPLETELY HIDDEN..."

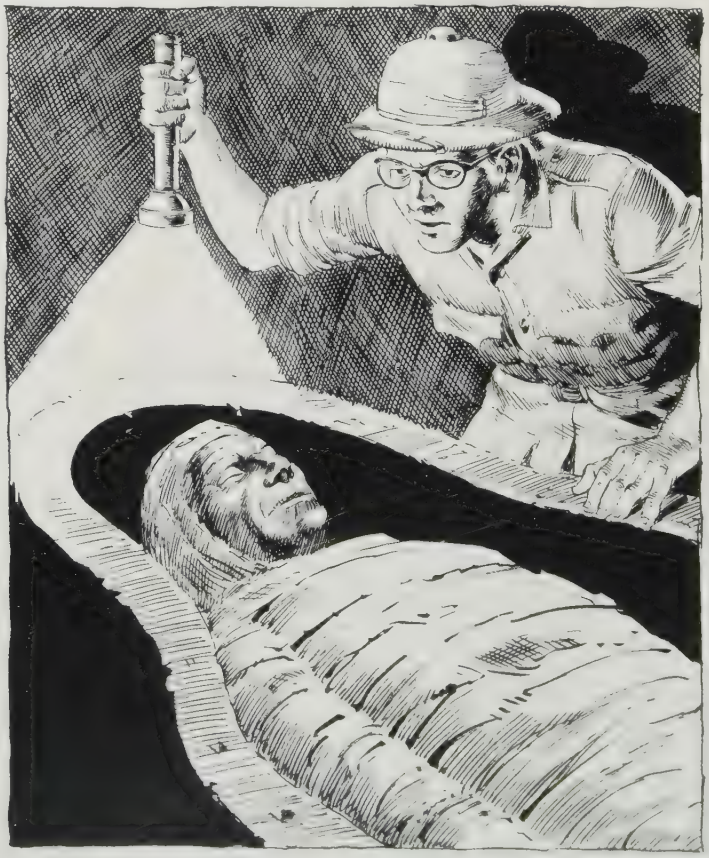


"NATIVE WORKERS FLED THE SITE AND COULD NOT BE PERSUADED TO RETURN UNTIL LONG AFTER THE MUMMY HAD BEEN SHIPPED TO ENGLAND! IT WAS MY GOOD FORTUNE TO HAVE BEEN DIGGING SOME MILES TO THE SOUTH... I WAS CALLED UPON TO INSPECT THE TOMB..."



"IT WAS SINGULAR! NO INSCRIPTIONS ON THE WALLS, NO EFFECTS OF THE DECEASED.. NOTHING COMMON TO AN EGYPTIAN TOMB! NOT EVEN A ***SOUL DOOR*** FOR THE DEPARTING SPIRIT! JUST THE SARCOPHAGUS BEARING HARAT'S NAME..."

"BUT THE UNCONVENTIONALITIES OF THE TOMB WERE FORGOTTEN WHEN I PRIED OPEN THE SARCOPHAGUS... THE MARVELS OF EGYPTIAN EMBALMING ASIDE, THE PRESERVATION WAS FANTASTIC! LIKE SOMETHING BURIED FOR 100 YEARS, NOT 3,000! THE FIND OF A CENTURY!"



THAT WAS ALMOST A MONTH AGO, AND NOW ...THIS KILLING!
IF THERE'S SOME CONNECTION, PROFESSOR BRUCE, REST ASSURED WE'LL FIND IT OUT!
SERGEANT! I WANT A MAN ON DUTY IN THIS WING AT ALL TIMES! YOU TAKE THE EVENING WATCH... YOUNG SOAMES WILL RELIEVE YOU AT MIDNIGHT!
AYE, SIR!
I'LL SEE HOW MY SQUAD IS DOING WITH THEIR CHECK OF THE GROUNDS AND THE ROOF.. BY THEN THE CORONER MAY HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL US ABOUT THE GUARD'S BODY...
...IF THERE'S ENOUGH LEFT OF THE CORPSE TO TELL HIM ANYTHING!
MIDNIGHT...
READY TO RELIEVE YOU, SERGEANT...
I'M GLAD OF IT, M'LAD! MOONLIGHT COMING THROUGH THESE WINDOWS MAKES THIS EGYPTIAN BRIC-A-BRAC CAST SOME WEIRD SHADOWS...PUTS A MAN ON EDGE!

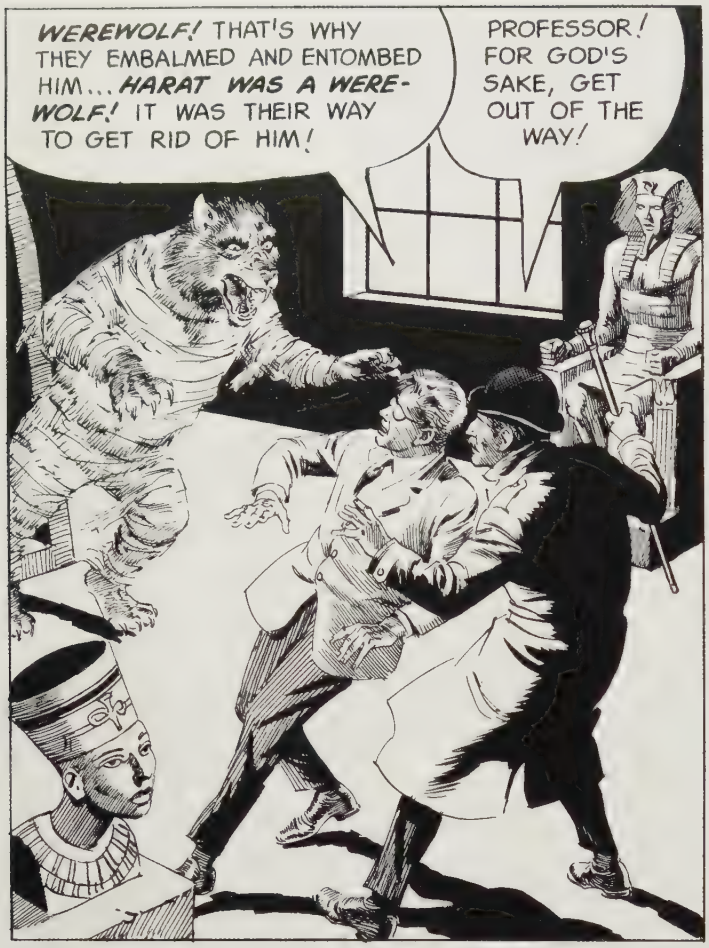
BLAST THE SERGEANT ANYWAY! DOES HE TAKE ME FOR A ROOKIE HE CAN FRIGHTEN? STILL...THE MOONLIGHT DOES MAKE IT LOOK S-SPOOKY...
NEXT, I'LL BE SEEING SOMETHING BEHIND EVERY STATUE I PA...
THE ARM! I-IT WASN'T LIKE THAT BEFORE!
NO -- DEAR GOD-- NO!
EEEEEEEE-YAHHH!

MORNING...
I'VE HUNTED IN INDIA... SEEN MEN MAULED BY TIGERS... IT WASN'T THIS BAD! HE WAS JUST A BOY... NEW TO THE FORCE...
YOU MUSTN'T BLAME YOURSELF, INSPECTOR! THE KILLINGS TOOK PLACE IN MY WING OF THE MUSEUM... I FEEL JUST AS RESPONSIBLE AS YOU!
TONIGHT WILL BE DIFFERENT... TONIGHT I'LL TAKE THE LATE WATCH...

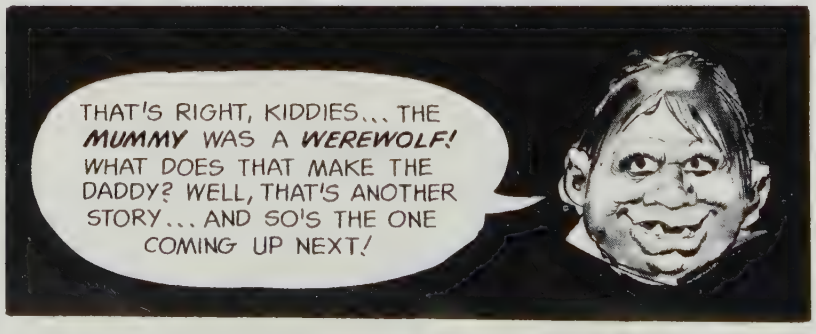
I MUST INSIST YOU LET ME ACCOMPANY YOU, INSPECTOR!
WINDOWS LOCKED FROM INSIDE AND UNTAMPERED WITH...MY MEN WERE POSTED OUTSIDE ...THE KILLER HAS TO BE SOMEWHERE IN THE MUSEUM...

...AND TONIGHT, WE'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM!

OUTSIDE, A TOWER CLOCK TOLLED TWELVE... WITHIN THE EGYPTIAN WING, TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS ECHOED ON THE MARBLE FLOOR...
THE MOONLIGHT PROVIDES A GOOD DEAL OF ILLUMINATION...SHOULD HELP WITH OUR TASK...
GETTING LATE...THE KILLER MAY HAVE BEEN FRIGHTENED OFF BECAUSE THERE ARE TWO OF...
NIGEL! THE SARCOPHAGUS... GOOD LORD!!
GRRRR
WRRR



A SUDDEN STENCH OF DECAY STUNG THE NOSTRILS OF THE TWO MEN... STRETCHED OUT ON THE FLOOR BEFORE THEM, HARAT-ANKNEB WAS UNDERGOING HIS LAST TRANSFORMATION.



PERK UP YOUR POINTED LITTLE EARS, *MERRY MONSTERS*, HEAR THE SOUNDS? THE CHATTER AND SCREECH OF TROPICAL BIRDS... THE SWISHING STROKE AND HACK OF MACHETES...THE WHINE AND BUZZING OF GNATS AND MOSQUITOS...THE LOW MUTTERING AND CURSING OF DESPERATE MEN ABOUT TO BE PITTED AGAINST ENGULFING *HORROR* IN...

THE JUNGLE

ART BY AL WILLIAMSON SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, LEO! WHY'D YOU HAFTA SHOOT THE WITCH DOCTOR? HE WAS READY TO BARGAIN...
DUTCH'S RIGHT! THEM CHAVANTES AIN'T GONNA LET US GET OUTTA THIS JUNGLE! YOU AN' YOUR TEMPER...
SHUDDUP, WYATT! WE'VE GOT A GOOD START! NO INDIAN'S HOOKIN' ME OUTTA THE PRICE THESE SHRUNKEN HEADS WILL BRING IN THE CITY!
THE AMAZON JUNGLE! AMID ITS DENSITY OF UNEXPLORED GREENNESS, THE PROUD, PRIMITIVE CHAVANTES FISH, HUNT, BATTLE AND, SOMETIMES, MOURN...
THE WHITE MEN MUST PAY! YOU WILL BE AVENGED... OUR HUNTING PARTIES BAR THEIR FLIGHT TO THE RIVER AND THEIR BOAT!
BUT THEY FLEE NORTH ON FOOT...
IT DOES NOT MATTER! I STILL DIE IN PEACE... FOR IF OUR WARRIORS CANNOT GET THEM...
...THE JUNGLE SHALL!
@!#%☆*!! BUGS! IT'S MADNESS! WE CAN'T HACK OUR WAY OUTTA HERE! NOT CLEAR INTO COLOMBIA!
YOU HEAR ME, LEO? WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS! AT LEAST WE GOTTA STOP... REST...
AND WIND UP WITH OUR HEADS ON A CHAVANTES SPEAR, SHRIVELED LIKE THE ONES IN THIS BAG? LET GO AND KEEP MOVIN', WYATT!
YOU HEAR ME? I SAID LET GO!
WHONK!

YAHHHHHH!!!
BUSHMASTER!
THOSE BABIES ARE DEADLY... NO SNAKE'S MORE VENOMOUS!
TH-WHACK!
LEO! DUTCH! DO SOMETHIN'! YOU GOTTA HELP ME...THERE MUST BE SOMETHIN'...
WHY SURE WYATT...THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING...
...LIKE THIS!
BLAM!!
LEO!
THE JUNGLE'S VASTNESS SWALLOWED THE SOUND OF THE SHOT...BIRDS SETTLED BACK ON THEIR PERCHES AND RESUMED THEIR WHISTLES AND CALLS...LEO PUSHED FORWARD, NOT LOOKING BACK...
DID YOU HAFTA DO THAT? COULDN'T WE HAVE--
NO! IN THE JUNGLE, ONE MISTAKE AND YOU'RE FINISHED! WATTA YOU THINK THEM INDIANS ARE TAKIN' THEIR TIME FOR? ONLY THIS JUNGLE AIN'T GETTIN' ME!

THE MOCKING CHATTER OF MONKEYS ACCOMPANIED EACH MUSCLE-TORTURING SWING OF THEIR MACHETES ... HOURS DRAINED BY AS THEY INCHED THROUGH THE DARK UNDERGROWTH, UNTIL...
WHAT NOW? TOO WIDE TO JUMP...
DOESN'T LOOK SWIFT... START ACROSS... WE CAN WADE IT!
NOT LIKELY, LEO! BEEN THINKIN' ON WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT THE JUNGLE... LET'S SEE HOW IT WORKS OUT WITH YOU GOING FIRST...
NEVER WERE TOO TRUSTIN', EH, DUTCH? AWRIGHT! HERE GOES...
...NOTHIN'!
AS DUTCH HIT THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, THE STREAM AROUND HIM SEEMED TO COME TO LIFE ... FROTHING, BOILING, SEETHING WITH FRANTIC, TERRIBLE MOTION...
EEE-AAHHHHHH!!
PIRANHAS! OUGHTTA LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP, DUTCH... THEY'LL STRIP A MAN CLEAN OF FLESH IN MINUTES!
THE VICIOUS TIDE OF CANNIBAL FISH SWEPT OVER THEIR PREY, TURNING THE FOAMING WATER INTO A FOUNTAIN OF CRIMSON...
GOOD OL' DUTCH! KEPT 'EM BUSY LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO MAKE IT ACROSS ... AIN'T NOTHIN' STOPPIN' ME NOW!

SOMEWHERE ABOVE THE OCEAN OF TREES AND PLANTS SURROUNDING LEO, THE AFTERNOON SUN PULSED BRIGHTLY, ITS HEAT FILTERING DOWN THROUGH LAYERS OF LEAVES AND SHADE...
HEE, HEE... GOT IT MADE! JUST KEEP CHOPPIN' AWAY, I'LL BE IN THE CLEAR IN NO TIME!
THE DANKNESS GREW MORE INTENSE... A CLOUD OF MOSQUITOS HOVERED CONSTANTLY AROUND LEO'S HEAD, THEIR NEVER-ENDING BUZZING GRADUALLY BECOMING MORE AND MORE ACUTE TO HIS EARS...
BLASTED VINES SEEM TO GET TOUGHER... THICKER... HARD TO CHOP THROUGH...
PERSPIRATION BEADED THICK ON HIS FOREHEAD, THEN RUSHED IN STICKY RIVULETS DOWN HIS FACE, SPLASHING AT HIS EYES, AND ONTO HIS ALREADY SOAKED, WRETCHEDLY CLINGING SHIRT...
☆ɯ⁂!!@ɯ!!! IT! NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE THIS RUINED MY ɯ⁂@!!!ɯ MACHETE!
EACH STEP BECAME TORTUROUS AND DIFFICULT... THE FOLIAGE TWISTED AND CLUNG, SNAGGING AND PULLING...CAPTURING NOW A FOOT, NOW A LEG, NOW AN ARM...
CAN HARDLY MOVE IN THIS STUFF... BETTER BACK UP... FIND THE TRAIL THROUGH...

LEO TURNED TO GO BACK, PULLING MORE VINES CONSTRICTINGLY TIGHT...EACH TWIST, EACH PULL SEEMED TO BRING HIM IN CONTACT WITH ONE MORE GRASPING VERDANT RUNNER...
I CAN'T MOVE! LET GO! LEMME OUT OF HERE! LET ME OUT!
THE SACK DROPPED FROM HIS HAND AS LEO FOUGHT AND FLAILED AT THE ENTANGLING GREEN TENDRILS, HOPELESSLY PULLING THE WEB OF VEGETATION TIGHTER...TIGHTER...
N-NOOOO... CHOKING... CAN'T BREATHE... GAGHHHHHH...
ONE HOUR LATER, A CHAVANTES HUNTING PARTY STARED IN SILENCE AT LEO... A SLIGHT BREEZE CAUSED THE VINES TO STIR THE BODY PUPPET-LIKE...SOMEWHERE, THE WITCH DOCTOR COULD BE SATISFIED...THE JUNGLE HAD NOT FAILED HIM!
POOR LEO! SHOULDN'T LET HIS PERSONAL LIFE GET SO ENTANGLED...I'VE HEARD OF GUYS BEING STUCK WITH CLINGING VINES, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS! OH WELL, SINCE LEO'S ALL TIED UP, BETTER TAKE YOUR MACHETE AND CHOP INTO MY NEXT TERROR-TALE!

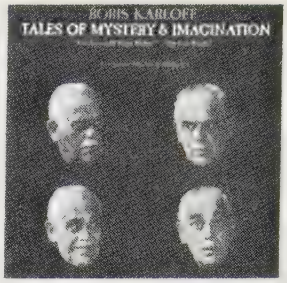
FAMOUS MONSTERS SPEAK

50 MINUTES OF SHEER TERROR—BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE EDITORS OF FAMOUS MONSTERS MAGAZINE!

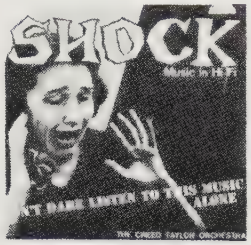
YOU ARE DR. FRANKENSTEIN—for only you can bring his horrible creation back to life . . . through the magic of this real-as-death high fidelity recording! And more! You will also bring Count Dracula back to life! You will hear this human vampire. You will almost feel him as he reaches out for you. This is a collector's item, available in limited edition. Order Today! Only $1.98.

KARLOFF TELLS YOU: "TALES OF MYSTERY & IMAGINATION"

Only as Karloff can tell it . . . "THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW" and "RIP VAN WINKLE". A brand new record by the master story-teller of horror and mystery. In all the frightening powers of his voice with the chilling background of special sound effects, you live the great classic horror tales of the headless horseman. The night lives with terror and you sit in your room and hear the sounds and maybe if you look out your window, you'll catch a fast look at the night rider who roams the countryside. Only $1.98.



NIGHTMARE, ANYONE? You've heard of records in a humorous vein—well this one is HORROR IN A JUGULAR VEIN. A frightening narration from the stories of Edgar Allan Poe. THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM is tough on your nerves, but wait until you hear THE TELL-TALE HEART—Poe's most terrorizing stories. Only $1.98.



Weird music & chilling sound effects created for 12 frightening scenes. HAUNTED HOUSE—groans, rattles & unknown sounds; SPELLBOUND — supernatural theme music; HEARTBEAT, JUNGLE FEVER, THE LONG WALK and others. Long Play Album. Only $3.98.

HORROR—THE SON OF NIGHTMARE; a classic tale of terror spoken in eerie tones with the right kind of background music. Actually hearing this story told in your own home is enough to scare you out of your wits. Have your blood curdled by the tale of THE BLACK CAT, by EDGAR ALLAN POE. Only $1.98.

A grim, ghostly, tale of horror that will fill you with lingering FRIGHT, written by the master of thriller-chillers—Edgar Allan Poe. You will remember "THE HOUSE OF USHER" (his most famous tale) with shuddering fear every time you're alone on a deserted street! A sinister narration by Richard Taylor. Only $1.98.

FROM THE BLACKEST DEPTHS OF MAN'S CONTORTED MIND COMES TALES OF HORROR

—a unique collection of suspense-filled stories—from the terrifying and mysterious worlds of the supernatural —stories perhaps best left untold. We dare you to venture with us across the threshold of the possible, into the realm where nightmares are born. Only $1.00.

On any Wednesday night in the late 30's and early 40's, when radio was king, the lights would be on in my house and the radio tuned to a program called "LIGHTS OUT," directed by Arch Oboler, whose talent scared the wits out of America with this blood-chilling series. Here is a sampler of this pioneer of horror that has never been matched. Only $5.98.

CLASSIC TALES OF TERROR to make you shiver in your boots. Be prepared for maniacal action when you listen to these spine-tingling narrations penned by the master of the macabre Edgar Allen Poe. MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH and THE PREMATURE BURIAL, are among these best and most terrifying tales. Only $1.98.

A wild SPIKE JONES album featuring DRACULA, VAMPIRA & THE MAD DOCTOR, in TEENAGE BRAIN SURGEON, MONSTER MOVIE BALL, FRANKENSTEIN'S LAMENT MY OLD FLAME, plus others specially recorded to drive you mad with ghoulish laughter. Long Play Album. Only $3.98.

Features themes & sound effects from the following motion pictures: House of Frankenstein • Horror of Dracula • Son of Dracula • Creature From the Black Lagoon • Revenge of the Creature • This Island Earth • The Mole People • The Creature Walks Among Us • The Deadly Mantis • It Came From Outer Space • Tarantula • The Incredible Shrinking Man • $3.98.

FAMOUS GHOST & HORROR STORIES read by Nelson Olmstead, radio's famous sinister voice. Includes THE SIGNAL MAN by Charles Dickens; THE MUMMY'S FOOT, WHAT WAS IT, THE BODY SNATCHER, OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE and others. Only $4.98.

Created Just for You — the Most Amazing Half Hour on Record as FORREST J ACKERMAN time-travels to the 21st Century to bring back Music for Robots. FJA talks to YOU for 18 minutes in a thrilling narration about RUR, Tobor, Gort, Robby, Jules Verne, Edgar Allan Poe, the metallic Frankenstein. Hear weird multisonic effects created for the ears of androids! Only $1.98.

An LP recording of the original Famous Orson Welles broadcast that caused mass hysteria throughout New York and New Jersey. People abandoned their homes—all roads were jammed, and never before had people become so suddenly disturbed as they did on this night. The original broadcast took place on the evening of October 30, 1938. A rare collector's item! Only $5.98.

PLEASE RUSH ME THE FOLLOWING LONG PLAYING ALBUMS:

- ☐ FAMOUS MONSTERS SPEAK; $1.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ TALES OF MYSTERY & IMAGINATION; $1.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ NIGHTMARE; $1.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ SHOCK; $3.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ HORROR; $1.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ THE HOUSE OF FRIGHT; $1.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ TALES OF HORROR; $1.00 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ DROP DEAD; $5.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ TERROR; $1.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ SPIKE JONES IN HI-FI; $3.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ SLEEP NO MORE; $4.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ THEMES FROM HORROR MOVIES; $3.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ MUSIC FOR ROBOTS; $1.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.
- ☐ WAR OF THE WORLDS; $5.98 plus 25c for postage & handling.

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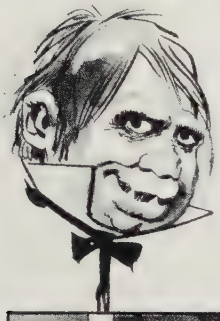


NO SENSE IN WAITING AROUND, FELLOW FIENDS... THERE'S SOME ***NEFARIOUS NECROMANCY*** UNDERWAY IN THE CASTLE AHEAD, AND YOU'LL WANT TO BE ON HAND FOR SOME ***SINISTER SORCERY*** AS VALDAR STRETCHES TO THE LIMIT HIS POWERS OF...

BLACK MAGIC

ART BY STEVE DITKO/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

...EXCEPT BY ME!
HOW LONG MUST WE BE BORED BY THIS PETTY TRICKSTER? I GROW TIRED OF HIS ARROGANCE!
I HEAR THE WHISPERS OF DISBELIEF! WATCH THEN, FOOL...
...AND LEARN!
LEARN OF THE POWERS OF VALDAR! LEARN THE LESSON OF ALL WHO DOUBT... THE PRICE OF KNOWLEDGE COMES HIGH...
AAARRRGHHH!
...AND MUST BE PAID!
THE PERFORMANCE IS OVER!
NEVER WERE MY TALENTS HONED TO A FINER EDGE THAN NOW... THE ULTIMATE ACHIEVEMENT MUST COME... TONIGHT!

WHY HURRY, VALDAR? SURELY WE'VE NOT SEEN ALL YOUR MAGIC! WHAT OF YOUR SPELLS AND CHARMS... AND LOVE POTIONS?
HOW DARE YOU LAY HANDS ON MY PERSON?!
AWAY! THINK MY FAVORS ARE TO BE GRANTED TO EVERY LADY-IN-WAITING AND CHAMBERMAID?
VALDAR... PLEASE!
WHY SETTLE FOR THE AFFECTIONS OF ANYONE FROM THIS COURT WHEN I CAN CHOOSE FROM THE AGES! I'M READY... I CAN FEEL IT!
SIMON!
YOU LOUT! ARISE! WE'VE BUSINESS TO ATTEND...
...IN THE CRYPTS!

M-MASTER, PERHAPS WE SHOULDN'T... WE'VE NO RIGHT TO DISTURB THE SLEEP OF THE DEAD!
RIGHT IS WHAT MY MAGIC MAKES IT, DOLT! AND THE DEAD BUT OBJECTS FOR OUR USE!
TOO LONG HAVE I STAYED MY SKILLS... PERFORMING LIKE A JESTER FOR THE FOOLS OF THE COURT! TONIGHT, SIMON, I ENACT THE SUPREME SORCERY... THE RAISING OF THE DEAD!
IS THIS THE USE TO WHICH YOU PUT THE SKILLS I TAUGHT YOU, VALDAR? SHAME!
YOU! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...
YOU WERE TOO TALENTED AN APPRENTICE TO SO ABUSE OUR ART! I DID NOT RAISE YOU... EDUCATE YOU... FOR EVIL SUCH AS THIS!
YOU TAUGHT ME WELL, OLD ONE, I'VE SINCE BECOME YOUR EQUAL... AND TONIGHT, I'LL PROVE YOUR BETTER!
HEED ME, VALDAR! ABANDON THIS COURSE ON WHICH YOUR AMBITION LEADS... YOU CANNOT KNOW THE CONSEQUENCES!
THINK I'M STILL YOUR CRINGING APPRENTICE? I'M EQUAL TO ANY TASK OF NECROMANCY, OLD MAN! FEEL MY POWER!

YOU HAVE GREAT SKILL, VALDAR... IF ONLY YOU HAD GREAT REASON!
LET THE DEAD REST! RETURN TO THE PATH MY TEACHINGS LED YOU!
I KNOW WHEREOF I SPEAK, VALDAR! THE REAWAKENED DEAD ARE NOT TO BE CONTROLLED... THEIR EVIL NOT TO BE OVERCOMED! HEED ME!
ENOUGH, ANCIENT BABBLER!
EVEN AS YOU WARD OFF MY SPELLS, SO DO I TURN AWAY YOURS! WE'VE PLAYED ENOUGH GAMES... I HAVE BUSINESS IN THE CRYPTS!
I RAISED YOU LIKE A SON, VALDAR! DOES YOUR MAD SCHEME MAKE YOU DEAF? COME BACK! DON'T DO IT!
M-MASTER... PERHAPS THE OLD MAN IS RIGHT!
HE IS RIGHT TO FEAR MY POWER! BUT HIS WORDS WILL NOT STOP MY PROVING IT!

THE OLD MAN'S SHOUTS AND WARNINGS ARE LEFT FAR BEHIND AS VALDAR'S TORCH GUIDES THEM DEEP INTO THE TOMB'S MUSTY DANKNESS...
THIS IS THE ONE! THE LADY ROWENA... HER BEAUTY IS LEGEND!
B-BUT... SHE'S BEEN DEAD NEAR A HUNDRED YEARS!
LABORIOUSLY, THE LONG-DECAYED BURDEN IS TRANSPORTED FROM ITS RESTING PLACE...
THICK OX! IT MATTERS NOT! I CAN RECLAIM ANY REMAINS... TONIGHT, ONE GIRL... TOMORROW, A DOZEN MEN... A LEGION! AN ARMY!
UP WINDING STONE STAIRS, THROUGH SILENT ARCHED CORRIDORS, TO THE SINISTER GLOOM OF THE SORCERER'S CHAMBERS...
MINSTRELS SANG OF THE FAIR FLESH THAT ROUNDED THESE BONES... NOW I'LL CALL IT UP FOR OUR CENTURY TO BEHOLD!
THEN, FROM THE DARKNESS BEYOND THE CANDLES, A STIRRING...
SAY NOT THE WORDS, VALDAR! HAVE MY TEACHINGS EVER BEEN FALSE?
IT'S WELL YOU STAYED, OLD FOOL, FOR NOW I'LL SHOW YOU THE LIMITS OF YOUR TEACHING, HOWEVER TRUE!
ONCE STARTED IT CANNOT BE STOPPED! DON'T DO I---
REGIUS MALLEUM ... SHIBBIEOTH NOSTARE VEX...

LLARTH COMGUTH... TANNEUS KRIIGUM...
...ARISE!
WHAT SAY YOU NOW, ANCIENT ONE? WILL YOU SIT AT MY FEET AND LEARN FROM YOUR PUPIL?
EEEEEE-YAAHHH!!
WHAT'S THIS?! CEASE! OBEY ME!
MASTER! SHE'S KILLING ME! MASTER!
YOU'VE RECALLED THE FLESH, BUT DID YOU THINK THE LONG-DEAD BRAIN WOULD RETAIN ITS KNOWLEDGE AND SANITY? THERE ARE NO SPELLS FOR DECAYED MINDS!
THE CREATURE HAS THE STRENGTH OF MADNESS! RELEASE HIM, WITCH!
WILL YOU DEVOTE THE YEARS TO RETRAINING THIS MINDLESS BEAUTY YOU HAVE SUMMONED? COULD YOU CONTROL AN ARMY SUCH AS THIS AS YOU VISUALIZED?
DO YOU THINK ME A FOOL WITHOUT CONTROL, OLD MAN? WHAT MAGIC HAS CREATED, IT CAN DESTROY!
MUGIIRK SUENNAT... HTUGMOC HTRALL...

XEV ERATSON HTOEIBBIHS... MUELLAM SUIGER...
...RETURN!
M-MY HANDS! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY HANDS!
N-NO... NO! IT CAN'T BE! NOOOOOOO!
I TRIED TO WARN YOU... STOP YOU! BUT IN YOUR LUST FOR POWER YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN... PERHAPS YOU MIGHT HAVE GUESSED...
... YOU, WHOM I TRAINED AND RAISED ... RAISED FROM THE DEAD AS YOU DID THAT POOR GIRL!
WELL, KIDDIES, THAT'S THE WAY THE CONJURER CRUMBLES! POOR VALDAR ... EVEN HIS SERVANT, SIMON IS PRETTY CHOKED UP ABOUT THE WHOLE THING... AND YOU'RE GONNA BE CHOKED UP ABOUT MY NEXT YELL-YARN!

THE WERE-WOLF

A 10,000-year-old legend of bestiality comes to life, tearing the screen to terrified tatters in the body of a bloodthirsty beast. Right before your horror-struck eyes! Only $5.95.

I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF

You asked for it! The companion film to "I was a teenage Frankenstein! Teenage boy turns to horrifying Werewolf who menaces the high school students. Exciting, terrifying film. Only $5.95.

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN

WHO COMES OUT ON TOP . . . Frankenstein or Wolfman? We won't give it away, but here is a 2-Monster Movie that doubles your fun as you watch the world's eeriest adversaries fight it out for the world's Monster Championship. Full of thrills and chills for Monster Movie collectors. 8mm, 160 feet, $5.75.

I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN

A MAD DOCTOR sets out to create the most fearsome monster ever born. He winds up with a TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN combining a boy's body, a monster's mind, a creature's soul. Does the doctor live to regret his fiendish accomplishment? This gruesome movie, a real thriller, gives you the answer. 8mm, 200 feet, $5.95.

REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN

SUPERNATURAL TECHNICOLOR!

FRANKENSTEIN GETS EVEN and his "revenge" makes this the scariest monster movie ever made. The Stalker Walker gives an unforgettable performance. The dark, dank mood of this film is not for the lighthearted. Full of fight and might, it is just right for your Monster Film collection. (Available in both black & white or in supernatural Technicolor.) This 8mm film is a full 200 feet. Black & White, $5.95; Technicolor, $12.95.

THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

FEARFUL FRANKENSTEIN monster Boris Karloff wants to marry Elsa Lanchester. Nothing stops this gruesome two-some . . . not even the fact she is 7 feet tall, is wrapped in gharish gauze . . . and has ragged stitches around her neck. A classic film every collector should own! 8mm, 160 feet, $5.75.

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN

In a nightmare of stark terror and violence the revived Monster threatens death and destruction to a panic-stricken community. Only $5.95.

KARLOFF IN THE MUMMY

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW that only Boris Karloff could be so horror-able as the original MUMMY! Back in 1932 he let the Hollywood studio "torture" him for hours, wrapping rotting gauze, spraying chemicals, baking it all with clay. No wonder Karloff was so wonderful as THE MUMMY . . . he felt so horrible he took it out on the film's victims. You'll feel just grand, though, as you watch his eerie performance. 8mm, 160 feet. $5.75.

THE MUMMY'S TOMB

DON'T EVER sneak into a Mummy's Tomb. If you do, you may be in for the same revenge as in this movie. A centuries-old mummy starts out to avenge the opening of his crypt in Egypt. How he does his dirty work, and the chills involved, make THE MUMMY'S TOMB a far-from-dreary, excitingly eerie film. 8mm, 200 feet, $5.95.

THE VAMPIRE BAT

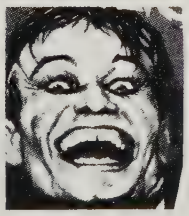
Most famous and ORIGINAL VAMPIRE film, starring Lionel Atwill, Melvyn Douglas, Fay Wray and Dwight Frye. Full of Vampires, weird characters, mad scientists, etc. A super-shocker. Full 200 feet, 8mm; $4.95.

THE UNDEAD

CAN THE GRAVE OPEN UP and give forth its ghostly, ghastly secrets. It sure can, and in THE UNDEAD horror screams from the grave. In the dead of night an evil curse starts a chain of events. You'll sit on the edge of your chair as you walk with THE UNDEAD. 8mm, 200 feet, $5.95.

THE BEAST WITH 5 FINGERS

WHAT HAPPENS when stark, staring madness takes over in a famous concert pianist's home? Who is the Beast with 5 Fingers? Peter Lorre stalks through this horror movie at his dramatic best. As scene after terror scene unfolds, you sit on the edge of your chair in absolute suspense. This famous film is now available for the collector. Order today. 8mm, 200 feet, $5.95.



TERROR OF DRACULA

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ART BY EUGENE COLAN/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

YOU GET OFF THE TRAIN WITH THE SAME CROWD OF COMMUTERS AS ALWAYS, WALK PAST THE SAME PLATFORM BILLBOARDS AS ALWAYS...
THE CAR IS IN THE SAME PARKING LOT AS ALWAYS, NEEDING A WASH AND POLISH AS ALWAYS...
YOU CLEAR THE KIDS' TOYS FROM THE DRIVE AND PARK AS ALWAYS, STRIDE WEARILY UP TO THE FRONT PORCH AS ALWAYS...
AUTOMATICALLY YOU TWIST THE KEY IN THE LOCK, OPEN THE DOOR, AND STEP INSIDE... AS ALWAYS...

OH, MY GOD!

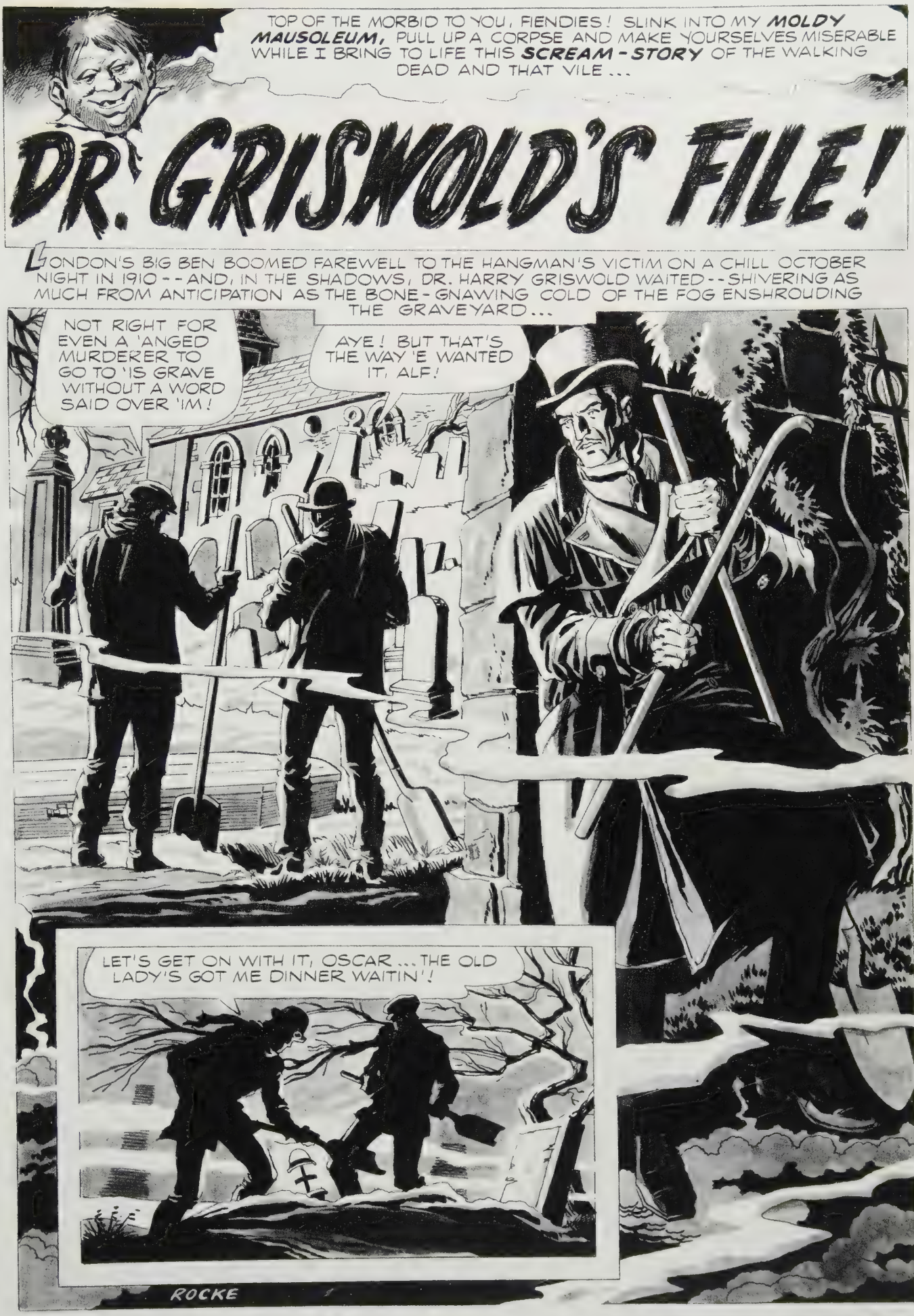
WAVES OF SHOCK PULSE OVER YOU LIKE THE STEAMING HEAT RISING FROM THE ASHEN GROUND BENEATH YOUR FEET...
T-THIS IS INSANE! IMPOSSIBLE!.. I SHOULD BE INSIDE MY HOUSE... I-IT JUST CAN'T BE!
ON TREMBLING LEGS YOU MOVE FORWARD INTO THIS NIGHTMARE THAT YOUR MIND DENIES EVEN AS YOUR TINGLING SENSES PROCLAIM ITS EXISTANCE...
E-EEEEEYAHHH
LORD! THAT H-HORRIBLE SCREAM... CAME FROM THIS WAY!
YOU KNOW YOU DO NOT WANT TO SEE THE SOURCE OF THOSE TERRIBLE CRIES... YET YOU SUDDENLY FIND YOUR EYES RIVETED ON A SCENE OF BARBAROUS HORROR! YOU FIGHT A SWEEPING LASH OF NAUSEA...
IT'S A MAN! THOSE T-THINGS ARE TEARING HIM TO PIECES!
THE SCREAMING FADES AND SOMEHOW YOU GAIN COURAGE TO LOOK UP AGAIN... THE MONSTERS ARE GONE! YOU MOVE TO THE SIDE OF THE MUTILATED FORM ONCE A MAN, SOMEHOW STILL BREATHING...
PHIL! OH, LORD... PHIL! WHAT WERE THOSE THINGS?
G-GEORGE... YOU HERE! YOU DEAD TOO...
WHAT'RE YOU SAYING...? WE'RE ALIVE! WE WERE ON THE TRAIN TOGETHER...
IF YOU'RE ALIVE, GEORGE... RUN... ESCAPE! I WAS KILLED IN CAR WRECK... DRIVING FROM STATION! THIS IS... LAND OF THE DEAD!

THE WORDS BRING A CHILL TO YOUR BODY LIKE AN ICICLE IN THE HEART... RAW PANIC STRIKES AT YOU WITH SLEDGE-HAMMER BLOWS AS GROSS INHUMAN NOISES GROW LOUDER BEHIND YOU...
RUN, GEORGE... ESCAPE...
ANOTHER ONE! SEIZE HIM... GET HIM!
YOU RUN, AS YOU'VE NEVER RUN BEFORE... LEG MUSCLES QUIVERING AND STIFFENING WITH THE EFFORT... LUNGS RAW AND THROBBING WITH EACH TORTURED GASP...
UNLESS I SWIM FOR IT, THEY'LL GET ME SURE...
THE WATER! SOMETHING'S STIRRING BELOW!
NO! LEAVE ME ALONE... IT'S A MISTAKE! I'M ALIVE... ALIVE!
NO! NO! NOOOOO!

YOU FALL TO THE SCORCHED BLACK CINDERS OF EARTH, YOUR ONLY ESCAPE ROUTE BANISHED... THEN SUDDENLY YOU ARE GRIPPED FROM ALL SIDES BY A HORRENDOUSLY INHUMAN TOUCH LIKE A THOUSAND SLITHERING WORMS! YOU KICK, STRUGGLE, SQUIRM, SCREAM...
YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! I'M ALIVE, I TELL YOU... ALIVE!
THEY ALL THINK THAT... AT FIRST! IF YOU AREN'T DEAD NOW...
...YOU SOON WILL BE!
NO WORDS, NO ACTIONS HAVE ANY EFFECT ON THE BRUTE CREATURES... SHOWING NEITHER PITY NOR CONCERN, ONLY UNNATURAL ANTICIPATION, THEY RELENTLESSLY BRING YOU TO THE PLACE OF RECKONING...

PLEASE! T-THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING...I'M GEORGE SIMMONS! I'M ALIVE!
ABOVE YOUR HEAD QUIVERS THE EXECUTIONER'S AXE, HORRIBLE IN THIS DAMNED PLACE NOT FOR WHAT IT WILL END, BUT FOR WHAT IT BEGINS...
SILENCE! THIS IS NOT A TIME OF BARGAINING...ONLY OF RECKONING!
THERE IS NOTHING BUT SILENCE, SAVE FOR THE DRY CRACKLE OF THE LEDGER PAGES AS THEY TURN, AND YOUR OWN ANGUISH SOBS...
HIS FINAL ENTRY'S NEVER BEEN MADE! HE SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN CALLED! NOT YET... IT'S A BREAK IN THE ROUTINE!
DOLTS! YOUR GREEDY BLOODLUSTING CAUSED THIS! LET THE WRETCH GO!
THE MISTS SWIRL AND CLOSE IN ON YOU AS RELEASE COMES FROM THE TERRIBLE GRASP THAT HELD YOU...LEAVING ONLY THE FADING ECHO OF THE HOLLOW VOICE OF DOOM...
...WE'LL HAVE HIM FOR GOOD SOON ENOUGH!

YOU GET OFF THE TRAIN WITH THE SAME CROWD OF COMMUTERS AS ALWAYS, WALK PAST THE SAME PLATFORM BILLBOARDS AS ALWAYS...
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME...DAYDREAMING LIKE THAT! MUST BE THE HEAT...
YOU DRIVE HOME AND PARK AS ALWAYS, STRIDE WEARILY UP TO THE FRONT PORCH AS ALWAYS...
BUT MY BRIEF-CASE...HAT... BOTH GONE!
AUTOMATICALLY YOU START TO TWIST THE KEY IN THE LOCK... AS ALWAYS...
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE...HAS TO BE IMPOSSIBLE...
YOU FREEZE WITH YOUR HAND ON THE KEY, SUDDENLY AFRAID TO MOVE... IT'S JUST YOUR HOUSE, ONLY YOUR HOUSE BEHIND THAT DOOR... OR IS IT? YOU CAN NEVER BE SURE... AND FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, OPENING YOUR FRONT DOOR, IF EVER YOU OPEN IT AGAIN, CAN NEVER BE... A MATTER OF ROUTINE!
HEH, HEH! LOOKS TO ME LIKE GEORGIE BETTER GET AN APARTMENT IN TOWN... UNLESS HE WANTS TO GROW OLD ON THE FRONT PORCH! TRY MY NEXT STORY... IT'LL MAKE YOU GROW OLD... FROM FRIGHT!



ART BY ROCCO MASTROSERIO/SCRIPT BY CARL WESSLER

THE GRAVEDIGGERS HASTILY FINISHED THEIR WORK AND DRIFTED INTO THE NIGHT. THEN DR. GRISWOLD WAS LEFT ALONE TO HIS GRIZZLY TASK, MURMURING TO THE UNHEARING...
FORGIVE ME FOR DISTURBING YOU, VINCENT COE... IT'S FOR MY WIFE... FOR LUCILLE!

YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT LUCILLE... THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT HER! IT'S A KIND OF MADNESS, I KNOW!

YOU SEE, COE, IT HAD TO BE YOU! A FRESH CORPSE... WITH A CRIMINAL'S INSTINCTS!

ANY FEAR OF DISCOVERY VANISHED, AS THE PHYSICIAN REACHED HIS HOME... LUCILLE'S CASTLE, HE CALLED IT-- AND DROVE TO THE REAR...

FINALLY DEPOSITING HIS GRUESOME BURDEN IN THE SECRET LABORATORY BEHIND HIS OFFICE...
COMFORTABLE, COE? THIS WILL BE YOUR HOME FOR AS LONG AS I NEED YOU... FAR MORE PLEASANT PLACE THAN A GRAVE, WHAT?

THERE, MY FRIEND... YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY BACK TO LIFE!

SEE, DARLING! I TOLD YOU MY CALL WOULDN'T TAKE LONG...
LONG ENOUGH, HARRY! I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU BROUGHT ME A LITTLE SURPRISE...?

NOT YET, DEAREST! IT'LL TAKE TIME...
PLEASE, HARRY, DON'T CRUSH MY GOWN! ...HOW MUCH TIME?

SOME WEEKS, I IMAGINE... DEAREST, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, IT'S GOING TO BE A WHILE BEFORE I COLLECT MY FEES!
A MEASLY **FOUR THOUSAND POUNDS** FOR THE **EMERALD PENDANT!** SURELY YOU HAVE **THAT** MUCH...

I'VE SPENT **EVERYTHING** FOR THIS HOME, THE JEWELS, SERVANTS... YOU CAN HAVE THE WORLD, DARLING, JUST GIVE ME TIME!
THERE WAS NO TALK OF PATIENCE OR WAITING **BEFORE** YOU PROPOSED! I'M **SICK** OF EXCUSES, HARRY... DO YOU HEAR ME? **SICK!**

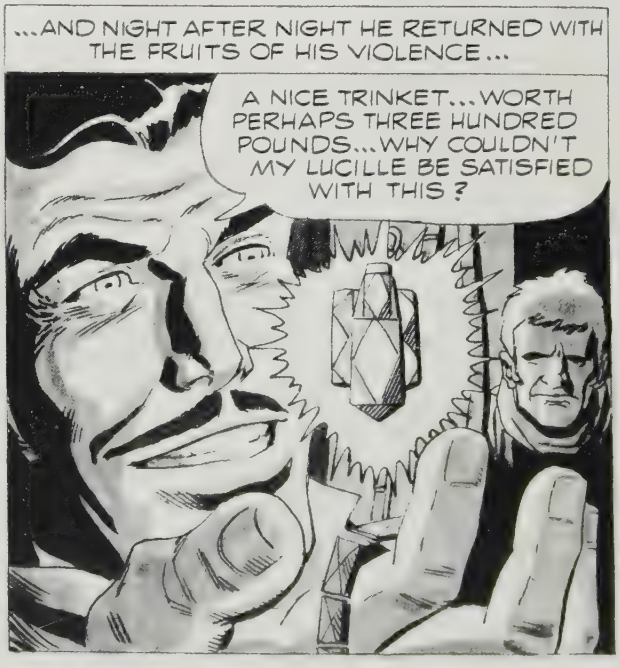
DESPERATION, FEAR THAT HIS ADORED LUCILLE MIGHT LEAVE HIM, DROVE THE PHYSICIAN TO COMPLETE HIS PROJECT...
NOW, COE... AT MY COMMAND... I ORDER YOU... TO RISE!
IT WORKS! HE OBEYS MY EVERY COMMAND! I CAN BEGIN...
FOLLOW ME, MY ZOMBIE... I'VE GIVEN YOU LIFE THAT I MAY KEEP MY WIFE! LIKE RHYMES, COE?
NO, YOU LIKE NEITHER RHYME NOR REASON... ONLY OBEDIENCE TO MY COMMANDS! VERY WELL, VINCENT... REMOVE A CARD FROM THESE FILES!
EVERY PATIENT I'VE HAD IS THERE... MANY OWE ME THEIR LIVES...
...SO I TAKE ONLY WHAT BELONGS TO ME!
YOU WILL SELECT A NEW FILE EACH NIGHT, COE, AND GO TO THEM! BRING ME THEIR MONEY, JEWELLERY, VALUABLES...
IT'S DONE! AND WHAT'S IT TO MY CONSCIENCE? COE PICKS THE VICTIM... I DON'T EVEN SEE THE CARD... WHAT I DON'T SEE I CAN NEVER CONFESS TO!

INTO THE SILENT NIGHT, THE LIVING DEAD SLOWLY STALKS, UNERRINGLY MOVING TO THE ADDRESS ON THE FILE CARD...
KRASH!
EEEEEEEEEE

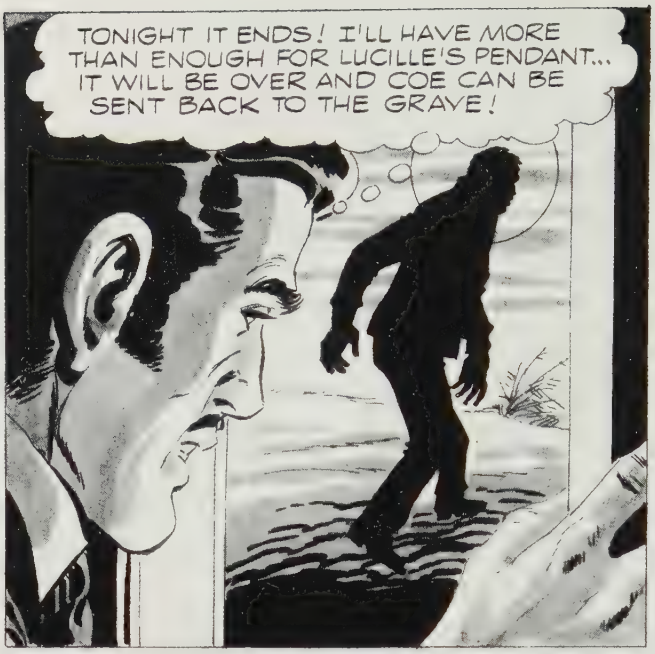
HE WAS OBEYING HIS MASTER'S COMMAND, BUT MURDER WAS AS INSTINCTIVE TO VINCENT COE AS THEFT...

AS WAS CLEAR TO AN ANXIOUS GRISWOLD UPON COE'S COMPLETION OF THE GRIM TASK...
LORD! B-BLOODSTAINS... IT'S LIKE A DREAM...OR A NIGHTMARE!
YET LUCILLE IS WITHIN A WEEK OF GETTING HER PRECIOUS EMERALD PENDANT, IF THIS KEEPS UP!

SO NIGHT AFTER NIGHT DR. GRISWOLD SENT VINCENT COE FORTH ON HIS DEADLY MISSION...


...AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE RETURNED WITH THE FRUITS OF HIS VIOLENCE...
A NICE TRINKET...WORTH PERHAPS THREE HUNDRED POUNDS...WHY COULDN'T MY LUCILLE BE SATISFIED WITH THIS?

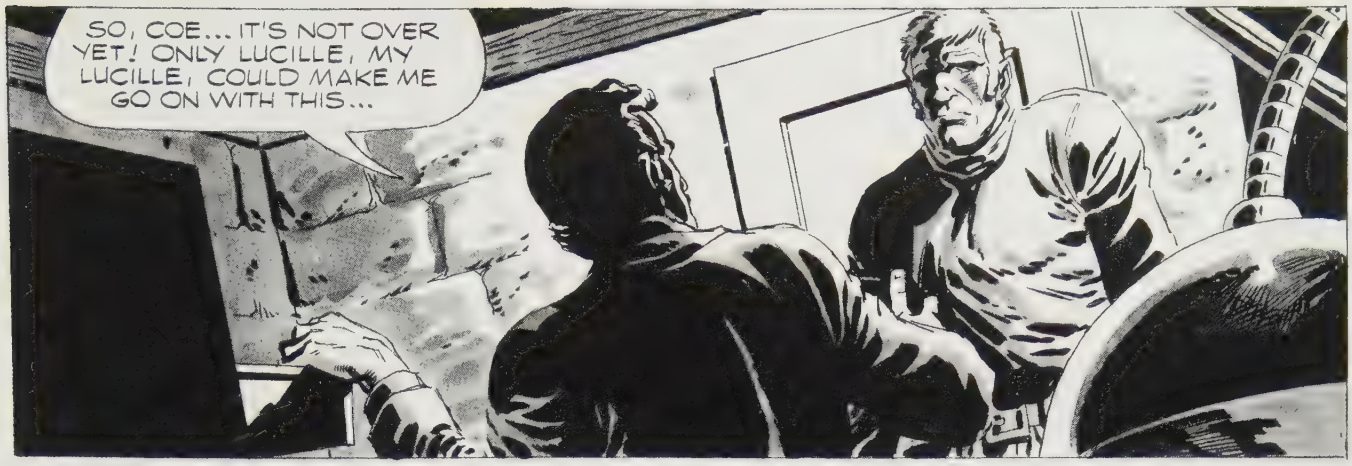
BUT LUCILLE GRISWOLD WAS NOT A WOMAN EASILY SATISFIED...
THE PENDANT, HARRY! WHAT ABOUT THE PENDANT? STILL COLLECTING FROM YOUR PATIENTS?
IT TAKES TIME, MY DARLING, BUT IT WILL BE YOURS SOON...VERY SOON!

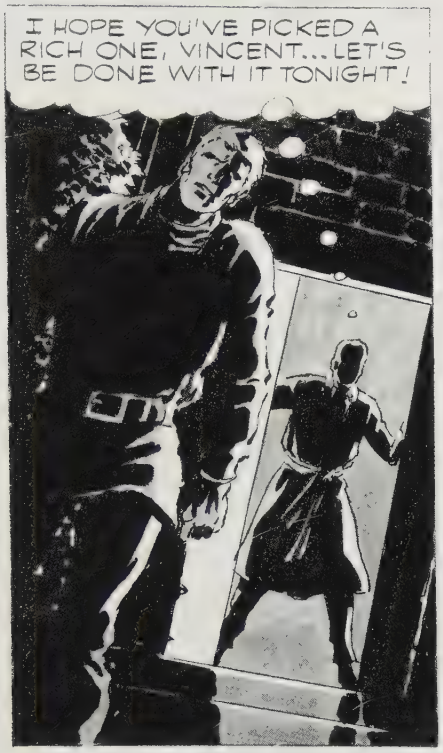

TONIGHT IT ENDS! I'LL HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR LUCILLE'S PENDANT... IT WILL BE OVER AND COE CAN BE SENT BACK TO THE GRAVE!

AND AT LAST, THE NEXT DAY...
LUCILLE! LUCILLE, I'VE GOT IT!
GOT WHAT? THE... THE PENDANT?

OH, THANK YOU, THANK YOU, HARRY DEAREST! IT'S JUST FABULOUS...HOW BEAUTIFULLY IT WILL GO WITH THE COAT!
COAT? WHICH COAT IS THAT, SWEETHEART?

THE ERMINE COAT, HARRY! I KNOW I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE ERMINE COAT I PRICED AT MURCHISON'S...ONLY TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS, DARLING...

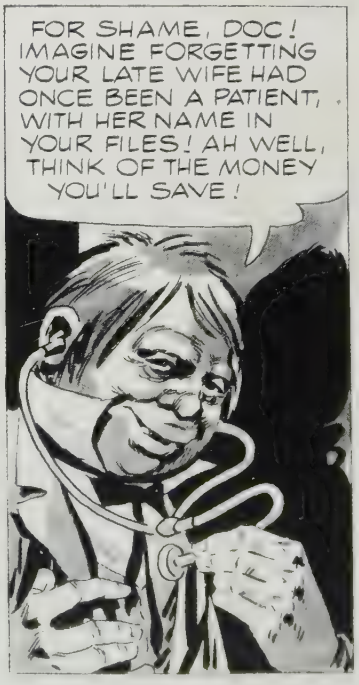

SO, COE... IT'S NOT OVER YET! ONLY LUCILLE, MY LUCILLE, COULD MAKE ME GO ON WITH THIS...


I HOPE YOU'VE PICKED A RICH ONE, VINCENT... LET'S BE DONE WITH IT TONIGHT!

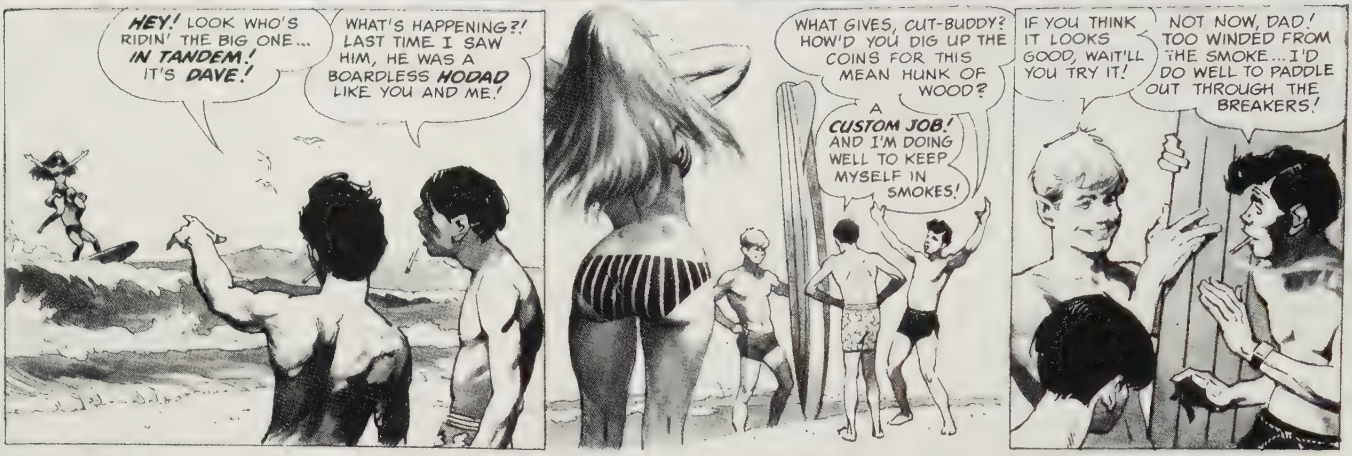
THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT NOW BUT THE WAITING... THE INTERMINABLE WAITING...
AH, LUCILLE... IF ONLY YOU KNEW WHAT I GO THROUGH! THE AGONY FOR YOU... FOOTSTEPS! DIDN'T TAKE HIM LONG...

LORD, WHAT A MESS! MUST HAVE PUT UP QUITE A STRUGGLE, EH, COE? DON'T JUST STAND THERE! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU HAV...

THE WORDS CAUGHT IN GRISWOLD'S THROAT AND CHOKED AS HIS EYES CAUGHT THE EMERALD GREEN GLINT OF THE NIGHT'S PRIZE BROUGHT FORTH BY THE ZOMBIE...
L-LUCILLE... NOOOOO!


FOR SHAME, DOC! IMAGINE FORGETTING YOUR LATE WIFE HAD ONCE BEEN A PATIENT, WITH HER NAME IN YOUR FILES! AH WELL, THINK OF THE MONEY YOU'LL SAVE!

EASY WAY TO A TUFF SURFBOARD!



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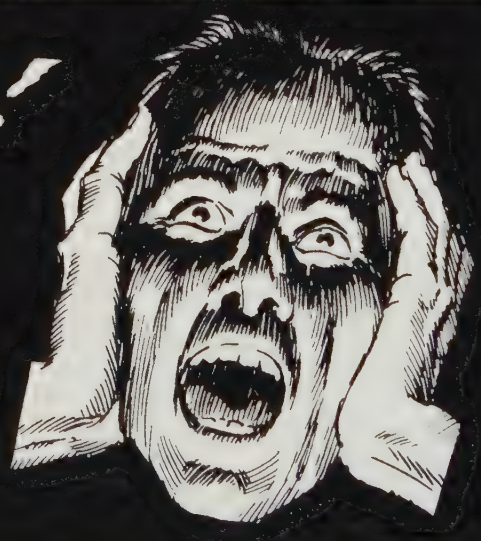

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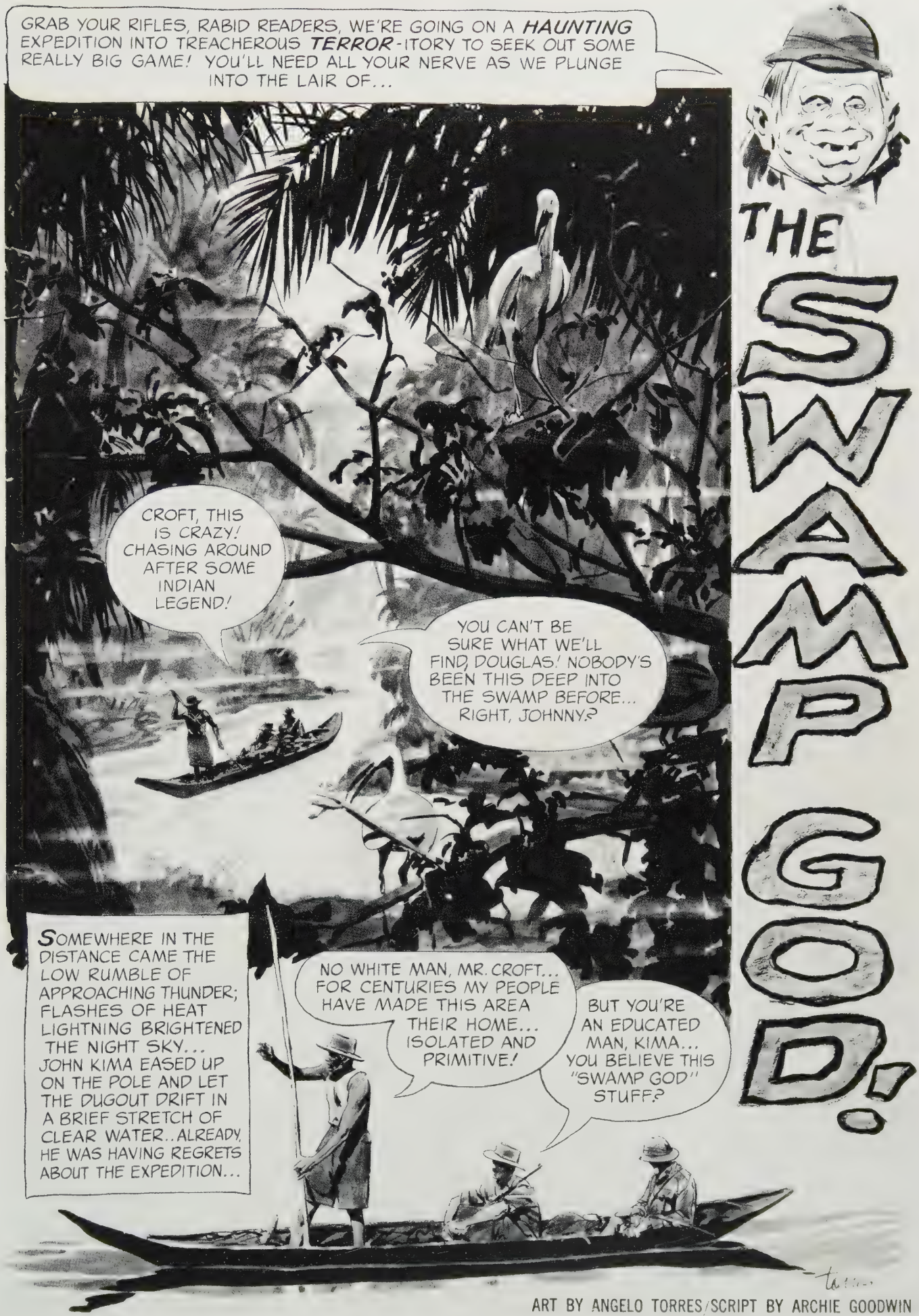
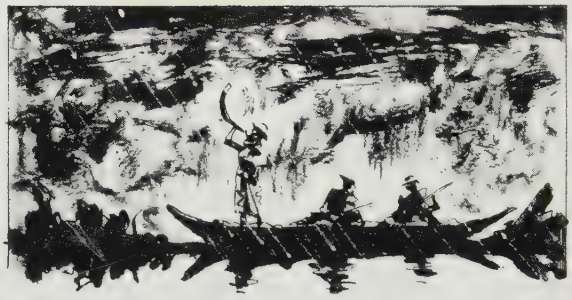


ART BY ANGELO TORRES/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

A HERON SCREECHED AND WINGED SKYWARD THROUGH THE DARKNESS, THEN ONLY THE MEN'S VOICES BROKE THE LAYER OF SILENCE THAT HUNG OVER THE SWAMP... THE SILENCE OF ANTICIPATION... PERHAPS OF THE APPROACHING STORM...
I BELIEVE ANY LEGEND HAS SOME ROOTS IN FACT! SOMETHING VERY REAL AND VERY TERRIBLE, STALKS IN THIS SWAMP!
AND JOHNNY'S FIXED IT SO YOU AND I GET FIRST CRACK AT IT, DOUGLAS!
EAGLES TO ELEPHANTS, I'VE BAGGED THEM ALL, KIMA...NOTHING IN HERE CAN BE THAT UNUSUAL!
UNUSUAL ENOUGH TO LEVEL ENTIRE VILLAGES! UNUSUAL ENOUGH THAT GENERATIONS OF MY TRIBE HAVE MADE SACRIFICES TO APPEASE IT! HUMAN SACRIFICES!
H-HUMAN SACRIFI--COME OFF IT, KIMA! THIS DAY AND AGE? IF THERE'S MORE THAN AN OVERSIZED ALLIGATOR AROUND, I'LL EAT IT!
THIS SWAMP IS OLD...DEEP... UNTOUCHED BY TIME! PAST AND PRESENT MEAN LITTLE HERE...
I'M OF A PRIMITIVE AND DYING PEOPLE... I'VE TRIED TO CHANGE THEIR WAYS...IT WAS MY HOPE THE TWO OF YOU COULD HELP!
DON'T GET SORE, JOHNNY! DOUGLAS AND I ARE TOP HUNTERS ...IF ANYONE CAN NAIL YOUR "SWAMP GOD," WE CAN!
THUNDER RESOUNDED OVERHEAD AND DROPS OF RAIN BEGAN PELTING THE THREE MEN IN THE DUGOUT...
WHAT'S UP? WHY ARE WE STOPPING?
WE CAN GO NO FURTHER ...THIS IS THE PLACE OF SACRIFICE, THE KILLING GROUND OF THE SWAMP GOD!



MOMENTARILY, ONLY THE SOUND OF THE RAIN WAS AUDIBLE IN THE SWAMP, THEN THE INDIAN GUIDE'S LIPS TOUCHED THE OLD HORN, FILLING THE NIGHT WITH A LONG WAIL, ECHOING LIKE THE CRIES OF A WOUNDED ANIMAL...TORTURED AND UNEARTHLY!

THE SWAMP'S STIFLING AIR WAS RENT BY A HUGE THUNDER-CLAP, QUICKLY FOLLOWED BY THE CRACKLING BRILLIANCE OF LIGHTNING, ETCHING THE AREA IN AN EERIE GLOW!
TYRANNOSAURUS! KIMA WAS RIGHT... IT'S SURVIVED TIME! NURTURED ON H-HUMAN SACRIFICE...
OH, MY GOD!

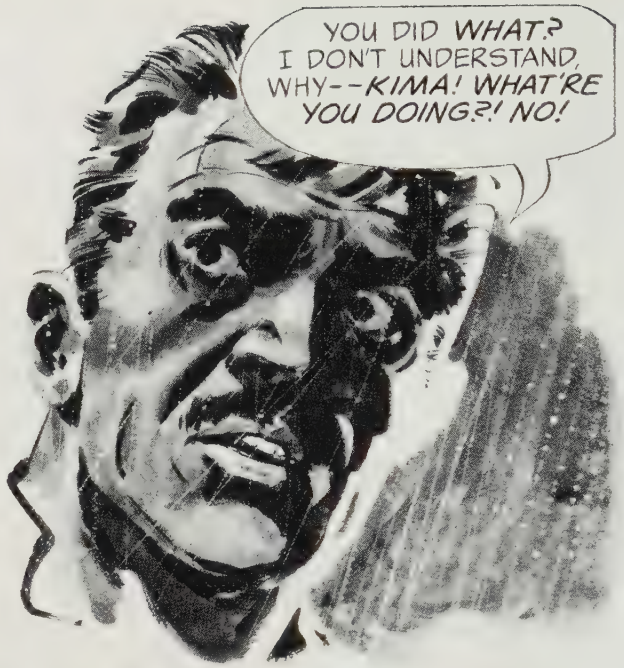
DOUGLAS! IT'S T-TREMENDOUS... WE CAN'T--
THESE RIFLES ARE HI-POWERED ENOUGH TO STOP ANYTHING! FIRE, YOU FOOL! FIRE!

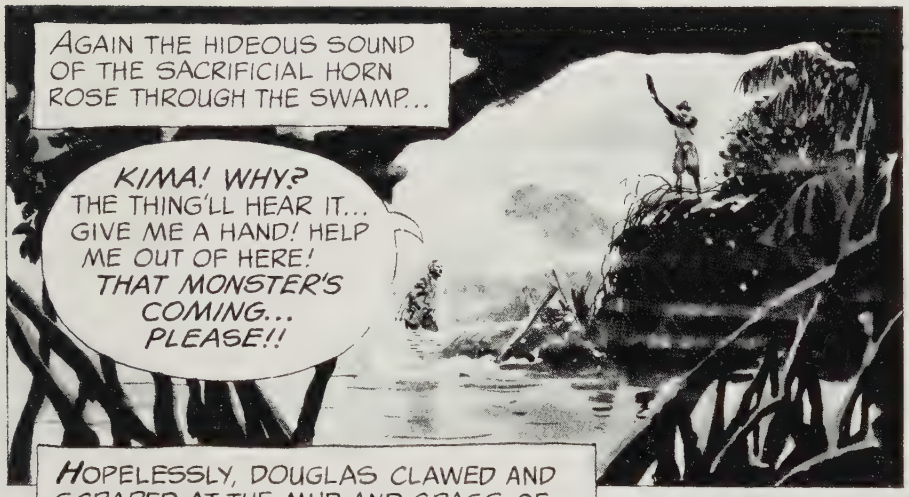
THE GUNS! THEY'RE NOT FIRING! THEY'RE NOT FIRI---

GNYAHHHHHH!!!
OH, LORD... IT'S D-DEVOURING CROFT!

CROFT'S HIDEOUS DYING SCREAMS MINGLED WITH THE SAVAGE SOUNDS OF THE RAMPAGING BEHEMOTH, SENT DOUGLAS THRASHING THROUGH THE MURKY WATER...MUD AND SLIME BELOW CAUGHT AND GRABBED AT HIM, REDUCING HIS MOTION TO THAT OF A MAN IN A DREAM...
KIMA! I THOUGHT THAT T-THING GOT YOU WITH THE DUGOUT!
NO, MR. DOUGLAS, ...I GOT AWAY AFTER SOUNDING THE HORN.

GOOD THING TOO! YOU MIGHT HAVE ENDED UP LIKE CROFT! BLASTED RIFLES... FINE WEAPONS FOR YEARS! HOW COULD THEY GO WRONG NOW?
NO BULLETS, MR. DOUGLAS... I REMOVED THEM WHEN I LOADED THE DUGOUT!


YOU DID *WHAT?* I DON'T UNDERSTAND, WHY--*KIMA! WHAT'RE YOU DOING?! NO!*


AGAIN THE HIDEOUS SOUND OF THE SACRIFICIAL HORN ROSE THROUGH THE SWAMP...
KIMA! WHY? THE THING'LL HEAR IT... GIVE ME A HAND! HELP ME OUT OF HERE! *THAT MONSTER'S COMING... PLEASE!!*

IT'S AS I SAID, MR. DOUGLAS..WITH YOUR HELP I'M CHANGING THE WAYS OF MY PEOPLE! THEY'LL CEASE DYING OUT FROM SACRIFICES...

HOPELESSLY, DOUGLAS CLAWED AND SCRAPED AT THE MUD AND GRASS OF THE BANK ONLY TO FIND THE MIRE OF THE BOTTOM SLIPPING BENEATH HIS SCRAMBLING FEET...EVEN AS HOT REPTILIAN BREATH SPRAYED OVER HIM, ABOVE HIS OWN SCREAMS, HE COULD HEAR JOHN KIMA'S FADING WORDS...
...SINCE FROM NOW ON, I'M USING OUTSIDERS ONLY!!

HMMMMMMM... IT APPEARS DOUGLAS IS MORE SELF-*SACRIFICING* THAN I THOUGHT! NOW, BEFORE THE SWAMP GOD PUTS THE BITE ON HIM, WHY DON'T YOU NIBBLE AT MY NEXT GOODIE?

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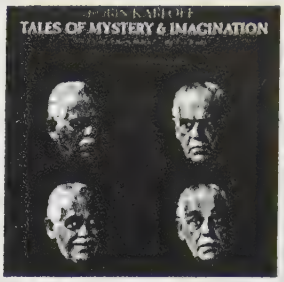

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HORROR—THE SON OF NIGHTMARE; a classic tale of terror spoken in eerie tones with the right kind of background music. Actually hearing this story told in your own home is enough to scare you out of your wits. Have your blood curdled by the tale of THE BLACK CAT, by EDGAR ALLAN POE. Only $1.98.

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On any Wednesday night in the late 30's and early 40's, when radio was king, the lights would be on in my house and the radio tuned to a program called "LIGHTS OUT," directed by Arch Oboler, whose talent scared the wits out of America with this blood-chilling series. Here is a sampler of this pioneer of horror that has never been matched. Only $5.98.

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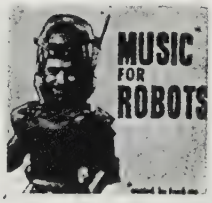

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PROLOGUE: "I remember it vividly as if it were yesterday... The endless wait in the bitter chill, then as the black sky changed slowly to gray... The dread flap of bat wings!"

"COUNT VRYOLAK HAD RETURNED! And my years of searching were at an end... Fear gripped me as I forced my way into the abandoned chateau, but not as tightly as the lust for revenge!"

"The first rays of the winter sun forced their way through the cracks and crevices of the dark crumbling structure, as with methodical fury I made my search..."

"Until at last, in the very bowels of this place of decay and corruption, I uncovered the Count's resting place... THE COFFIN OF THE MONSTER WHO HAD HIDEOUSLY SLAIN MY BROTHER!"

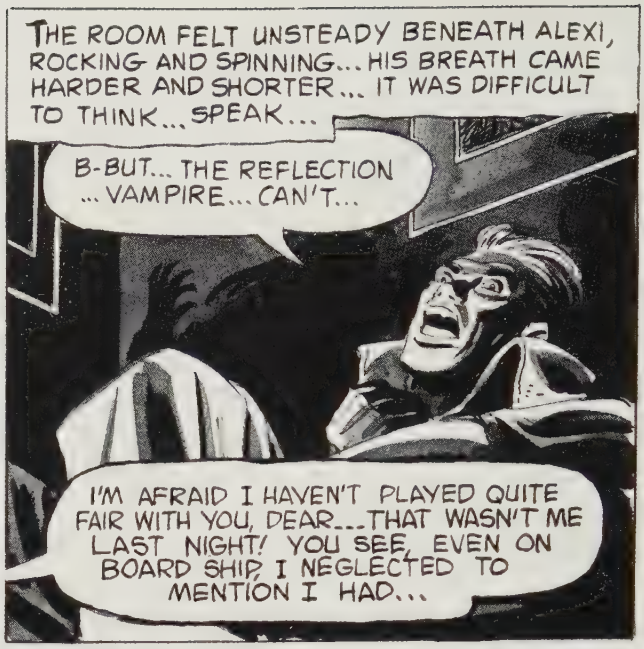
Did our FEARFUL FORWARD leave you thirsting for more blood, RABID READERS? Then get ready to sink your fangs into the rest of this HEART-POUNDER and find out what's at stake for the...
VAMPIRE SLAYER!
WOK!
"THE BALEFUL RED-RIMMED EYES POPPED OPEN AS THE ANCIENT LID CRASHED TO THE FLOOR, A MASK OF HATRED COVERING THE PALE BLOATED FACE... MY SWEATING PALM CLENCHED THE MALLET, AND I DROVE THE STAKE HOME!!!"

A MOMENTARY SILENCE FELL OVER THE EVENING DINERS AT THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE ON THE LINER "BUDAPEST"...
... WITH THE STROKE, VRYOLAK'S BODY CRUMBLED INTO THE DUST IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A CENTURY AGO! THE SCENE IS FOREVER ETCHED IN MY MIND...
AMAZING, BARON ALEXI! UTTERLY AMAZING!
I'VE SINCE DEVOTED MY LIFE TO THE PURSUIT OF THE UNDEAD... SEEKING THE VAMPIRE OUT WHERE EVER THEY ARE FOUND... AND DESTROYING THEM!
I SALUTE YOU, MY DEAR BARON! I FIND YOUR WORK MOST ADMIRABLE...
NO...
... IT'S ALL FILTHY AND DISGUSTING! GLOATING OVER SUCH VIOLENCE AND BLOODLETTING... I WON'T LISTEN TO ANOTHER WORD OF IT!
CAPTAIN! THAT GIRL... WHO..?
THE COUNTESS DE VILLE! B-BUT WHY SHOULD SHE BE SO UPSET? ACTED LIKE YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN DESTROYING HUMANS INSTEAD OF MONSTERS.

INTRIGUE FLARED IN THE BARON ALEXI... THE LOVELY COUNTESS PROVOKED HIS INTEREST... AND DREAD!
MADAME DE VILLE? YOU WON'T FIND HER ON DECK, BARON. ONLY LEAVES HER CABIN AT NIGHT... WON'T EVEN TAKE MEALS IN THE DAY!
HER BEHAVIOR AT DINNER, NOW THIS! A GIRL SO BEAUTIFUL... CAN IT BE?
WITH EACH PASSING NIGHT HIS SUSPICIONS GREW...
HER SKIN... SO WHITE AND PALE! THE HAIR... LONG AND FLOWING... COULD COVER ANY WOUNDS ON HER NECK...
YET THE TAINT OF MYSTERY SEEMED TO MAKE HER BEAUTY THE MORE FASCINATING... ALEXI COULD FEEL HIMSELF BEING DRAWN CLOSER AND CLOSER...
COUNTESS, ABOUT DINNER THE OTHER EVENING... I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR SAYING ANYTHING TO OFFEND...
I WAS FOOLISH TO GET SO UPSET, BARON ALEXI! PLEASE JOIN ME AND CALL ME CORINNE!
NEVER HAD ANY WOMAN EXERTED SUCH AN ATTRACTION FOR THE BARON... HIS FEELINGS BECAME UNCERTAIN, HIS INTENTIONS NO LONGER CLEAR...
WE DOCK TOMORROW MORNING, CORINNE... I MUST SEE YOU AGAIN! WE COULD MEET AFTER DISEMBARKING... PERHAPS LUNCH...
I'VE MADE OTHER ARRANGEMENTS, ALEXI, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! BUT TOMORROW NIGHT... I COULD HAVE YOU FOR DINNER AT MY HOME!
ALEXI HAUNTED THE UNLOADING, GIVING UP WHEN EVERY PASSENGER HAD DEPARTED, WITHOUT CORINNE DE VILLE EVER HAVING BEEN SEEN!
CAREFUL, YOU DOLTS! THAT'S PROPERTY OF THE COUNTESS DE VILLE!
DOCK 4
THAT CRATE! ALMOST THE EXACT SIZE OF... A COFFIN!

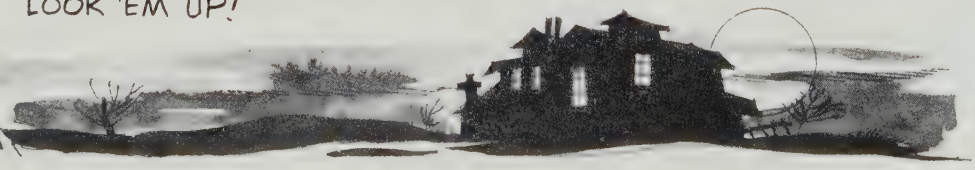
THE FEAR-STRICKENED GIRL STUMBLED BACKWARD, CLAWING AND GRASPING AT ALL AROUND HER AS STEP BY STEP, ALEXI RELENTLESSLY ADVANCED!

CONSUMED WITH SHAME, ALEXI FLED BACK TO THE SOLITUDE OF HIS ROOM FOR A SLEEPLESS NIGHT, FOLLOWED BY A DAY OF REFLECTION AND DECISION...
IT'S DONE! ALL MY NOTES AND STUDIES... ALL THE TRAPPINGS OF MY DELUSIONS... NOW PERHAPS I CAN BE A MAN AGAIN, NOT A CRAZED NEUROTIC!
I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT EVERY-THING YOU SAID, CORINNE... IF YOU'RE STILL INTERESTED...
OH, ALEXI... OF COURSE I WANT YOU!
I DESTROYED EVERYTHING ... ALL THE EQUIPMENT I USED IN THAT OBSESSED, TORMENTED EXISTENCE... ALL BEHIND ME NOW!
ALEXI...
WHO'D THINK THAT SLENDER FRAME COULD HAVE SUCH STRENGTH... HER ARMS ARE SO TIGHT... I CAN'T--
CORINNE! MY NECK! WHAT ARE-- YOU CAN'T BE-- A... A...

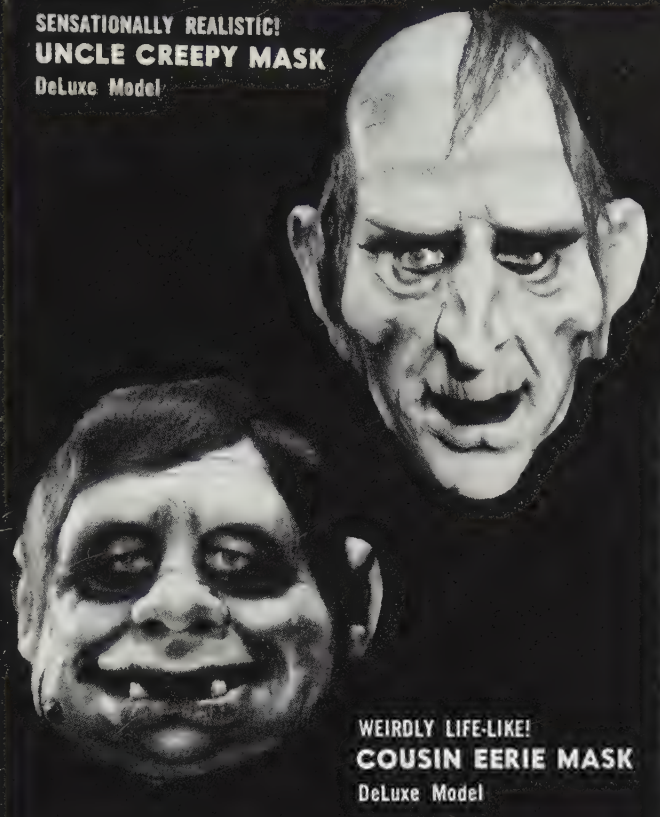


SOMEWHERE A DOOR WAS OPENING... FOOTSTEPS APPROACHED... SOMEONE WAS MOVING INTO RANGE OF ALEXI'S DIMMING VISION...

LOOKS LIKE THE COUNTESSES ARE REALLY BARON DOWN ON ALEXI... AFTER THE WAY HE ACTED, YOU WOULDN'T THINK THEY'D HAVE HIM FOR DINNER TWO NIGHTS IN A ROW! NICE GIRLS THOUGH, ANY OF YOU TWO-HEADED FANS EVER WANT A DOUBLE DATE... LOOK 'EM UP!



Now! The most CREEPY and EERIE masks ever!



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DeLuxe Model

WEIRDLY LIFE-LIKE!
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You screamed for it -and here they are! Custom masks modeled after your favorite fearmakers UNCLE CREEPY and COUSIN EERIE. Created exclusively for us by Don Post Studios, these extra heavy rubber masks are hand-colored and designed to cover the ENTIRE HEAD and still be flexible. Why just read about these two MERRY MONSTERS when you can actually BE them in these weirdly wonderful masks! Send in the coupon below NOW for your crawly collector's item!

Please rush me the following, for which I enclose $.....

- ☐ Fabulous CREEPY Mask ($4.95 plus 25c postage & handling)
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- ☐ Super Terrific DeLuxe Model EERIE Mask, with real hair. It's almost alive!! ($14.95 plus 75c for postage & handling)

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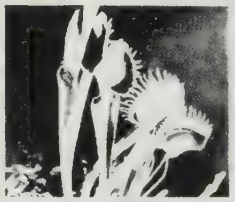
$1.00 THE WORLD'S MOST UNUSUAL HOUSE PLANT!



Unwary insect touches sensitive hairs, causing trap to shut. Plant then dissolves & digests insect. Trap will bite at (but will NOT bite off) more than it can chew—such as a finger or a pencil. In a few days, after eating an insect, it will reopen for more food.

A BEAUTIFUL PLANT! The VENUS FLY TRAP is unusually beautiful! It bears lovely white flowers on 12" stems. Its dark green leaves are tipped with lovely pink traps—colorful and unusual!

EATS FLIES AND INSECTS! Each pink trap contains a bit of nectar. It is this color and sweetness which attracts the unsuspecting insect. Once he enters the trap, it snaps shut. Digestive juices then dissolve him. When the insect has been completely absorbed, the trap reopens and prettily awaits another insect!

FEED IT RAW BEEF! If there are no insects in your house, you can feed the traps tiny slivers of raw beef. The plant will thrive on such food. When there is no food for the traps, the plant will feed normally through its root system.

EASY TO GROW! The VENUS FLY TRAP bulbs grow especially well in the home. They thrive in glass containers and will develop traps in 3 to 4 weeks. Each order includes 3 FLY TRAPS plus SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL packed in a plastic bag. Only $1.00.

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In 1875 Professor Darwin wrote, "This plant, commonly called 'Venus Fly Trap,' from the rapidity and force of its movements, is one of the most wonderful in the world . . . It is surprising how a slightly damp bit of meat . . . will produce these . . . effects. It seems hardly possible, and yet it is certainly a fact."

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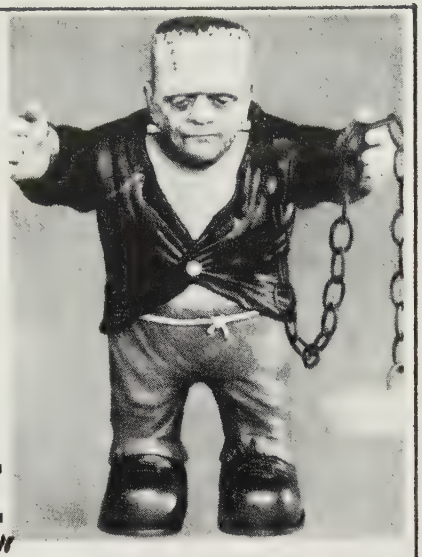

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GIANT SIZE FRANKENSTEIN with ARMS THAT MOVE! AMAZING KIT!

BE A BIG HIT with "BIG FRANKIE" . . . America's most gigantic monster kit. Put him together in minutes. Then use paints and brush in kit to make him colorfully gruesome. Stands 2 feet tall. Arms move back and forth, hold any position. Kit includes all-plastic Frankenstein, chain and dungeon rock. Amaze everyone with BIG FRANKIE. Only $4.95, plus 60¢ for postage & handling.

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NOT ALL LADIES are Monsters except the scary new Bride of Frankenstein, all decked out, in this Monster Kit, in her terrible trousseau. Regular cut-up (on the lab table.) Have fun for $1.49.

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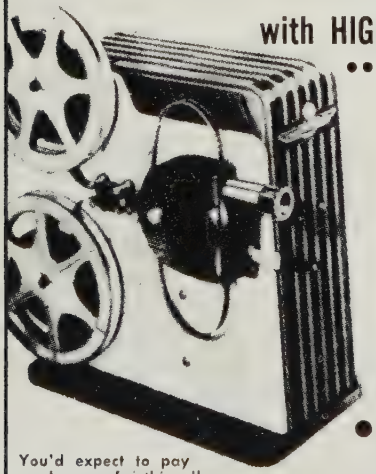

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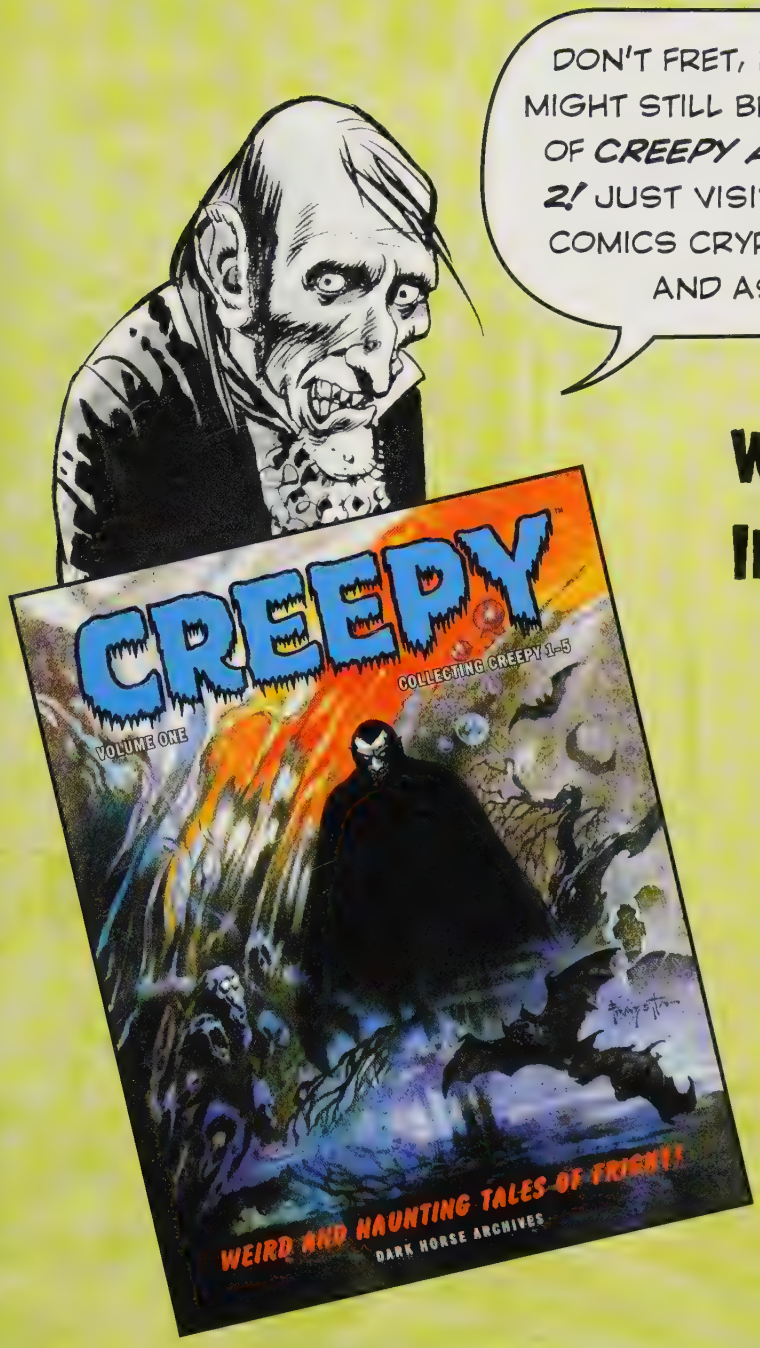

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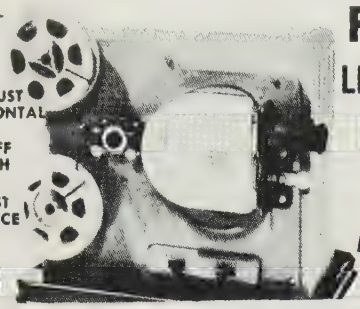

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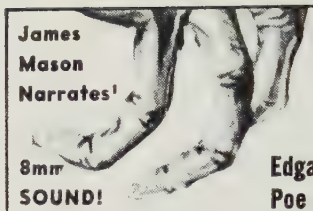

James Mason Narrates!

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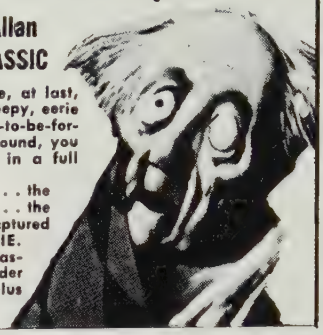
TELL TALE HEART

Edgar Allan Poe CLASSIC



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Peter Lorre stalks through this horror movie at his dramatic best. As scene after terror scene unfolds, you sit on the edge of your chair in absolute suspense. This famous film is now available for the collector. Order today. 8mm, 200 feet, $5.95.

Peter Lorre At His Best!

BELA LUGOSI AS DRACULA

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BORIS KARLOFF IN THE MUMMY

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW that only Boris Karloff could be so horror-able as the original MUMMY! Back in 1932 he let the Hollywood studio "torture" him for hours, wrapping rotting gauze, spraying chemicals, baking it all with clay. No wonder Karloff was so wonderful as THE MUMMY . . . he felt so horrible he took it out on the film's victims. You'll feel just grand, though, as you watch his eerie performance. 8mm, 160 feet, $5.75.

THE CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON

YOU MAY NEVER SWIM AGAIN, after you watch this scary picture. Imagine a living creature from 150 million years ago come out of the water, in Africa. He scares the life out of a party of archaeologists. Full of Black Lagoon scenes, furious spear-gun battles, chases, etc. A creature film every collector cherishes. 8mm, 160 feet, $5.75.

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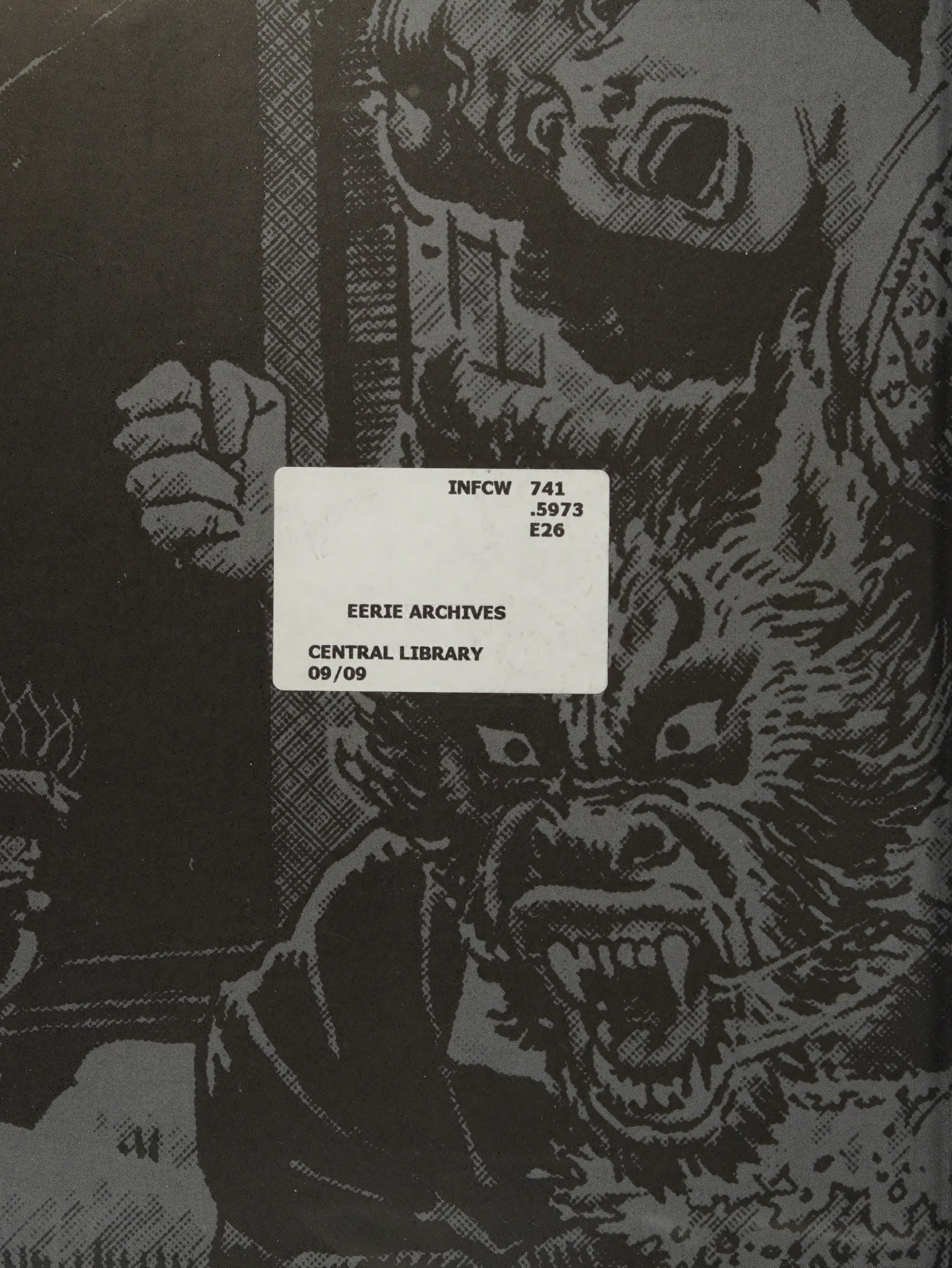

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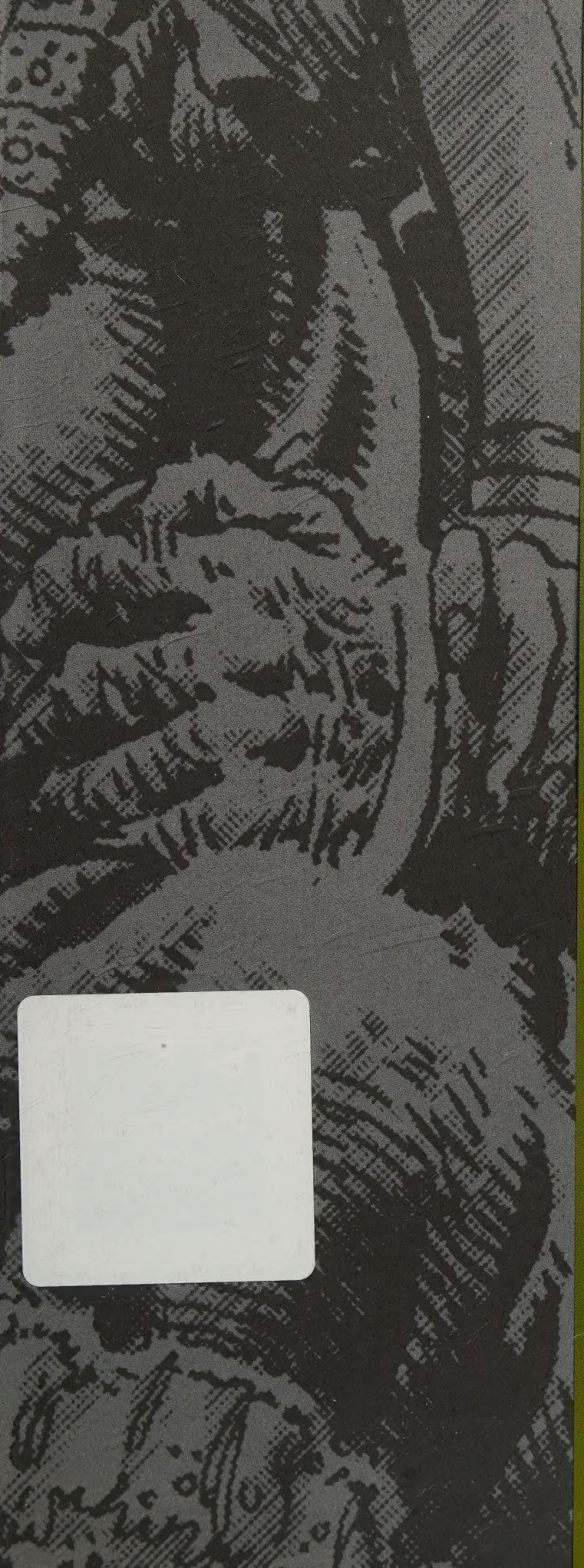

IT'S NO ACCIDENT THAT I LURED SUCH AN ALARMING ARRAY OF ARTISTES INTO TELLING THEIR FETID FAIRYTALES IN THE PAGES OF MY MALIGNANT MAGAZINE. GENE COLAN, REED CRANDALL, WALLACE WOOD, FRANK FRAZETTA, AND OTHER VIRTUOSOS OF THE VILE DISH UP THEIR BEASTLY BEST OFFERINGS FOR YOU HERE AT MY BOO BUFFET. DISH UP SOME TREATS, BUT DON'T FEED THE . . . WHATEVER THAT IS CREEPING UP BEHIND YOU!

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